

OS collection (aka Kinktober2020)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26759248) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26759248>.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M , Other |
| Fandom: | Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Character: | Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Video Blogger(s) |
| Additional Tags: | Kinktober 2020 , Smut , Kinks , the real tags will be on the fic themselves , One Shot Collection , dtao3 |
| Language: | English |
| Collections: | you've read this fucker :] , MCYT |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-10-01 Updated: 2021-12-28 Chapters: 27/32 Words: 118075 |

OS collection (aka Kinktober2020)

by [baby_modz](#)

Summary

Started as my 2020 kinktober, but it's almost 2022, I think we can get over that. Also it will stress me a lot less and I'll feel a lot less guilty about it if I don't consider it as such anymore. Hope it doesn't bother anyone!

Please read the notes to make sure you're not going to read something you don't want to.

kinktober 2020

Hello guys ! A short message before we start this wonderful month of october

This is my first time trying for kinktober, and I assure you I will fill all the prompt I chose to do, but I have a slight doubt I'll be able to do it all during october, because, life, you know.

So first thing first a quick listing of what will happen during the few next weeks; I already got my list, which I will update on this first page when I'll post the one shot. Why? Because I can. What I can tell you is that I divided the months in 4 weeks, plus 3 free days.

First Week; Minecraft

- *Minecraft but...* Sex Pollen

- Sapnotfound (top sapnap bottom george) 2737 words.

- *Minecraft but...* Gender swap

- Dreamnap (top sapnap bottom dream) 3776 words.

- *Minecraft but...* Sapnap's angry

- Sapnotfound (top sapnap bottom george) 2731 words.

- *Minecraft but...* werewolf

- Dreamnotfound (top dream bottom george) 6690 words.

- *Minecraft but...* body swap

- Sapnotfound (kind of top sapnap bottom george but kind of top george bottom sapnap also) 4134 words.

- *Minecraft but...* Dream loses

- Dreamteam (top george top sapnap bottom dream) 3321 words.

- *Minecraft but...* Hybrids

- Dreamteam (top dream to sapnap bottom george) 2660 words.

Second Week; AU

- Soulmates AU -> Phantom touches

- Dreamnotfound (no actual top/bottom) 2564 words.

- School AU -> Getting caught

- Sapnotfound (no actual top/bottom) 2073 words.

- Stranger AU -> Drunk and easy

- Dreamnotfound (top dream bottom george) 1519 words.

- Supernatural AU -> Sex demon

- Dreamteam (top dream top sapnap bottom george) 5188 words.

-Neighbors AU -> teasing

- Sapnotfound (top sapnap bottom george) 5951 words.

-School AU -> challenge accepted

- Dreamnotfound/Sapnotfound (top dream top sapnap bottom george) 4004 words.

-Soulmate AU -> compass

- Dreamteam (all switch? main event is top dream, middle(?) sapnap bottom george) 3477 words.

Third Week; Novelties

-Obsessions - Oral fixation

- Dreamteam/Georgenap (no actual top/bottom) 5617 words.

-Obsessions - Massage

- Dreamnap (top dream bottom sapnap) 5253 words.

-Obsessions - Punishment

- Dreamteam (top dream top sapnap bottom george) 7832 words.

-Obsessions - Attention

- Dreamnap (top sapnap bottom dream but not really) 2 08 words.

-Obsessions - Attention pt.2

- Dreamteam (no actual top/bottom but technically bottom dream?) 5238 words.

Fourth Week; Threesome

-3some ~ Creatures AU pt.2

- Dreamteam (top dream top sapnap bottom george) 7795 words.

-3some ~ Skirt Sunday

- Dreamteam (top sapnap middle george kinda bottom dream) 6232 words.

-3some ~ Flowers

- Dreamteam (top dream kinda top sapnap bottom george) 12448 words.

-3some ~ Hoodie

- Dreamteam (top sapnap bottom george voyeur dream) 2152 words.

-3some ~ Cockwarmer

- Dreamteam (no actual top/bottom but kinda bottom dream) 5518 words.

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3 last days;

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So I hope you'll enjoy them, I'll try to keep it quick and clean!

Minecraft but... sex pollen

Chapter Summary

Hello everyone! Today our friend coded this plug-in where flowers give you random effects when you pick them up. They can either help you or slow you down, so let's see how it will impact our chance of killing the ender dragon!

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 1; sex pollen.
characters involved; Sapnap & Georgenotfound

also, as usual, this was un-betaed, so sorry for any mistakes! hope you enjoy, and don't hesitate to comment!

The realm where he spawned looked pretty desolate, if he had to say. The game they were playing was one where flowers had different effects when you collected them, but he was in a desert, which he would usually be very, very happy to find out but not today. Few seconds after he popped into existence, another player materialized few blocks beside him, grinning from ear to ear. It wasn't unusual for him to be all smiley, but he radiated something a bit more unnerving, a bit more annoying, that he couldn't decipher. "So, ready to play?" The younger asked enthusiastically, bouncing on his heels like an impatient child. George rolled his eyes and shrugged, looking around. "So, from what Dream told me, each type of flower have a different effect. I know that he mentioned speed and strength being some of those effects, so I'm sure we can win easily!"

They spent around 20 minutes gathering resources, a nearby village providing food and the first few tools they needed. Sapnap had been over the moon when the iron golem had dropped a poppy after it's death, but George was not when he was the one grabbing it inadvertently, automatically sending his body into overdrive as nausea made the world wobble and warp around him. He threw the offending plant on the ground, grabbing his head until it passed. "I didn't know there was bad effects!" Complained the smaller boy, rubbing his eyes with the heel of his hand. The younger shrugged, his smile sheepish. "He didn't tell me, but it would have been too easy if they were all good ones, right?" It did make sense, but it didn't mean he had to like it.

So when they finally got to a forest, flowers littering the ground with sparks of color, they were a bit more cautious about their pick. Sapnap couldn't sprint for a whole 5 minutes when he grabbed a dandelion, but George got strength 3 when he picked up a cornflower. He was probably a bit to

bold when he cooed over the lilac, his now favorite flower, and pulled it without thinking. At first, nothing happened, which was very surprising. The particles floating around him were a pinkish red, which he could barely recognize, and he couldn't feel anything special from it. He shrugged it off and left it in his inventory, not bothering more than necessary with it. Sapnap was looking at him with a curiosity that made him almost uneasy, dark eyes trailing on him like he knew something.

It's only when his skin started to feel tight that he realized something was happening.

"Sap?" The boy turned when he heard his name, stopping in his axing of an oak to pay attention to the older. "What's up?" He couldn't answer, for a moment. He didn't really feel that bad, to be honest, just a bit hot, a slight tingle under his skin like he was restless, hands trembling lightly around the handle of his sword.

Then it hit him like a train.

He fell onto his knees, the warmth suddenly becoming an unbearable heat, burning him up so quick that he thought for a second that he was on fire. The theory was quickly dispelled as there was no fire around, nor was he losing any health. "George?" Came the alarmed voice of his friend, a thumping noise announcing that he had thrown the axe away, running toward him. The tingle under his skin changed for some kind of rushing, making him shudder and shake incessantly. His brain refused to cooperate for a few seconds before restarting, the sudden amount of sensations slamming into him. "What the... what the fuck Sapnap?" He breathed out, his lungs refusing to expand all the way. "What is that? What's happening?" the younger asked, half freaked out.

Then everything slammed to a halt when George felt the throbbing.

And then he wasn't confused anymore.

He was enraged.

His head snapped up and he grabbed the younger by his collar, dragging him closer, eyes absolutely seething even if his face couldn't stop from burning up. "What the fuck did you guys do?" It took a moment but Sapnap's face morphed from confused to amused before settling for smug. "I don't see what you're talking about, Georgie." The oldest released him to open his inventory, dragging the offending flower out of it and threw it at his friend's face, gritting his teeth and ignoring the way his body was yearning for something he didn't want to allow. "What did you do with that? What kind of fucked up effect is that?" Sapnap laughed at his questions, lifting his hands in surrender. "I didn't do anything, I told you Dream coded the plug-in." He assured, before smirking devilishly. "I won't deny the fact that I asked him, thought."

It was enough for George to try and grab his sword again, his first reflex being to hit the dumbass until he apologized, but he didn't even get to the blade. Sapnap had grabbed his wrist tightly, ripping a surprised moan from his throat. The fingers felt cool and soft over his overheated skin, and he couldn't help himself when he reached for the younger's free hand, pulling it to press it against his face. It felt so good that he didn't even feel the shame of acting that way, sighing contently at the fresh touch over his cheek. When he reopened his eyes to look at him, the dark eyes were no longer amused. They were hungry, and they promised more, which was something he should have been reluctant to, since he had been tricked, but couldn't help but want.

"I should call Dream over, I'm sure he'd love seeing you like that. But I won the bet, so you're all mine." George's brain wasn't fully functioning at this point, and making sense of what he was hearing wasn't his strongest talent when he was in that state. "Bet?" He mumbled, pressing his face against Sapnap's palm, sighing and shuffling forward as the fingers trailed down his jaw, slipping on his overheated nape and sliding through his hair. Every passage of his hand anywhere felt like too much and not enough, the cooling effect only making his skin burn even worse afterward. "Nothing important, just a small bet about our last game." His words were lost to the older boy, who was gradually starting to climb on his partner's lap without really noticing, chasing after that refreshing feeling that he got when he was pressing against him. Sapnap took a moment to mentally thank Dream and his peculiar coding skills, releasing the wrist he still had in his hold to grab the older by the hip, bringing him closer until they were pressed tight against each other. "I think he named it sex pollen, or something." He continued casually, voice wavering just a little when the smaller opened glazed over eyes again. He could feel his shaky breath over his chin, which was enough of an incentive to make him crash their lips together, no finesse whatsoever, only need.

The deep groan that he got for it was all he needed, and suddenly his hands were everywhere. Stuck under his shirt, lifting it to take it away from him, roaming over his back, grabbing at his hip, sliding under the waistband of his pants even if there was no way he would fit under them. The older tried to give as much as he was receiving, but he was shaky, overwhelmed in way that left him without an ounce of brain power nor self-control. He was basically reduced to squirming onto Sapnap's lap, thighs tight around him to keep him as close as possible, getting drunk on physical contact. It wasn't long until it was not enough anymore, and there was no shame left in him when he shed his shirt quickly, pulling urgently at his friend's clothes as if they offended him. Which they pretty much did at that moment. "Come on, Sapnap, why are you so slow!" He complained in a huff, ignoring the way the younger rolled his eyes in answer. He was too busy thinking about the inferno under his skin to worry about the taller's opinion of his attitude.

With his help, they were soon shirtless, pants undone and pushed down a bit for the younger and completely off for the older. He was still seated over his lap, but the light brunette had shifted to allow himself a better access to his lower body. Sapnap seemed eager to use this opportunity to the fullest, a hand sliding over his back as a finger dipped between his ass cheeks, slick with the clear viscous liquid the glass bottle he got from his inventory was containing. The little prick sure had been ready for this to happen. In any other circumstances, it would have been enough to start a yelling contest, but the smaller man couldn't get his mind to make connection anymore. He didn't even protest when Sapnap slipped a finger in him without any warning, pressing his burning face against his shoulder, trying to even his breathing. He hiccuped a moan when a second finger

pushed in with the first one, not giving him any time to get used to the feeling before curling, pressing and rubbing in a way that made his hips jump like he had been electrocuted.

“Sap- sap please-” Lips crashed against his own again, cutting his pleas quickly. He moaned in the rough kiss, tilting his hips in hopes of getting more pleasure, only thinking about a way to appease the rush of heat in his lower belly. He bit on the younger’s lip when a third finger finally pushed in, the stretch absolutely incredible for him. It should have bothered him, this need to be stuffed full, and he knew, somewhere in the back of his head, that is certainly wasn’t normal, but it stopped there. He couldn’t bring himself to think about it, he could only feel, feel and want. And he wanted more.

His fingers curled around the younger’s cock, making him flinch in a way that forcefully drove his fingers right into his prostate, making his mind go blank for a second. He was shaking even more when he was lucid enough to understand what was happening again, Sapnap muttering sweat nothings beside his ear as he stretched him quickly, fingers dipping and pressing in an urgent manner. He was not the only one losing patience, now, and that was a win in his book. He trailed his fingers on the erection in his hold, trying really hard to focus on him without much success. On the bright side, he was basically teasing him, which in return helped in getting him less and less composed. So it wasn’t really a surprise when he felt the younger snap and pull his fingers out, not even grinning at the moan he let out at the sensation. He soon was pushed down on the grass, Sapnap grabbing his thighs forcefully and spreading them open to slide between them, lifting his ass to pull him closer.

He barely had any time to comprehend the new position before his friend was pressing him, slowly but firmly, one hand on his own cock to guide himself, the other tight on his hip to keep him from moving. He couldn’t deny the burning of the stretch, but also couldn’t believe the utter satisfaction that shook him to his core. The younger wasn’t looking at him, teeth gritted as he bottomed out, his body shuddering with the need to move. He looked like he was trying very hard to not let loose, trying to give him time to adjust and make the call. But George was in no right mind to even make that call, breathing unevenly as he thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of fullness. It wasn’t even a conscious decision when he ground up, but it was enough to break the taller’s control. There was no delicacy in the way he snapped his hips into him, pushing a loud groan out of the older’s throat. It was so, so hard for George to not try to get more, his body overwhelmed and needy, his hands feebly grasping at his friend’s shoulders and back, nails probably leaving marks behind but none of them cared. His legs wrapped themselves around his waist, urging him on.

There was no rhythm, no regularity in the way Sapnap was plunging into him, leaving him unprepared for each nasty grind and sharp thrust. It messed with his already wrecked mind, pulling him so close to the edge and leaving him there, oscillating on the fine line of not enough and just a bit too much. He could feel his throat working, but the sounds he was making were quieted by the rush of blood in his head. It all snapped back into place when Sapnap curled his fingers around his cock, and he could hear the embarrassingly high pitched moan he made at the sensation. He could feel the heat coil into his lower belly, but instead of releasing like it usually did at that point, it only grew and grew. He threw his head back, nails digging painfully into Sapnap’s back, who groaned at the sensation like the little pain slut he obviously was, the hand on the shortest’s hip tightening

and pulling him to meet his thrusts. The pleasure was soon becoming so intense that he didn't know what to do with himself. The pressure on his cock left for few seconds and it was enough to rip a tiny sob from him.

The look he got from the younger in reaction to that noise was something he would probably think about often when he'd be alone in his bed in the future. But he didn't say anything, barely adjusted his hips to tilt them forward a little, the hand on his hip shifting to his lower back to keep him in position, the other returning to his dick quickly. The next thrust was perfectly angled to coax the maximum pleasure out of him, and it worked like a charm. Sapnap visibly understood he did something right, grinning down at him, cheeks red and hair stuck to his temple with sweat. George didn't even know he was moving until his hands were into the younger's hair, pulling him down to bite at his lip, overwhelmed and so, so close he could almost taste it. The kiss was rough and messy, just like everything else between them, and that was exactly what his body seemed to need to break. He tensed suddenly, almost surprised by the swiftness of it, muffling all the noise threatening to escape him against his lips, cock twitching and his whole body shuddering with force as he came over the younger's hand.

The fingers around him left as soon as he started whimpering in oversensitiveness, only to grab onto his waist, keeping him in place for Sapnap's to use. It was too much, way too much, and he was starting to get loud with how everything felt. It only seemed to enhance the other's pleasure, and he was almost half grateful when he finally rammed as deep as he could, letting out a moan of delight as he came, hands definitely leaving bruises on the pale boy's waist. He made sure to not drop on his friend, not wanting to crush him under his weight, and he pulled out of him in a careful manner. He shushed the fucked out whines the older was letting out, hands light over his skin as he petted him absentmindedly.

There was a few minutes of shared silence where Sapnap laid himself beside his friend, making sure he was as comfortable as possible in the current situation. Then George turned on his side, grimacing quietly as his muscles protested against the movement, chest still heaving with the uneven breath he was trying to get under control. "What bet?" He finally asked, and Sapnap let out a loud laugh, grabbing his chin to kiss him, sweet and deep, and the older knew he wouldn't get his answer from him. Not that it was that important, he thought, eyeing the offending flower still laying on the ground not too far.

He had a revenge to plan anyway.

Minecraft but... gender swap

Chapter Summary

Hello everyone! Today our friend coded a plug-in that multiplies the number of witches, and give them new powers never seen before! Are we gonna survive our own witch hunt, or will they get us before we can finish the game?

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 2; gender swap (cunnilingus, fingering, thicc Dream (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°)) characters involved; Dream & Sapnap

I hope you enjoy, and sorry for the mistakes!

The axe he was wielding felt heavy in his hand. He could hear Sapnap breath heavily behind him, and his eyes darted around. The new concept felt way harder than it had sounded like, and he wasn't so sure it was a good idea anymore. Not only did they decide to go all in and play in hardcore mode, but the plug-in George had tweaked was way trickier to work with than what he expected. The small brunette was all smile when he had handed him the code to put into the portal, calling it a witch hunt. That's really all he knew about it. Sapnap had apparently suggested few things, but even he hadn't thought of it being so difficult. There was literal witch villages, they found out very quickly, and they were all pretty hostile. The potion they threw weren't that common either; when Sapnap was hit by one, he had lost the feeling in his wielding arm for almost 10 minutes, leaving Dream to defend them as he could only block his shield and hope for the best.

He heard the younger yell something at him, and turned just in time to raise his own shield, hearing the crash of the glass bottle against it. He cursed and lifted his head, trying to find a way out of the situation they were in. A cliff blocked their way on one side, a dark forest full of monsters on their right, and the witches covering basically the rest of the way. He was tempted to rush in, seeing how it was probably the only solution, but they didn't have food anymore, no armor and his shield had almost half of its durability used already. Sapnap was in no better shape, nervously munching on his last piece of bread to get his health back over two hearts. "We should tower, Dream-" "They'll get us if we tower, Sapnap, we won't be quick enough-" "If we brute force it we're definitely done for! We should at least TRY!" He didn't want to admit it, but it was probably their best bet. He sighed and switched his axe for blocks, watching as Sapnap did the same. The witches grumbled in their own languages, pulling glass bottles out of their pockets and satchels. Dream gripped his shield harder and shifted to be in front of the younger. "I'll block the next wave then we go up as fast as possible, got it?" He didn't need an answer when the glass started breaking over

his shield. "GO! GOGOGO-" He towered quickly, seeing his friend do the same from the corner of his eyes.

He heard the brunette yell something then glass shattered at his feet, drenching his pants with the sparkling liquid inside the bottle. For a second, he thought he was dead, done for this run, but nothing seemed to happen, and he just went up the cliff without waiting to see, grabbing his friend's arm and running toward the nearest cave he could see. "Block us in! Block us in!" He shouted, breathless, as the younger did as told, filling the entrance of the cave with dirt and cobblestones. Dream quickly crafted a fire camp, shakily dropping the raw chickens he had in his inventory beside it so it would cook with the heat. He let himself fall on his ass on the ground, breathing heavily. His body felt weird, febrile in a way he wasn't used to. Probably adrenaline, he thought, glancing toward his friend to make sure he was alright.

Sapnap was standing on the other side of the campfire, staring at him with wide, wide eyes, his lips slightly parted in astonishment. Dream recoiled at that, surprised. He looked down at himself to see if he had lost an arm or something, the shock on the younger's face making him panic. Nothing seemed to miss but... but his hoodies was weirdly stretched over his chest area and... he lifted a hand carefully to grab at it, jumping in surprise and squeaking when he felt something soft, supple, right over his chest. The weirdest part was that he also felt his hand right where his pectorals were. "What the f-" "Boobs!" Dream threw the nastiest glare he could muster toward the brunette, his ecstatic exclamation not what he needed to hear right at that moment. He pulled onto his hoodie, the material pressing against his new... attributes. He patted himself, not noticing a lot that changed. His hips were larger, a bit, but that was basically it. His clothes still fit him, his jeans feeling kind of tight around the thighs, hips and ass area, thought, the cut of the pants not made to fit that body type.

He looked at his hands numbly for a moment, trying to figure out if he was hallucinating because of the potion... the potion! "Are you kidding- the potion? Why would he add that in the possibilities?" He thundered unhappily. The nervous giggle coming from the younger made him frown, his arms automatically crossing over his chest. Sapnap's eyes immediately lowered toward his torso, making him realize he had crossed his arms under his newly grown breasts, which made them even more evident. Annoyed, he snapped his fingers toward his face. "Really, Sapnap? Ogling me now?" The laugh was back, a bit more laid back this time. The younger had always been pretty shameless in his affection toward his friends, especially when it came to sex, so Dream wasn't that surprised that the boy was interested by the change. Then it clicked again. "Did you ask George to implement this?" He spat out aggressively, not even hesitating before asking. "What if I did?" came the obvious provocation, and he gritted his teeth.

Then he saw Sapnap rub the back of his head sheepishly. It was rare to see a moment of self-consciousness from the younger, so he paid attention when the younger spoke again. "To be fair, I thought I had more chance than you to be hit by it." It took a couple of second for his brain to work around the words, then he smirked lightly, raising an eyebrow. "Seriously, Sapnap? If you wanted me to start calling you princess, you just had to ask." The brunette snorted and circled around the fire, dropping on his knees right beside him. He poked the spot right over where his chest started to curve out, looking him up and down with eyes so hot that he could almost feel it. "I'm kind of glad

you got hit, Dreamie. You're looking hella thick." Dream wheezed, any trace of anger remaining vanishing with his laughter. He laid his back on the floor, eyeing the swell of his chest with curiosity. "I guess I am, huh." Sapnap also laughed in return, but his eyes didn't leave the blonde's body. "You're staring, dumbass." The brunette grinned, fingers tracing the outer seam of his jeans delicately, admiring the curves the clothes couldn't hide well enough. "You're hot as a girl, Dream." he simply answered, and the older felt his face burn from the sincerity of the compliment.

Dream didn't know what to say for a moment. In normal circumstances, he would already be all over the younger, enjoying some fun while they were in a safe space. It was always quite a thrill to fool around during a survival, the adrenaline of constant urgency making everything just a tad spicier. But this was something very different, because he wasn't exactly himself, and, to be honest, didn't exactly know how this kind of body worked. Sure, he had slept with girls before, but there was a very big difference knowing someone's body from the outside than actually living it from the inside. Sure, he was curious about it. Who wouldn't be? And at the same time, it was almost scary. What if he did something that wasn't good for his body? Would he keep repercussion from it when he changed back?

He almost face palmed when he realized where his thoughts were going. He was only thinking about it as being himself, but he kept forgetting it was Sapnap he was with. He trusted him completely, and the brunette had his own share of sleeping left and right before settling for something half stable. He knew how his body worked for what they planned to do, and that was more than enough for him. "If I look that hot, why aren't you climbing me like a tree, midget?" The younger perked up at that, looking terribly smug for a moment before a hand slipped right under his hoodie, shamelessly bypassing everything to grab at one of his breast. Dream almost yelped, surprised by the quickness of it. A thumb brushed against his nipple and he instinctively curled on himself a little, shocked by the small thrill that zapped from his chest to his pelvis. "You're probably a heavy D cup. They don't fit in my hands at all." "Oh my god, shut up sapnap." He already knew they were kind of large, probably fitting with his height and body type. He wasn't fat, for sure, but he wasn't exactly thin either. Anyway, it made sense for him. Two fingers were now playing with a nipple, the nub hard enough to show through his hoodie, and he couldn't decide if it was embarrassing or if he didn't care. It didn't feel too bad, he guessed, so he didn't mind all that much.

He wasn't ready, however, for the younger boy to use his free hand to slip it right under the waistband of his already tight jeans, cupping his crotch and pressing his fingers against him. He felt his face burn hot, his mind once again shocked to feel something so different happening to him. His body was full of contradictory reflex, his thighs twitching as he wanted to press them tight to keep the brunette's hand from moving but also feeling like spreading them further apart to see what would happen. "Sap-" "Just curious about what I'd get to play with." The quasi innocent voice was grating on his nerves and the need to punch the boy rose into him. "You're so annoying." he complained, breath hitching as he pinched his nipple before slipping his hand out of his hoodie, only to grab it and lift it until his whole chest was exposed to the fresh air of the cave. "What-" He didn't finish his question, voice shifting in a confused noise as the brunette twisted over him, throwing a leg over one of his to press a knee between his thighs, now kneeling about him with a hand still in his pants, the other keeping him upright as he bent over to catch a nipple between his lips, fingers rubbing him delicately through his boxers. "Sapnap, what-" "Shush Dream, just let it happen." The tallest rolled his eyes. That was such a Sapnap thing to say.

It didn't mean he was wrong, thought, and Dream was more than happy to lay down and let the boy do what he wanted with him. It was rare that he allowed himself to be lazy and just enjoy, he usually was far more pushy, taking what he wanted instead of waiting for it to happen. He probably wouldn't stay patient for long, but in this situation he wasn't exactly sure of what he could do. With different body parts came different needs, he guessed, and those needs weren't something he really knew about that well. Teeth cautiously nibbled at his breast and he felt his breath catch, eyes glancing curiously toward his friend's head. The brunette was looking up at him, lips firmly closed around his nipple, and he was flicking his tongue over it. It honestly was not the first time the younger did that to him, but it had never felt so closely related to his pelvis. He couldn't deny the fact that it was nice, thought, and he kind of enjoyed it, even if it made him feel a bit strange on the edge. He only understood why when Sapnap moved his fingers upward against his crotch, and he felt the wetness of the material against his skin.

It was probably a bit embarrassing that he jumped at the feeling, the younger lifting his head to glance toward him, curious. "What was that?" Dream shook his head, opening his mouth to answer, thinking about his answer, and snickered like at pre-teen before finally speaking up "Nothing, just realized that I'm uh, I'm you know. Wet." Sapnap pinched his lips in a smile that was screaming about his urge to snicker as well. He purposefully dipped his fingers toward the wetness seeping through the material of his boxers, pressing the pad of his fingers there. The taller almost jumped at the weirdness of the throbbing, his inner muscles twitching and he could *feel* the slow dripping of his slick. He wasn't sure how to feel about it, but Sapnap sure did. He cooed pleasantly and pressed even more, until Dream could feel the material absorbing the wetness directly where it came out from. The older's stomach clenched and he felt his hips unconsciously tilt toward the hand touching him.

The brunette straightened up, hands moving in sync to undo the blonde's jeans, pulling them off with as little shuffling as possible, which was impressive in his case. He looked up toward his friend when he reached for the waistband of his boxers, making sure there was no protest on his part, then licked his lips as he caught the sight of a very noticeable darker spot. He pulled the underwear down with no hesitation, freezing on the spot when he finally took a moment to check out his best friend. The transformation was very evident when he was naked. But at the same time, not much had changed. The area around his hips was curvier for sure, but the slope wasn't sharp enough to look weird with the size of his torso. And then his breasts, which he couldn't deny were particularly eye-catching, but it still worked with the square of his shoulders.

And then came the fact that *holy shit he was hot*, spread out in front of him, pretty much naked and unbothered by it in a classical Dream way. But what was unusual? Being shy and reserved was George's job, and he did it enough for the three of them. Sapnap and Dream were the shameless, confident ones. It was easy to get comfortable with each other, for some reason, and it showed even when the situation wasn't usual in itself. "Can I-" "Sure." The brunette snorted and rolled his eyes at the rushed answer. He knew the blonde boy trusted him but that was a bit ridiculous. What if he was planning on saying something stupid instead? Still, he lowered himself to the floor, and he was pretty sure it wasn't what Dream was thinking about when his thighs closed over his head as soon as his breath hit his groin. He used his hands to pry the taller's legs open, keeping his hold on one of them to make sure he wouldn't be stopped again. His free hand slide down his inner thigh,

slipping along the the wet skin of his outer labia before lightly pulling at it.

Dream felt his insides throb at the feeling of being spread, shocked by how suddenly empty he felt, like his muscles couldn't contract correctly anymore. He was really confused, but he could feel the way his body answered, slick dripping out of him with how aroused he was. When there was a pressure against his entrance, he couldn't understand what it was, but it hit him as soon as the foreign contact flicked upward. That was a tongue. That was Sapnap's tongue, licking at him and dipping in as if he was trying to get a taste from the source directly. Which, knowing him, wouldn't be that astonishing. It honestly felt kind of incredible, but not in the way it felt when he got a blowjob. It was more like constant little shock of pleasure, with a core deep warmth and a rush under his skin of *not nearly enough*. Then the tongue returned, slipping in without hesitation, flicking up and rubbing at the tight walls of his insides.

It felt fantastic, but it didn't happen for as long as he would have wanted to. He was about to give him a piece of his mind when the tongue lapped along his folds, thumb following to tug delicately at the skin, his tongue nestling right where his outer labia split. He could feel his body tensing, like it was getting ready, the small pressure of the slick muscle enough to make his skin tingle with impatience. When he flicked his tongue once again, Dream's whole body shook with the electrifying pleasure. Air was pushed out of his lungs in a small, breathy moan, to which the brunette answered with a groan of his own. If Sapnap could have been considered careful and almost delicate before, he lost it all at that moment. He was ruthless with his mouth now, working him up quick and efficient. The older's chest heaved with the way he add to fight for each breath, his body shivering and shuddering constantly with the wave of pleasure washing over him. He always had known the younger to give the best head, always enthusiastic and precise, and it visibly transitioned well into his pussy eating skills, as one would say.

The brunette was enjoying himself thoroughly, too. He hadn't particularly missed eating someone out, as he was more of the type to hyperfocus on his current partner, but he had to admit that there was something about doing this. Probably mostly because he was doing it to Dream specifically, but never had he ever thought about cunnilingus and Dream in the same sentence before, to be honest. Well, the best surprise were the ones you would have never thought about, he guessed. So yes, he was pretty determined to give his friend the time of his life, since it was very probably that this would never happen again.

He rubbed at the engorged clit with the flat of his tongue, eyes watching hungrily as the muscle of the blonde's stomach tensed with the rough pleasure, and rose his head a little to be able to shift a bit, positioning himself to have a better reach, and put back his tongue to work as he pushed a finger inside him. The noise that escaped the taller's throat surprised the both of them, Dream clapping a hand over his lips and laughing sheepishly as Sapnap looked at him with wild, glazed over eyes. He didn't look for too long, preferring going back to his self-given task. The blonde was strangely febrile, the pleasure raising and going with waves that seemed to get him higher and higher every time. The finger in itself felt a bit more like a tease than a real relief, like a tickle over an itchy spot. His hands finally buried themselves into the smaller's hair, grabbing at it without a second thought, not pushing nor pulling as he didn't know exactly what would be better in the current situation. He did, however, whine and tug at the silky strands to express himself. What did

he want to express exactly he wasn't sure, he just wanted the younger to understand that he needed something, and hope for the best.

He was probably overly grateful when the second fingers slipped in, the second digit feeling incredibly big compared to the first one. He gasped when his walls pulsated and contracted around them, the feeling of fullness forcing his brain into a mindset he didn't usually have. He ground his hips down, trying to press both against the skillful tongue and the thick fingers, his thighs quivering as another wave of mind frying pleasure crashed onto him. He barely realized when the hand still on his thigh slide up to press against his lower belly, palm tilted toward his pelvis. He observed the action with keen eyes, understanding what he was doing but not really prepared to be the one on the receiving end of it. He panted when Sapnap curled the fingers inside him toward his stomach, the pad pressing and rubbing until he felt the walls clamp down on him, the blonde breath hitching and his groan breaking into a moan.

Dream felt like hitting something, or pulling on his hair hard enough to rip them out, or anything to release the tension that was flowing through his limbs. The waves were getting faster, washing over him again and again until he was dizzy with it, his whole body throbbing as he sobbed out his friend's name, confused in the painful pleasure that looped on itself until the tight coil in his stomach broke, forcing a weak cry to leave his lips, body twitching as he tried to press himself closer to him, bringing his fingers deeper as the younger closed his mouth over his clit, the suction making him lose it completely. "Oh-OH! Oh fuck, Sap- Sap- too much, toomuchtoomuch-" he whined, as his body seemed to snap back into place, relief and pleasure flooding through him until he was melting on the floor, limbs so lax they felt like jelly. Sapnap kept fingering him but in a way more mellow manner, just prolonging the satisfaction and watching attentively as the taller's body shook and trembled from his touch.

When the blonde finally seemed to come down from his high, it was just in time to feel another kind of shudder roll over him. When he lowered his eyes to look at his body, he was half relieved half disappointed to see that he had lost his feminine attributes. There was a tsking noise and Sapnap sat on his heels, motioning toward his covered hard on. "What about me?" He complained, not even mentioning the change in his body. Dream laughed breathlessly, still half out of his mind with the incredible orgasm that had ripped through him. "Sorry I can't boobjob you anymore. You can still get my mouth or my ass for consolation." He suggested, tongue in cheek, glancing at his friend's face only to be met by burning eyes that promised a very, very long night to follow. He grinned lazily and grabbed the younger by the waistband of his pants to drag him closer.

"Remind me to thank George when we go back home."

Minecraft but...sapnap's angry

Chapter Summary

George is an unapologetic rule breaker, and he refuse to acknowledge it. Sapnap his fed up of his attitude, and decide to get creative with his punishment.

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 3; hate (angry) sex, orgasm denial
characters involved; Sapnap & Georgenotfound

This one is written a bit differently, I wanted to test out some new way of playing with the timeline, so I hope it won't be too confusing! Anyway, please enjoy and don't hesitate to comment!

A rough hand pulled at his hair, forcing his head back and ripping a hoarse moan from his throat. His eyes had lost all their focus, his mouth empty of any words as a dark voice full of empty reassurances whispered in his ear. The hand left his head to go press hard against the bruises already present on his waist, the other circled tight at the base of his cock, and hips ramming into him hard enough that the skin of his ass felt hot and sore. There was not much happening in his brain at this time, but still, he couldn't deny it felt like a punishment of some sort, and if he really put his last brain cells into it, he could almost remember what happened for this situation to stumble upon him.

It had started in a usual game of hunters and hunted, Sapnap being his partner and Dream their prey. They had spent days planning, practicing together and splitting tasks for when they had to gather resources. It wasn't easy to cooperate as they were quick to contradict each other and deny ideas they didn't want to do, even if it was a brilliant one to begin with. So half those days of preparation were spent arguing and yelling, but they came to an understanding. Or at least, something akin to a series of rules not to be broken at any point, or few twists and clauses of what ifs and buts. George had helped the younger get better with his PvP in exchange of Sapnap being in charge of running after Dream while the older was gathering the first few needed crafts.

It hadn't started bad, at first. They had stood their position properly, gave Dream a good run that ended when the blonde found a labyrinth type cave, where George almost died when they tried to mine down toward him. They had decided it would be wiser to follow the tunnels instead, keeping an eye on the compass to make sure they weren't getting further. They hadn't been quite quick

enough to keep him from going to the nether, but George used the obsidian he got from a village to trap the outside of the portal. Dream didn't have diamonds at this point, so he wouldn't be able to get out, which was a big plus in their favor.

His arms had lost all their strength, and he was shaking trying to keep himself upward. He had been warned against moving, and he was pretty sure that in the mood his partner was in, even falling out of weakness wouldn't be allowed. A short cry fell out of his lips when a hand smacked against his hip, his dick twitching greedily at the feeling. His body shuddered, sweat dripping along the curve of his back. How much time had they been here? An hour? Two? He couldn't tell anymore, could only feel the pure need that flirted with agony. He was burning, overheated and overwhelmed, and there was no trace of sympathy from the younger brunette. There had been none from the moment they started, and he knew he had no way of gaining any until the other was satisfied.

They ended up in a chase through the fortress, which was a disadvantage for them as Dream was the better parkour runner between them all. Sappnap did an extraordinary good job at keeping up with their target, the race ending when the youngest was blown down the fortress by a pesky ghast. Stuck almost 20 blocks below the bridge with almost no health, Sappnap had screamed at George to run away, which he, of course, didn't do, trying to one vs one the blonde. To be fair, he got his share of nice hits, but in the end it had been a fail, Dream had gotten away and both hunters were heavily wounded, most of their food gone.

It had been the first broken rule.

"We had a fucking deal, George!"

"What did you expect me to do? I had a chance to go for him, of course I took it!"

"And where does this leave us? Stuck here with no food because YOU had to go against the plan to boost up your ego!"

"This is NOT about that, I'm trying to win Sappnap!"

It had been ugly, but they had finally resumed their hunt after few sorrys and a promise of not going against their deal anymore. He hadn't believed it a single second, looking at the smaller brunette with bitterness as their communication system chimed with the diamonds announcement. The look on Sappnap's face went even darker, and George's went grim with annoyance. They wouldn't be able to know how many their prey had found, but they couldn't risk it. They had to go back to the portal as fast as they could.

His eyes were dark as he stared at the older male, the slim body beneath his fingers quivering with every hard thrusts. He could see the wet sheen covering his body, something that started after the fourth time he kept him from coming. He was now very certain that the pretty boy under him was rendered mindless with how fucked up he was from the hours he spent playing him like a doll. It was a nice change to see him so pliant, so agreeable and accepting of whatever he told him to do. But instead of calming his frustration, it made him want to do more, to break him completely under his ministrations, making sure he'd never think about ignoring his commands anymore. His fingers slide up from his hip where a bright red handprint adorned his skin like a brand, dragging along the shivering skin until his thumb caught against the rim of his stuffed hole, pressing over it like it would try to slip in. The noise it got him from the smaller man made him grin like a psychopath.

It had been annoying to find the portal trap broken down, meaning Dream was already out and running, but it didn't mean they had no chance. They hadn't been killed once yet, and they had been almost walking over his heels for the major part of the game, which was something they didn't accomplish often. Sapnap was starting to get hopeful about the outcome of the challenge, and George was hyped. So when they finally got him while he was trying to escape by boat, they were both laughing like maniacs and taunting the blonde. But the runner had a plan, or maybe just went along and found out a way to make them both fall into a cave when he shovelled loose sand that fell around them, trapping them under until they could dig themselves out. It had been extremely frustrating, and by pure reflex, George had punched Sapnap in irritation, accusing him of being the cause of this.

The younger knew he didn't mean it, and didn't take it personally, but the punch did make him stumble, and it was mainly bad luck but partially George's fault that he faceplanted directly into a creeper. He barely had the time to lift his shield before he was blown back, hitting the wall with a groan. When he felt strong enough to get on his feet again, he was met with worried eyes but a stubborn expression that pissed him off immediately. "We said no useless hitting, George." "I didn't know there would be-" "It's not about the damn creeper, it's about punching me for nothing! I almost died again, and it's your fault!" There was no retort from the other hunter, but there was no apology either.

Sapnap was not happy.

His hand roamed from his ass to his nape, following the slope of his spine, until he could grab him by the back of his head to shove him down in the pillow, keeping his hips up with his other hand. His rhythm grew quicker, harder, in a way that was probably as painful as it was pleasurable. He bent over the thin body, grabbing the soft brown strands once again to lift his head from the pillow, wanting to hear all the noises he was forcing out of him. It was almost time for him to get what he wanted, but he needed to make him suffer a bit longer before. He deserved it. The little shit couldn't listen, couldn't obey, and he needed to be reminded that he was not always the one in charge, between the two of them. He smirked when he felt the muscles around his cock clench and flutter, knowing it could only mean that the other one was getting close.

The third and last time George ignored one of the few basic rules they had decided, was the one that led them to their defeat. It was also the first rule they had decided upon, and the most important one.

No killing each other.

It should have been exceptionally easy to respect, seeing how they were partners and basically had no chance to solo it against Dream. And they were doing well enough that they actually had a chance at winning this, this time. So when Dream got thrown toward the void by the dragon, George had gotten excited. And as usual when he got excited, he forgot to pay any attention to his surrounding. Which meant that when he batted at Sapnap in excitement, the younger fell out of the map, screaming profanities at the older who barely had time to understand what happened before Dream pearly right beside of him and started fighting. He heard Sapnap screaming at him in the communication device, but was too busy trying to stay alive to actually answer him.

He honestly did good against the other player, pushing him away, keeping his health and hunger high, but it wasn't enough. In the end, Dream had thrown him against the dragon, who threw him high enough that he despawned right as he touched the ground. He had groaned in misery, Sapnap already halfway back to the end portal, but he didn't arrive in time; Dream finished the dragon before he even stepped into the stronghold.

He slammed his cock in as deep as he could, laughing unkindly at the gurgled noise George's wrecked vocal chords offered, fingers going back toward the smaller boy's twitching erection. The older wheezed out a whine, knowing very well what he was doing, but didn't squirm like he did the first few times, didn't protest or fight back. He just sobbed prettily in utter defeat, tears spilling over his crimson cheeks. His lips were parted and he was murmuring something he couldn't quite hear. He pressed himself closer, forcing the angle of their hips to change until he was pressed right against his prostate. The fingers that circled the older's dick got tighter, pinching and squeezing right where it was needed to keep him from being able to come. The murmur cut for a second as the smaller body was wracked with shudders so strong it felt like he was quaking.

The return home had been quiet, Dream happily trotting in front of them, proud as a peacock, humming something under his breath. George had been quiet, but that wasn't so out of the ordinary. But he was also pouting, which was enraging for Sapnap who just wanted to take the boy by his shoulders and shake him until he understood that he was probably the major cause of their loss. The older brunette had went to hide in his room as soon as they got out of the portal to their homebase, leaving Sapnap and Dream to discuss for a moment, before the blonde man decided to join Badboyhalo on another server to practice some more. He was almost sure that their friend had understood they needed space to 'discuss' some things, but Sapnap already had another idea in mind.

The older boy took a shaky breath in, wet, glassy eyes trying to focus on the younger's face, lips

moving soundlessly for a moment before he could finally get his voice to work. “-ry, m’sorry sapnap, please, please I can’t-” He choked on his words when Sapnap smoothly pulled out before snapping his hips forward. If it wasn’t for the tight grip around the base of his cock, George was sure he would have come right this second. “Sorry! Sorry, please, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, m’sorry-” the rest of his pleading apologies were reduced in whimpers and quiet sobs as his second hand joined the first one, his thumb circling the head of his dick until he could barely breath without panting like a dog.

He had walked right into his room without knocking, ignoring the offended look over the small brunette’s face, and slammed the door close without a care. He had towered over him, shoulders squared up and arms crossed over his chest to show his anger. The other boy had tried to get up, wanted to be on equal foot, but he had been roughly pushed back to where he was sitting on the bed. He was ready for a fight when a hand had clamped down on his mouth, eyes dark as night boring into his own, full of fury and bad intentions. He had been caught by surprise, unable to do anything against him.

He hadn’t been gentle while manhandling him on the bed.

He hadn’t been gentle when he had shoved his fingers into his mouth, demanding in a way he never had been before.

He hadn’t been gentle when he had almost ripped his clothes apart, leaving him bare and vulnerable.

He had been mean, pressing bruises into his skin with his teeth and nails, the pads of his fingers littering dark marks over his thighs and hips.

He had been cruel, shoving two fingers in without a word of warning, barely prepping him, just enough so he wouldn’t severely wound him when he fucked him.

“Good boy.” The words washed over him with something akin to relief, even if somewhere, somehow, he knew he should be insulted by them. “It’s not so hard to listen and obey, mmh?” The fingers around the base of his dick were gone, and the taller pressed his hand against his lower back, pulling him in to meet his thrusts halfway. There was some more unintelligible mumbles from George before his voice broke, throat closing up as his body jerked uncontrollably. He had been edged for so long that a breath along his skin could be enough to trigger him off. “It’s fine now, you can come. I won’t stop you anymore.” He barely had time to feel the thumb rubbing at his slit before he crashed right into his orgasm, pleasure filling his body in a rush so quick that lights danced in front of his eyes. His body seemed to crumble under it’s own weight, and the lights only flickered stronger until it went completely dark.

“I’m going to teach you a lesson, George, and you better listen this time. You’re not getting out of here before you tell me what I deserve to hear. You're gonna apologize, and when I'm finished with you, you'll mean it.”

Minecraft but... werewolf

Chapter Summary

Hello everyone! Today I coded a plug-in that gives me OP effects that makes me similar to a werewolf. I'm going to hunt down my friend, and if everything goes well, I'll stop him before he beats the ender dragon!

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 4; werewolf (also biting).
Characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound

This one was something to write, I almost didn't finish in time! I don't think it's my best work, so sorry for that, but I hope you enjoy anyway!

“Okay, so as soon as we go by the plug-in portal, you’ll have a minute to run before I start. Don’t forget that the first night is the full moon, so I’ll have a big advantage.” The brunette rolled his eyes, laughing when the blond lightly punched his arm in annoyance. They already had discussed the plug-in in and out in so many details that he was pretty sure nothing had been forgotten. The older even had time to formulate few plans, because they both knew the unbalance of power would be absolutely painful to deal with for the runner. The first night would be the worse, as he would barely have any time to gather enough resources to defend himself against the full power of the hunter, but there was ways to make it possible. They had also upped the loot found in chests, but that would only be good if George was the first one to get to it. That one minute better work in his advantage, or he would be done so quick it wasn’t even funny.

The only good thing was that after that first night, the hunter’s special powers would reduce by half each night until the new moon. Then it would grow back up until he was full power again for the full moon. At least the nether and the end were safe since there was no day nor night, negating the plug-in effects. But there was also no way to know how much time he spent in there, meaning that returning from the nether would be one hazardous chance to take. But still, he was as ready as one could be. They lighted up the portal, the only difference with the normal ones being the vivid blue color of the shimmering veil.

(George had once mentioned not seeing the difference, which had made Dream laugh for a good 20 minutes.

It wasn't that funny.)

The spawn point was a lucky shot for George, and he knew Dream realized it too when he groaned beside him. There was a spruce village just a few chunks away, and the smaller man had a full minute to go loot the very noticeable blacksmith just at the edge of the village and gather some easy-access food before disappearing. The sun was high in the sky, so he didn't have to worry about nighttime for a while, too.

With a last glance toward his now enemy, the brunette sprinted toward the village, the short run only taking few seconds out of his minute. The blacksmith was kind of a bust, but he still got three obsidians, an iron pickaxe, a pair of iron boots and two apples. He risked looting two houses as there was no hay in view, getting eleven potatoes, five breads and five spruce logs. He wouldn't usually be happy about the logs, but this time it had been a good luck since he wouldn't have to stop to get some wood at a tree. He quickly made a crafting table, a couple of sticks and crafted a boat, just in case.

And then he was running for his life.

He wasn't sure if the countdown was done or not, but he didn't want to take the chance of being caught because he thought he had more time. He was pretty sure that Dream would probably start by gathering resources since he wouldn't have any idea of his current position, both of them agreeing that the power up was too OP to need a compass. He had until nighttime before he could be tracked down, and he already had a plan for that.

So Dream had thought it'd be fun to take advantage of the moon's phases to make a plug-in, and they had both decided that it would make more sense to code something akin of a werewolf type of plug-in. The hunter would be at it's strongest during full moon, strength and speed increasing as soon as the sun was down. And the nights after, it would decrease until the new moon, where he was basically weaker than the normal player. Another traits he gained during the night was the ability to track by scent, which was why the compass had been denied. But there was few tricks he could work with in that case, and he had made sure to not mention it to his friend, even if the strategist of the group had probably already thought about all the possibilities and some more.

To complete the first part of his plan, he needed to find cows. For the food, first of all, but also for the leather. He needed to make leather armor, as it was the material that would keep his scent the most out of every type of protection. He also needed to find a flower forest or a swamp, as those were two of the biomes with the most concentrated smells, one certainly more wanted than the other, but at this point, he just needed to be somewhere he could hid for the night in hope the natural scent would cover his own.

And so he did, spending the night hidden in a cave under the most foul scent of mold and old water he had the displeasure to smell. To be fair if it was that strong to his nose, it would be absolutely atrocious for Dream and his enhanced sense, so it was a plus for him. The night passed without a hitch, which was as surprising as it was worrying. The blonde had been quiet since the previous night had fallen, and still wasn't decided to communicate, and there was no way George was talking first, as he didn't know if he was around and just waiting for a sound to indicate his position. He finally made his way out, and the sun was high enough that the powers were without any doubt under control again.

After two more days of coming back to the swamp during the night with his ores and tools, he was finally ready to go to the nether. He still hadn't had any encounter with Dream, which meant that the hunter was probably starting to be impatient, more reckless, and it was a good time to get down where he had no more upper hand. And if he was good and went quick enough, he'd be back up for the new moon, making it ideal to find endermen if he wasn't able to barter with piglins, his stacks of gold not even in the two digits. He had noted down the emplacement of a lava pool, and got to it around midday. He was quick to discover that Dream had also found it, probably by following his scent, and made sure to leave it completely blackened with obsidian. Not having found any diamonds yet, the brunette had no choice than to venture further in hope to find another pool.

It was time for his second trick.

He unclasped his leather armor, carefully hiding it in the sand just beside the hardened lava. He wasn't sure if it would work as good as he hoped to, but it would at least give him some time if he was away. A hunter without a compass and better sense at night would surely use the day time to get food and material and use the night to chase, and he was really betting on that theory. He only needed him to go toward that place first, so he would be safe enough to build his portal, go in and hopefully get out before he found out where he was.

And well, it would probably had worked perfectly fine if the portal to the nether didn't left him stranded so far from a fortress that it took him enough time to completely lose any sense of hours and days. He battled with the blazes for quite a time too, having the worst of luck with the drops. It was hell, basically. Going back to the portal was less of a mess, but it was still a long way away, and there was the only piglin he found to trade with had given him soulsand, fire charges and crying obsidian, all things that were mostly useless to him. He almost got his hands on a pair of enchanted boots, but the asshole creature had taken them back before he could grab them.

Going back to the portal was making him anxious. He had been sneaky, careful to the point of paranoia, manic eyes glancing in different directions with each passing second. Nothing seemed to have been modified around the portal, but it didn't mean anything and he knew that. He took a deep breath and dived in the portal, sword out and ready for what could wait for him on the other side.

The quiet pitter patter of rain was the first sound he heard when he went back to the overworld. There was the gurgle of the lava sluggishly popping from the lava pool, the discreet breeze through the leaves. Nothing else. He gripped his shield more firmly, slowly getting away from the portal, his body tensed and ready for a fight. Or a flight. He wasn't sure yet how to react if he did encounter the younger. He slipped into the forest, trees protecting him from the cold rain, taking a minute to craft his first eye of ender. He only had two pearls, and wanted to keep the other one just in case. He threw the pearl, running after it to grab it when it fell down, and not wasting a second to get on the way. For the first time since they started playing manhunt, he was not comfortable with the fact that he hadn't see the other boys for days now. It was very unusual, to be left alone like this, and he didn't like it. It felt like a trap, somehow, like Dream was trying to lull him into a false security.

Jokes on him, he never had been more stressed in his life.

The heavy cloud didn't seem to want to dissipate, and walking in the rain was annoying, but he knew he couldn't stop. He didn't know what night it was anymore, surely not the new moon with all that time lost in the nether, so he was in danger as soon as the sun dropped. When the last brightness of the day disappeared, he was left with the cold of the rain, his clothes soaked through, unwilling to get a torch out in fright of being seen. He had to go to the stronghold as soon as possible, and hope that there would be enough pearls or endermen down there to save his ass, because the rain totally killed any chances of him finding them on the surface.

He was already at least fifty chunks away from the portal when he started hearing things around him. Nothing unnatural, but in the state of mind he was in, everything out there was after him. Which wouldn't be such a lie, seeing how mobs had spawned for the night and an over-enthusiastic werewolf was probably on his trail already. He hoped the rain would erase his scent, but he strongly doubted so, and since he didn't know how far he was from the blonde, he was very worried.

Something glowing entered his peripheral vision and he jumped, shield up to protect himself against any attack. But nothing came for him, and he frowned. The only thing he knew were kind of glowing in the dark were the endermen particles, or their eyes, but even if the forest was dense, he didn't want to believe it could have been one. But what else would give this effect? He sneaked closer to a tree, pressing his back to it, shield high and sword ready to swing, but beside the rustle of the leaves over his head, there was nothing to be heard. He clenched his teeth and shook his head, blaming his growing anxiousness for his overreaction. Still, something in the base of his skull was ringing with urgency, and if there was one thing he knew, it was that guts feeling more often than not saved him in difficult situation. So he shoved his shield in his inventory for a wider range of vision and better agility and just booked out of the place.

He knew he had been right to do so when a crazed laugh rang behind him, and he cursed loudly. Sure he was fast, but he sure wasn't speed potion fast, and Dream probably was right now. It was a big problem. With a twist of his wrist he got his shield out again and turned on his heels, lifting it just in time to block a hit, the knockback effect strong enough that he was thrown back three

blocks, even with the protection he had. This was very, very bad. He lowered the shield just enough to peek at his friend. The first thing he noticed, and probably the most shocking difference, was the silver glow of his eyes. He honestly could barely see the difference between his sclera and his iris, but that might have been partly because of his color blindness. But they were glowing! Downright shining, a bit brighter than endermen's eyes, and certainly paler. That was not something he knew would happen. He also realized he wasn't armed, but his fingers were curved in a way that made him realize it was actually his fist that made him fly back. This was more than OP, this was impossible. It felt like that stupid super-robot they had made one time that was way too optimized, thus terrifying. But this was someone, not some robot he could cut off with last second block. Dream had more instincts than that damn bot.

"What is it with the eyes?" He asked with a fake calm that probably didn't convince anyone. The blonde blinked slowly, tilting his head on the side. He couldn't see his face very well, the glow of his eyes shadowing the surrounding area. "That's a little something that happen when you code yourself with the phase of the moon. My eyes actually show the phase it's on." That was interesting, he had to admit. It was also a good way for Dream to know how powerful he'd be, which was an advantage for him, not that he changed anything. And judging by how round and shiny his eyes was, it was probably... probably... some very bad news.

The brunette lifted his eyes urgently toward the sky, trying to find a spot where he could see the moon through the clouds, but they were too dense. He was pretty sure that the sliver in his eyes couldn't fill them more than it was, and he had no way to confirm, but if he wasn't lying, it was the full moon. A full week already had passed, and he had to be found right that night. His knuckles turned white around the hold he had on his sword, lips pinched as he took a defensive position. It was probably very useless, but he didn't think he had any choice in the matter anymore. Dream barked a laugh, his body fluidly taking an offensive position, ready to lunge at him. "You should just give up, Georgie. Tonight's my night, and you made me run around enough." He started circling the older, who kept one leg firmly in support as he twisted around to follow him. "Your stupid little plans. I found the base in the swamp after 4 days. It was so damn annoying. Then when I finally get out of there and catch you scent, it's around the only lava pool around. I'm so glad I turned in into obsidian.. But you left your armor there, and it made me lose time again. I was so. Fucking. Pissed."

He finally lunged and, fast as lighting, George blocked with his shield and spawned two blocks behind him to counter the knockback. He used the few second following the attack to swing his sword at him, catching the shoulder pad of the leather armor and slicing clean through it, sadly missing the skin. Dream jumped back and his grin turned feral. His eyes were sparkling with interest, and the challenge George was giving him only hyped him up. The brunette added two blocks to make a wall between them as he slid behind him, taking a second to regenerate and loaded the crossbow he found in the nether. He spun around and lifted the weapon when he heard boots hit the block on top of his wall, forcing Dream to roll down when he shot the arrow toward his face.

The unhinged laugh the younger let out at this raised the hair on the back of George's head. He knew the younger had this tendency of getting drunk on power, but seeing him act that way while

he actually was that way.. He was already scary enough when he wasn't over powered. Now he was downright horrifying. Knowing he would have to either trap him or escape, he used the small advantage he had to sprint toward the forest, weaving between the trees. But Dream was too fast, and he was too close to lose his scent, so he had to play smart. Which was, honestly not exactly his forte, especially when he was rushed.

He spun again and shot an arrow toward him, making him crash in a tree when he jumped on the left to evade the attack. It gave him another few seconds to change direction, going toward the edge of the forest where he could see a sliver of water. It was his only chance. He heard a growl that was only half human when he threw a bucket of lava between the two of them, forcing the hunter to make an unplanned detour through the dense vegetation. He finally reached the water, spawned the boat he had crafted on the small river, and jumped into it.

Now it was commonly known in their world that there was something in the code, the same one they modified when creating new worlds, that kept people from PvPing in a boat. So when the weight of his friend crashed onto it, and didn't try to break it, he knew he was safe for a little while. He hadn't accounted for other tactics than the attacks, though, and was taken by surprise when the blonde seated himself behind him, sliding his long legs on each side of his hips and pressing his face into the back of his neck. He squeaked and flailed around a little, uncertain of what to do. If he left the safety of the boat, he was done, but he also couldn't stay there and hope that the blonde would suddenly despawn or something like that.

The younger was snuffling along his hairline, an arm circling his waist to pull him flush against his chest. "What are you doing?" There was a weird rumble against his back almost a purr, and a nose slide behind his ear, making him shiver uncontrollably. "The chase is driving me crazy." He suddenly answered, his voice low and almost gravelly. The hand that was resting on his hips slipped under his shirt, bypassing everything to go grab his throat from under the material. George gasped quietly, confused between being scared out of his skin or turned on. There was a bite at his ear, then a nip at the corner of his jaw, and then Dream was talking again. "You're so hot when you challenge me. It makes me want to destroy you." His brain was a mess of flashing red flags, his adrenaline kicking up again at the way he made him sound like a threat. "So I'm gonna let you go. You're gonna run, and I'm going to give you a 20 seconds head start. Then I'm going to chase you down, and when I'll catch you, we'll see how literal I decide to be when I'll tear you apart."

If he wasn't already half out of his mind with a shocking mix of terror and excitement, he would probably have guessed easily that there was no way he would actually tear him apart in the literal sense of the word. They could get pretty careless with the respawning mechanism, but it was never about torture or cruelty. And it would probably never be, unless one of them really was into that. So he shouldn't have felt like his life was on the line, but with the dark promises littering Dream's tongue, he couldn't help but feed into his own trepidation. He was shaking when the blonde released him, silvery eyes following him with hunger as he landed the boat beside a dark forest. He felt weak when he got up, glancing fearfully toward the younger man. "20 seconds." The tone was final.

He turned around and sprinted off.

As soon as the brunette starting running, he felt the rush under his skin. He felt it the first time too, and literally had to throw himself on the floor to not chase after him immediately. He didn't know what it was exactly, probably had to do with the advanced coding they used for the game. But that first day was nothing compared to what he was feeling now. It was like the chase of the last few days, the traps and hiding had driven him half crazy. He had felt so wild, as proud as he was frustrated each time he fell into one of his plans. He had been so angry when he finally found the portal, the traces of scent so watered that he knew it had already been quite a time.

Finding the leather armor had been the worst. He had felt feral, digging into the sand and growling between his teeth, so sure he was seconds away from getting his hands on him. When he had dug up the stupid armor, he had been blinded by rage for half a second before he had the time to feel impressed. He had pushed his nose into the leather, not even caring how embarrassing it was, taking the scent in. He had told himself that it was to make sure he remembered it, but in reality, it had been almost five days since he last saw his friend. It was rare that they were separated for so long without their usual discussion. But Dream had quickly realized the communication device didn't work properly with the plug-in, but at that time it was already too late to do something about it. But still, he was getting impatient, wanting the game to end so he could go back home, eat some rabbit stew, have a pumpkin pie for dessert, and spend the night watching the stars with his two best friends.

And if it wasn't enough, he basically felt like he was high on adrenaline 24/7, except for the new moon that he spent rolled in a ball in the base George had deserted, bathing his scent as he was at his weakest. It been hard to get himself to leave, the day after. So he was already in a bad mood when he found the armor, which was why he had reacted as badly.

The ripped leather could tell the tale of his anger.

Waiting at the portal had been difficult. He had looked around for food for a while, refreshed his tools and mined in hope to find some diamonds before his friend's return, but as soon as the smell had hit his nose, he was on the hunt. It had taken him few hours to get to him since he didn't have any speed during the day, but when the last drop of light was snuffed out, he had felt his energy grow back to the full force he had felt on the first night. He caught up quick, but the small brunette was on his guard. It should have been easy, but the older had been weirdly unpredictable, dashing away when he had gotten closer. It had only lighten up a fire in him, the need to hunt down growing under the hidden light of the moon.

And then they were face to face, and George had reacted so well and so smart, he had been thoroughly impressed. And incredibly turned on, too. The look of determination on his face, the

solid posture he kept as he was circled like a prey, the reaction time and the clutch play he did... it had fueled the fire. His normal competitive streak had mixed with his predatory instincts in a way that made him weirdly feral, wild and uncaring as he sprinted behind him, barely keeping himself from sounding as crazy as he felt.

The thrill of the chase was burning in his blood, and when he jumped onto the boat, he was almost panting. He had dropped down, gotten close and personal just to threaten him, feeding his brain with fear and lust.

And now was time to end this game.

He jumped out of the boat, stretching his arms over his head, and then lifted his nose, sniffing the air. He rumbled as he caught the scent easily, and gave chase with a manic cackle, jumping over bushes and broken logs. The very distinct smell drifted from the left and he turned quickly, almost tripping, confused as he rounded a tree, the scent clearly coming from somewhere in the leaves. He towered up and his eyes caught the sight of the hoodie stuck to the tree as another scent, less pungent, came to his nose. He gritted his teeth and jumped down to chase the scent again, pissed off. He really thought the brunette had absolutely no way of getting out of the situation, but the little shit was getting on his nerves with his stupid traps.

He would probably congratulate him later about it, but right now, it was just a pain, and it only delayed the inevitable. The rain was a bother too, making him slide after each rush of speed, but he couldn't stop, and couldn't slow down. It was maybe less than a minute later that the scent grew stronger again, and he almost passed it, thinking it was another trap. He actually did step further away, before he realized there was no more trail after that. He turned on his heels just in time to jump away, the arrow shot at him grazing his arm as he slipped on the wet grass. He sprinted forward, hitting the shield that creaked under the force of his punch, George slamming into the tree behind him but standing his ground. A blade swooped at his feet, forcing him to back away a little, but he was quick to attack again, knocking the shield away from the brunette's body with a hit of the axe he summoned into his hand. The older man was visibly not ready for a weapon to be used, but he dodged the next hit.

He wasn't fast enough to dodge the over powered body slam as Dream threw himself on him to pin him against the tree.

Dream could feel the way the air rushed out of his lungs, the shield and sword dropping from his hands to thump quietly on the ground. He could see his eyes, unfocused as he tried to regen, his chest heaving from the sudden change of pressure. He had him pined, his hand firmly pressed against his sternum. The brunette white t-shirt was soaked through, stuck to his skin in a way that made his mouth water. He was shivering, probably more from the rush of adrenaline than the temperature. "Finally caught you, Georgie." He sing songed, his grin all teeth. "And now I have all night until you even have a chance to escape me."

He didn't give him a chance to answer, hoisting his hands behind his thighs and lifting him from the ground easily, enjoying the small noise of surprise from the older. He pressed their chest together to keep him against the wood logs, and dipping his head to rub his face against his neck. The smaller made a noise of confusion, not understanding what was happening, but it wasn't for long as teeth grazed over the sensitive skin. It was really a fifty fifty between biting down hard enough to draw blood or just nip at it, but the balance flipped quite easily toward one of the two choice.

The brunette jerked and cried out as the teeth sank into the junction of his shoulder and his neck, skin giving in easily under the strength of his jaw. The blonde only pressed himself harder against him, hands tight around his legs to keep him in place. He felt the older's hands paw helplessly at his shoulders, and he growled when there was a spike or warmth in his scent, something musky and spicy that he associated automatically with sex. He rumbled around the mouthful he had, listening to the small, pained gasps his friend was letting out. But there was no hiding the way he was hardening against his stomach, cock twitching under the heavy material of the soaked jeans. He released the skin to lick at it, lapping and sucking at the small gouges his teeth had left behind.

The strength was a particularly helpful effect, he thought as he manhandled the older's without an ounce of effort, sliding a leg between his thighs to keep him up against the tree as he used his hands to grab the collar of his t-shirt, ripping it clean off. He would have lied if he said that the look George gave him didn't make him feel all powerful, and he caught his lips in a very brutal, very short kiss, biting at his lips as he ripped the button of his jeans clean off in his haste to get under his pants. He was fully planning on destroying them too, but the brunette started flailing, pushing weakly at his hands without much success. "I'm not going back home naked, Dream, what is wrong with you!" The blonde snorted disbelievingly, one of his hand pressing on the wound left on his neck. The older shivered, going lax, and the taller grinned. "Out of everything, that's what you're complaining about?" There was a weak glare thrown in his direction and he sighed as if he was asking the impossible. "Fine, fine, I won't rip your pants. Off with them, then."

He let his friend back down on the ground, staring at him until he shakily pushed his jeans down his legs, doing his best to kick them off as he was pretty much still caged against the tree. After a second of hesitation he did the same with his boxers, not wanting them to also get destroyed. It didn't take long for Dream to lift him again, hooking one of his knee over his shoulder and the other one in the crook of his elbow, keeping him high and nicely spread. The brunette's face turned crimson, making him laugh, but he didn't comment on it, summoning the mundane potion he had found during his travel. "Was not expecting this useless shit to come handy, but I'm glad I kept it." There was a look of confusion on the older's face until the blonde made a show of dipping his fingers in the bottle.

"Wha- are you sure-" "Tested it myself already." There was a silence answering him and if he had to guess, the older was probably trying to imagine how exactly Dream had tested the potion on himself. It wasn't important right this second, thought, so he made sure to grab his attention back by hoisting him a bit higher, allowing his fingers slip between his ass cheeks without too much problems. He was usually much more of a tease than he felt like being right now, which was

probably why the brunette let out a shocked moan when he dipped two fingers into him right away, groaning at the tightness around them. He didn't give him any chance, the digits curling immediately to rub against his prostate, no hesitation or search needed as he was now pretty aware of any spots and crevasses of his body.

Another smell hit his nose and he lowered his eyes, watching hungrily his cock twitched, leaking precum over his tensed stomach. He was tempted to drop everything just to have a taste, but he had urges that he could barely control anymore, and he had to get on it fast if he didn't want to actually hurt the smaller man. So he prepped him quick and efficient, pushing the third finger in as soon as he felt like he was relaxed enough, nipping at his collarbones and leaving marks all over his skin. He wanted to make sure he left as much traces of him as he could, the possessiveness burning hot under his skin. The longer he waited to take what he wanted, the harsher his thoughts were becoming, and he soon was growling under his breath, fingers mercilessly pounding into him, leaving the poor boy breathless and whimpering. He observed with dedication the way his face twisted with the pleasure, his eyes already wet with unshed tears, skin reddening all the way down to his chest, lips slightly tainted with the blood coming from his own neck that Dream had left there when they were kissing. He was a sight for sore eyes.

He finally pulled his fingers out without a care, ignoring the whiny gasps and pants as he hastily pushed down his own pants, coating his erection with the rest of the trash potion. "This might hurt a little, but you're the one who drove me halfway crazy for days." George's eyes widened, either at the accusation or the warning, panicked hands grabbing at him but it was useless. He took his cock in hand, guiding himself until he was pressed right against his hole, and instead of pushing in, he simply relaxed his hold on the smaller man until gravity started doing its job. There was something beautiful about the way his friend's head snapped back against the wood as he was lowered on his dick, the only thing making it slightly slower being the way his insides were tensing and relaxing without real pattern. He could tell that it wasn't the most painless way of doing that, but he didn't mind. As long as the older didn't truly protest, he'd take what he wanted without an ounce of hesitation.

As soon as he bottomed out, he slide his hands to grab his hips firmly, lifting them before making him drop on his cock once again, ripping a heartfelt moan from his prey. He repeated the process a handful of time before taking full control over it. He shifted and lifted the leg that was in the crook of his elbow so it would also be hooked over his shoulder, practically folding the brunette in half before he rammed into him. He wasn't sure how much of the strength effect he was using, but he could tell he was certainly using some from the loud noise his skin made when it slapped against the brunette's one. He watched closely as his jaw dropped, air punched out of his lungs by the force behind the thrust. "Ah-wha-wait, Dream-"

He didn't wait. The next thrust made George lose his words, dainty hands griping at the blonde locks, the poor boy desperate to ground himself somehow. The third thrust made his eyes roll back slightly, so he closed them tight, vocal chords still out of service.

It was probably very wrong of Dream to observe with such a perverted intensity as his friend

completely lost it. He was probably a horrible person to think about using an OP effect just to fuck someone up so bad that they wouldn't be able to fight him off, or to refuse him anything. But to be fair, it was probably wrong of George to enjoy it as much as he did, in the same way it was wrong of him to do any of this.

So he didn't think about it twice, grinding deep into him until the smaller man was moaning long and loud. He dug his nails into his hips, pounding into him with barely any control, one of his hands getting tangled into brown hair to pull his head to the side, licking his lips at the pale stretch of his throat, a long stripe he had kept himself from marking so he would be able to keep it for later. And later was now, he decided, tonguing at the skin for a short moment before biting down hard. He hadn't realized how close they both were, nor how easy it would be to tip the balance and push George over the edge.

But he was fully accepting of it when he felt him tense and clamp down on him, his cock pulsing harshly as he came without a touch to it. Dream released the wrecked skin of his neck, pulling at his hair to be able to look at his face. He looked completely wrecked, loose and almost empty headed at this point. "Fuck, look at you, such a little slut that you don't even need me to touch you." He huffed without any bite, snapping his hips into him and ignoring the way he jerked, lips opening on a silent cry. "Such a cute little whore, coming on my cock when I'm fucking you up with strength of all things." It was unfair of him, really, not leaving him any occasion to defend himself as he was still ramming into him, not caring how overstimulated he probably was, his dick still angled to rub right on his prostate with every thrust.

It probably said a lot about him when the thing that pushed him over was the way he sobbed out his name, voice wrecked beyond the point of recognition. Surely there was a place in hell for people like him, but at that exact moment, he couldn't care less. He pushed into him as deep as he could go, hips rolling nastily as he felt the rush of pleasure overcome his sense. He groaned low, weirdly overwhelmed when the smell of his come mixed with the scent of George, keeping him in place until he felt like he could move again. The brunette's legs could barely support him when he finally lowered him to the ground, but they definitely stopped working when he pressed two fingers back inside him, trying to keep him semen into him. "If I had known how fucking good you smelled with my cum inside you, I would have brought a plug."

The older tried to glare at him, but it was easily ignored. It took them almost an hour to get themselves sorted out, and for George to be able to walk without stumbling every two steps. He needed food, sleep and probably healing potions, so they needed to get home as soon as they could. So they went back to the original code portal and exited, the older mumbling about his lost hoodie while the blonde laughed at him. Dream was smiling, all smug, all along, and his smile changed into a smirk as soon as they passed the portal.

George didn't know what it meant until his eyes fell on the face of Sapnap, who was staring at the bites on his neck with a hunger he didn't even try to hide, hands curling with the need to touch. And with the way Dream firmly put his hand between his shoulder blades to push him forward, he was not getting out of this one either.

God was he fed up of those two assholes.

Minecraft but... body swap

Chapter Summary

Codes are sometimes tricky to work with, and glitches are bound to happen when you don't test out the plug-in beforehand. But he was just tweaking an already existing one, how wrong could it go?

Aka the one that created the question "does it count as masturbation when you're basically fucking yourself?"

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 5; body swap
characters involved; Sapnap & Georgenotfound

I'm not sure how satisfying this one will feel, open endings tend to leave me hungry sometimes, but I dunno, it felt right to me. I hope you enjoy, thank you for taking the time to read!

He could feel his hands itch with an incredible need to punch the face in front of him. Something he wouldn't do, because in the end, he'd be the one suffering for it. He knew these brown eyes better than anyone, recognized that pale skin and those long, thin limbs. What he couldn't place was that bastardized version of a smile over those facial traits, and for a very good reason; what he had in front of him was his own face, and he sure as hell never did smirk in the way only a cocky sure idiot like sapnap could pull off.

For once, he couldn't blame the situation on anyone else than himself, or at least partially, because yes, the damn coding was his work and the glitch clearly came from it, but he sure as all hell was not the one that decided to take advantage of the situation in such a way.

It has started with a new type of death-swap plug-in, one that he tweaked to be a bit more random, the time between the swap varying between 10 to 20 minutes instead of the usual 5 minutes he did with Dream. Sapnap had asked for more time, saying it would allow for more specialized traps and more time to gather resources. The older hadn't seen anything wrong with the idea, which is why he had weaved a new plug in into the portal. But he had messed up somewhere.

Because instead of swapping places, they had swapped bodies.

The first few minutes were spent surviving, and he was thrown completely off when he realized his inventory was messed up, none of his items in the right spot and more than a lot completely missing. He also had wool, which was weird because the only animal he had killed was 3 chickens at the start of the game. It was pretty much at that moment he realized something was wrong. His eyes caught on the very recognizable shirt he was wearing, the flame logo stark against the white. He had blinked quickly, suddenly looking around, observing the colors that he normally couldn't see without his glasses. No, it wasn't time to admire the landscape.

He felt incredibly out of place in this body, everything slightly out of scale, items lighter in his hands in a way that made him lose his hold on them. He felt clumsy, and weirdly big. He would never had considered Sapnap's body type as large, but he sure felt like it in comparison to his own usual slim built. There was absolutely no way he'd be able to do anything in this body, especially not something risky like setting a trap. He towered up to see his surroundings, biting at the inside of his cheek when he realized he was nowhere near the desert he had been in when the timer rang. The bug had made it a bit less obvious that he would be returned to his previous spot, as it wasn't exactly programmed to handle such a situation. His best bet was to find Sapnap and stay with him until they turned back to normal, then head out so he could work out the problem.

So this was basically his plan, which he followed to the T trying to find the annoyance currently in possession of his body. And wow, this thought was incredibly worrying in itself, wasn't it? "Sapnap?" he finally muttered in the communication device, almost jumping at the sound of his voice. There was no answer, and it only annoyed him more. "Sapnap answer me." he snapped into the coms, gritting his teeth when there was a slow, weirdly low chuckle over the line. He wasn't even aware his voice could go that low. He guessed it was a question of habits too, his attitude and personality playing a part in his tone much more than his actual vocal range. "What's up?" was what he got from the younger. If he was just a tad less prideful, he would already be screaming his head off. "What's up? are you seriously asking me that?" There was a more frank laugh, and he rolled his eyes in annoyance. "It's so weird to hear my voice with that cute accent of yours." He felt his cheeks heat up and he growled in the coms, irritated. "Sapnap stop messing with me, we have to get out so I can find what went wrong." There was a moment of silence, then "No."

His head was filled with static for a second as he tried to make sense of what he was hearing.

"What do you mean, no?" "I mean no, what else can I mean?" "Sapnap I don't have time for your stupid games!" There was another laugh, slightly more breathless, and something hot and cold suddenly surged in his stomach. "Sapnap what the hell are you doing?!"

No answer again, and there was a buzz of urgency under his skin now. He knew the younger wouldn't do anything too stupid, probably, but he knew he was doing something, and his refusal to tell him what it was could only mean he wouldn't like to hear it. "Sapnap? Come on, tell me where you are! Did you move from the trap?" No answer. He groaned, checking the coordinates and making his way toward the desert in hope of finding the younger. He was finally stepping onto the

burning sand when there was a crackle and the timer started the 10 seconds countdown. He huffed, jumping when his own voice talked over the beeping of the timer. "Dark red suits you really well, by the way." He came to screeching halt, face burning up. "Dark- SAPNAP WHAT ARE YOU DOING!" the telltale sound of the swap ringed and after a quick second of darkness and the sweeping feeling in his stomach, he found himself in his body again.

Barely dressed body, that is.

"What the hell, what the hell!" he whispered frantically, checking his inventory to realize he had absolutely nothing beside food and torches. Where was his stuff? He lit a torch, and the dread filling his body finally reached it's peak. He was stuck in what looked like a 5 by 5 cube of obsidian, the dark mineral covering the floor, the ceiling and the walls. He was stuck. Breaking obsidian by hand took around five minutes, which meant approximately 10 minutes before he could get out, find his stuff, find sapnap and get out of this world. And with an annoying brat that somehow didn't want to cooperate, he didn't know how he'd do it.

The coms crackled lightly as he was trying to see if there was an easier way to get out. "So, how you like my trap?" He huffed and crossed his arms, more than unhappy. "Trap? I can't die in there Sapnap. Your trap sucks." The younger laughed, not bothered by his irritation. "Ah but George, not all traps need to be used to kill. I would recommend just waiting for the swap, since I was very productive during our exchange. The walls are thicker than you think." His stomach dropped at that and he let himself fall on his ass, rubbing at his eyes, discouraged. "What are you trying to do, Sapnap? Bore me to death?" "Mmh, I'm currently having the best play of my life. I'm currently mining for diamonds, you see, because we'll need that to get you out if there, right?" The older hummed in agreement, instantly suspicious. "So here's my plan, and I'm telling you because there's absolutely no way you can do anything about it."

He crossed his arms over his bare chest, already starting to get angry. He didn't want to hear his plan, he hated when Sapnap had plans. Either it would be good, for once, and he was done for, or it would be terrible, and he would be stuck there. "You wanna hear it?" "Just spit it out, idiot." There was a quiet hum. "So you see, you are stuck in there. In maximum 20 minutes, now more like 17, you will swap back. If I didn't find any diamonds, you will have to continue, right? Because if not I'll be stuck anyway and you won't be able to get me out, so we'll have to stay here." He already didn't like where this was going. The way he said it, there really wasn't any other choice in the matter. "If I do find some, and we swap, you'll probably used half of your time just to find me. Probably more than half. So by the time you'll get here, I'll be the one with the way out." He swallowed, even more unsure of what he was planning. Why was it important who was getting who out? Why did he have to think about this? "Now the thing is, Georgie, that since you fucked up and I have a premium access to your body for between 10 and 20 minutes, you might want to get to me as fast as possible. Because I certainly did not get you undressed just to look pretty when you'd get to me."

He curled into a ball, cheeks red with embarrassment as he tried to not think about what exactly he was planning to do. It would be the worst if they actually exchanged and George was somewhat turned on from pure expectation, he'd never hear the end of it. And the younger would definitely

boast to Dream, and then both of them would tease him endlessly, and that was -not- going to happen if he had any say in this. "What if..." he hesitated, unsure of how to ask without Sapnap taking it as interest. "What if I don't get here in time and we swap again?" There was a dark laugh, smooth and honey coated. "Well, dear George, it means that I'll be the one to find you in the state I'll leave you in."

He had to close the coms after that, fighting the burst of warmth that appeared in his lower belly and pressing his now heated skin against the cold obsidian that made his prison. He didn't know how to feel about this, except maybe irritation, because how the hell did the younger had the time to plan that when he spent half his own time being so confused he could barely function? Dirty minds seemed to work full force at all time, visibly. It was so annoying. And he couldn't even kill himself to respawn at the portal!

After few minutes of absolutely nothing, he finally calmed down enough to think about it rationally. He only had to find this place quick enough to break the obsidian. After that, no matter in which body he was, he could leave, right? It wasn't that difficult. He just had to not think about what sapnap would do with his body while he was stuck elsewhere. He just had to focus on what to do while he was out there.

Despite trying to prepare for everything he could encounter when they swapped, he was not ready for it. The coms crackled to life, and George's own voice talked to him. "I found diamonds, as you can see, but my pick broke and I didn't have any iron. There should be some around." He felt like screaming when he finally looked around, the space so clearly mined down that it was obvious that the boy had used the pickaxe to the point of breaking just so he didn't have one when they swapped. The diamonds were literally floating in a 20 by 20 blocks wide chamber.

It only took him around 3 minutes to find, smelt and craft the iron before taking the diamonds. He made the pickaxe immediately to make sure he wouldn't use them for something else just to mess with him. Than he checked his coordinates and couldn't help the loud curse that escaped him. He was so low in the ground, and quite a bit away from the obsidian box. "Sapnap are you serious?" He whined in the coms, shoulders low with dismay. "What's wrong Georgie?" His voice was still even, which was a good new at this point. "I will never make it there in time, you idiot!" The giggle answering him made him tense in annoyance. He didn't know if it was because it was his own voice, or because of the mocking undertone of it, but he didn't appreciate the sound. "You better run, Gogy, because I'm not waiting for you." The device crackled again and his eyes widened. "Sapnap? Sapnap, open the com!" He huffed and went up the insanely long staircase the younger boy had made to get to that depth, reaching the surface almost 4 minutes later. He was getting close to the base limit of the swap, and he wasn't doing too good.

He sprinted toward the coordinates of the box, only stopping to eat when his hunger went so low he hadn't be able to run anymore. He had finally reached a ravine and he could already see it, the stark black box at the bottom of it. He sighed in relief, only to be completely thrown down when the countdown started beeping down. "Are you kidding me?" He knew he had taken a long time, but in his urgency he hadn't thought about it. The com from Sapnap's side switched on just in time

for him to switch back to his own head, the short moment of darkness confusing him for a second. Then his brain finally reconnected with his body and he was flooded with sensations. It was so brutal that he was soundless for a moment. His muscles tensed suddenly, and he ripped his hand from where it was between his legs, two fingers slipped inside himself. His throat felt slightly strained when he moaned from the loss, tempted to get them back in, but he had to stop himself; this was exactly what Sapnap wanted.

Or maybe it wasn't exactly that, he thought hysterically as the obsidian broke over where he was seated, Sapnap dropping down, slipping the diamond pick in his inventory and dropping on his knees over him. His attitude flirted with arrogance as he draped himself against his bare skin, a hand slipping right back along the underside of his thigh, pinching and tickling the sensitive skin right under the swell of his ass. The older tried to kick him, but he was stopped so easily that it was insulting. It was so unnerving, and it felt so weird to be completely thrown into a level of lust he only acquired after at least a good half an hour of teasing. And since Sapnap treated his body like he would when he'd be in his own body, it wasn't surprising that he felt that turned on. He was usually more careful with himself in a way that Sapnap was absolutely not, and lately he had been more sensitive toward rougher treatment, for some reason. Probably because he had two assholes best friends that didn't miss an opportunity to wreck him up in the most sordid situation.

Where was his innocence?

Still it was enough excuses to convince himself that when he grabbed the younger by the collar of his shirt to drag him into a kiss, it was actually his fault, not George's. Because he was like this by his fault. There.

Sapnap's fingers traced along the curve of his ass cheek, then dipped down to press against him. He didn't try to protest, thighs falling open by themselves as he forgot that he was supposed to keep some sort of dignity. There was a pleased sound against his tongue, and then he was pulling back, teeth catching over his bottom lip. "You're so adorable when you're like this.." He tried to glare at him, but it was completely ignored and he lost all will to be angry when the digits slipped in him, curling and dragging where it felt the best. He was so sensitive already, what did the boy even do to his body while he was in it? He didn't want to imagine, it was way too weird to try and think of himself masturbating, because that was literally what it was.

The sudden pressure of another finger was enough to bring him back to earth, his hips jerking down toward his hand in an embarrassing demonstration of need. The younger was watching him with burning eyes for a long moment before he finally started to prep him properly. The thick fingers were driving him mad already, and Sapnap mouth was now sucking gently at his neck, right over one of those weak spots that made him shiver every time. He got kind of lost in it for a minute, forgetting what situation they were in, just enjoying what was happening. He rarely was as pushy as the two other boys when it came to initiate sex, but it certainly didn't mean he didn't like it as much as they did.

So he didn't protest when Sapnap pulled him up, sitting him over his lap. He let himself be guided right over his cock, and tilted his hips in accordance to the angle so it would be easier for him to slip in. Then he realized he wasn't actually being dropped over his erection like he thought he would be in this position. Instead, Sapnap was keeping him mainly still, hands tight on his hips. He could feel him slowly, so slowly, pressing in. It was unbearable, and he could really feel each inches getting buried inside him in a way that was maddening. He whined, high pitched and breathless, arms, thrown around Sapnap's neck, pressing his face against his neck to muffle his noises. Then the younger stopped completely, and he let out a noise of confusion, blinking as he heard a strange beeping noise.

Beeping noise...

The countdown!

He suddenly pushed on his friend's shoulders, vainly trying to get away, but the bigger boy was keeping him solidly in place, staring at him with dangerous eyes and a damning smirk. The darkness blinded him for a moment, his body becoming numb and then they were swapped.

He barely had time to open his eyes before his brain connected with the body. The switch from a very specific sensation to another made him jump in surprise, and he moaned loudly as he felt the pressure around his cock slam down to engulf him completely, the hands on his shoulders pushing him down until he was laying on the floor. He looked up and was taken aback to see his own face so close.

Oh shit.

It was kind of a shocking revelation to realize that it was Sapnap's cock he felt, the same cock that was buried inside his body, that he couldn't feel right now because they had *swapped*. "Oh fuck, oh fuck Sapnap what the hell-" He groaned loudly, hands covering his face as the body over him ground down dirtily. He heard his own voice giggle again, and he saw his lips stretch in a lazy, smug smile.

And this is why he felt the need to punch the shit out of himself.

He could barely look at him when he pressed his hands over his chest, shameless in a way that looked terribly indecent when it was his own body doing it, knees spreading a little before he slowly rolled his hips over him. George pressed his head hard against the floor, hands scrambling at the floor. When the younger raised his ass before dropping down with the nastiest grind he ever saw, he couldn't resist anymore. He couldn't bother with who he was and what he looked like and

how it was so weird that he was literally fucking himself. He just wanted to chase after the pleasure. Tan, large hands went back to grab at pale, slim hips, pulling them down at the next slide. The frazzled moan he got in exchange sounded very familiar to him and he faintly grinned, placing his feet on the ground, knees bend so he could thrust up into the tight heat when Sapnap started riding him greedily. The younger laughed deliriously, watching him unabashedly as if he wasn't looking at his own face like the narcissist he probably was. "I'm pretty sure I'm not that dazed looking when you ride me. You look so fucked up even as me."

George snapped his hips up when he said that, and the air of confidence on his face dropped to make place to pleasure as he let out a wanton noise. It was enough for him to take a decision, finally making use of those muscles he usually didn't have to grab the small looking shoulder of his usual body, flipping the younger onto the floor before rolling over him, hands grabbing at the milky thighs and spreading them. "You're that dazed looking when I fuck you into the mattress, Sapnap, don't even try to lie." He didn't care anymore. Whatever body was under him, it was still Sapnap, and he knew how to deal with him. He made sure to tilt the pale hips back as he thrust back in, immediately slipping his fingers around his cock. He was more or less aware of time passing, but he sure didn't want to see and wait how it'd go if they swapped again mid-sex, seeing how he would have put himself in a position of helplessness, which wasn't what he wanted at that moment.

So he made sure to use every knowledge he had of his own body, nipping at the skin right under his right ear, his hand twisting in the way that usually drove him crazy with the need to come. Sapnap was visibly not ready, and he lost all sense of rationality, throwing his arms around him to grip his shirt tightly, whining high in his throat. The younger's eyes snapped open and he pulled on his shirt when he thumbed around the head of his cock, body wildly tensing as he panted harshly. "Wha- what is this-" "That's me using my weaknesses against you, sappy nappy." There was strangled moan and the body under him arched, making it even easier for him to pound right against his prostate. Sapnap didn't stand a chance, head lolling against the ground as he groaned, thighs quivering as he came, his insides clenching burning hot around his cock. He grabbed his hips with both hand, forcing him to stay still as he rolled his hips deep and smooth inside him. The stimulation was enough to make Sapnap choke on another feverish moan.

He was taken by surprise when the younger grinned at him like he had just won, frowning in confusion until he felt the numbness spread through him.

Coming back into his body was absolute hell. Not only because he suddenly felt more than oversensitive, shaky and overwhelmed with an undercurrent of satisfaction from the orgasm his body just got, but also because suddenly he was the one having to deal with what he had done. The cruel grind of a cock right against his prostate made his muscles jump and he hit at the floor weakly, cursing the damn plug-in with every ounce of hate he could produce. The younger, back in his body, smirked lecherously down at him, one of his hands coming to caress the line of his jaw with a mocking tenderness. "Now it's unfair, you basically didn't even came yet." he tutted with fake compassion. George shook his head without any strength, trying to deny whatever was about to come.

A slow drag along his inside broke his resolve, and he pushed at his shoulders like it would actually help. “No, no please Sapnap, it’s too much, I can’t...” There was a shushing noise and another slow thrust, sparks of pleasure zapping through him so hard that it was basically painful. “But Gogy, it’s not my fault if you decided to use your own weaknesses... against yourself.”

He honestly didn’t know why he kept that idiot alive.

“You’re such an asshole!” He couldn’t help but snap at him, pushing a bit harder against his shoulder, indignation giving him some energy to fight back. It was quickly fucked out of him when Sapnap grabbed his thighs to slam into him, pushing a rough cry out of the older’s mouth. He knew he was done for when the younger looked at him with a smile that would make the Cheshire cat proud.

“Let’s see if we can make this body come again before the timer drops to zero again.”

Minecraft but... Dream loses

Chapter Summary

It was only a practice run, nothing that crazy, but their teamwork was just on point that day... sadly for Dream.

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 6; sword play, role reversal?
characters involved; Georgenotfound & Sapnap & Dream

Sorry for the shitty summary, I had literally no idea what to write. Also, I don't know how to feel about this one-shot, because it was literally thrown out there without any base, but I feel like I did okay, so I hope you enjoy it! Don't forget to comment if you want to, I love reading those! real good motivation for the next day!

He glanced wildly at his partner, lips split in a grin that was soon returned, a cackle leaving the other man at they taunted their prey, right on his heels. His next jump allowed him to swing his axe down at him, shield barely blocking the attack before being knocked back, leaving just enough time for the second hunter to shoot toward the runner. The arrow grazed him as he jumped on the side with a curse, hand going up as he tried to get his bow out, but Sapnap was already in his face, axe switched with a sword for a quicker attack. The green hoodie split on the side as the blade cut along the side of the blonde. Another sword crashed into the shield he barely had time to lift, George quickly switching to his flint and steel to light up the ground under his boots. Another swear and a bucket of water later, the taller was alive but still very much in danger. Sapnap was particularly proud of their current dynamic, the two brunettes in sync like they rarely were. He switched for his axe, disabling the other's shield again with the hard hit, and within a second the oldest was behind the blonde, swiping at him with his sword, barely missing him as the speedrunner body slammed into him to try and get away.

His own shield kept him safe from any damage, and with another slam of his axe, Dream's own shield snapped, the clear noise of it breaking loud in the cave. George whooped excitedly, knowing very well that the blonde was now lacking protection and tools, as his pickaxe had broken while he was trying to run few minutes earlier, which started the fight in itself. The older brunette aimed his crossbow toward their friend, making sure it was fully loaded. Sapnap kept his grip firm over his axe, ready for a second throw down if the blonde somehow managed to find a way to run or get back at them. But the taller just groaned in resignation and threw his sword on the ground, admitting defeat. He looked particularly pissed, but they literally couldn't mind less than they did.

George grinned from ear to ear, putting his crossbow back into his inventory.

The second it happened, Dream was lunging toward his sword, visibly not actually ready to lose, but George had already his sword out and against the blonde neck before he could reach it. Sapnap whistled in admiration, smirking at the bitter look on the runner's face. "Let it go, Dream. It's our victory." The smaller brunette drawled, pressing the blade against his skin in a clear threat. There was a sigh, and then he lifted his hands to signal that he wouldn't try anything else. But the older boy didn't seem so convinced, and he followed the blonde until he was far enough from his weapon, back pressed against the wall of the cave. Sapnap kicked the sword into the lava pool where Dream had made his portal before being found, making sure to place obsidian inside the portal to make it unusable.

When he turned back, fire licked at his skin. George still had the blade against the taller's neck, a hand disappearing under the hoodie and doing something that was making the blonde blush lightly. Then the oldest finally spoke up again, voice full of smugness. "Since we won, shouldn't you congratulate us? You always make fun of us for being a bad team, but we sure showed you today, huh?" The short brunette tilted the sword in a way that forced the taller to lower himself against the wall, knees buckling so the blade wouldn't slice through his skin. Sapnap grinned, walking closer so they would both corner him. His dark eyes were stuck to where the weapon was pressed against the skin, so close to break it. He was pretty sure that just gulping would be enough to draw blood at this point, and Dream didn't seem too keen in trying it out.

"You know what, Sapnap?" He flicked his eyes toward the older, drinking into his cocky attitude and imitating it. After all, they did win. This was just the fantastic aftertaste of it. "Mmh?" "I think we deserve a reward." His smirk sharpened into something dangerous as they both stared at the blonde who still didn't, and probably couldn't, say anything about it. The blade flicked away from the taller's throat and he groaned in relief, but it was cut very short when George took advantage of his bent knees to swipe his feet from under him, pressing on his shoulder at the same time to make him fall on the ground. There was a yelp and a loud curse, but they still didn't leave him any time to recover. Following the other brunette's subtle gestures he slipped behind him, his legs each side of his thighs and arms around him too keep him still as George dropped right between his legs, hands on his hips to pull him forward. Then the older made his sword twirl between his fingers, looking all the way like the actual hunter they often forgot he was. After all, George might not be the strongest of them, mainly due to his slim built and his annoying incapacity to gain a lot of muscles, but he had been a master at sword years before they were. And where he lacked heaviness and brute strength, he balanced with agility and finesse, and watching him handle a blade had always been pretty fantastical and weirdly hot, even when they were not in that kind of weird relationship, the three of them. The blade suddenly flicked down until it caught on the bottom edge of the green hoodie. Sapnap moved his hands out of the way without a word, not needing to be told to do so. The sharp weapon sliced through the material without a hitch, leaving the blond bare from the waist up, his chest heaving with each breath.

It was rare to not hear him boast or taunt them in any way, but Sapnap could guess that the sudden peak of George's control had something to do with it. Even he wasn't so sure he wanted to say anything, pretty satisfied with leaving it to the oldest. It didn't keep him from running the pad of his

fingers against his newly naked torso, the skin slightly sweaty from a healthy mix of heavy workout and unpredictable fear. The blade was stabbed through the cobblestone right between the blonde's thighs, making him jump and recoil in slight panic. It was probably irrational, George would certainly not stab him anywhere near his crotch, he wasn't that cruel. But with the crazed light in his eyes and the darkest smirk on his lips, Sapnap had no trouble guessing why the blonde would be somewhat afraid of what the oldest would do with him.

They were both looking at the smaller man with wide eyes as he got a healing potion out of his inventory and delicately placed it on the ground, away from where any limbs could hit it and break it, then got another bottle that was filled with a clear liquid that they knew very well. Sapnap would have laughed, but he knew very well that the older had stole the bottle from him when he had inadvertently threw it out of his inventory when he was trying to grab an enderpearl. The look on his face had been icy, but how the table had turned, now that he was the one wanting to use it. But he didn't pipe up, enjoying the moment instead.

"So Sapnap, how about you keep him busy while I get him ready?" He said, casual as ever, as he wrapped his hand around the sword hilt in a way that made the youngest mouth salivate. He didn't know if it was because he was turned on, but he felt like everything was way more sexual than usual. Things that he wouldn't think about twice were suddenly full of innuendos and making his dirty mind work overtime. "It would be a pleasure." He purred, shifting from his position as George lifted the blade again. At this point he was pretty sure Dream would do anything the smaller wanted, but he was not taking any risk. He used the flat of the weapon to lift the blonde's chin, forcing him to look in his eyes. "Get on your knees." Something flashed into the taller's eyes but it was snuffed out when the tip of the sword was placed right against his adam apple, George lifting an eyebrow, daring him to challenge his order.

While he was moving, weirdly sluggish and clumsy, probably still trying to wrap his head around the situation, Sapnap made quick work of his own pants, watching avidly as the oldest also got on his knees behind the taller, his wielding arm wrapping around Dream's torso to place the blade against the side of his throat so there wouldn't be any risk for Sapnap to hurt himself on the sharp edge. There was something absolutely maddening about seeing the usually reserved male going all out psycho on their usually crazy ass friend.

Right as Sapnap pulled out his cock and pressed it against the blonde's lips, George's hand slid along his hip and undid his pants with little to no care, barely waiting until the zipper of the jeans was fully down before pushing both them and his boxer out of the way. He let out a sinister giggle as he trailed his fingers along the hard curve of his erection, making the taller man gasp, his mouth parting to let out the small puff of air, and it was just enough for the brunette in front of him to push his dick between his lips. Sapnap carefully threaded his fingers into the blonde strands, making sure to not jerk him around, the sharp blade still pressed close to his neck. It was nowhere really dangerous, and he knew George had got the potion of healing out for that type of thing, but he still didn't want to wound his friend for no purpose.

The brunette was delighted in the turn of event. He watched his cock disappear in the runner's

mouth as he slowly pressed in, sighing in pleasure. He couldn't force him to deep-throat, thought, which was a shame, but he still enjoyed nonetheless. Especially when the blonde jerked in surprise, the blade slightly digging into his skin before George could follow the movement of his body. The youngest glanced toward the other brunette, smirking as he was the hand dipped behind the blond's back. The angle must have been a bit awkward, he thought absentmindedly, but it was hard to say that anything in this situation was particularly comfortable, especially for the poor boy stuck between them. "George," he called out, gaining the attention of his partner in crime, who tilted his head to show he was listening. "Can you lower the sword? I really wanna fuck his throat." There was a vibration around his cock that made him groan as the blonde whimpered, his hands grabbing onto the youngest's thighs, as if it would help him keep his cool. There was an agreeing hum from the older, and the weapon disappeared into his inventory.

Sapnap made noise of contentment as he tightened his hold onto Dream's hair, tilting his head slightly backward as he slowly pushed in, groaning loudly as he felt his throat flutter around the head of his cock. He pressed forward still, and even if it wasn't the first time it happened, the blonde's throat took some time to stop contracting around him. It was a miracle -or the fact that he was used to- that kept the taller from choking and gagging, but he could still see his eyes tear up in a reaction he couldn't control. He kept him in place for few seconds before sliding back out, giving him some time to breathe before he started rolling his hips smoothly, ignoring the way the excess of saliva dripped down his friend's chin. The best thing was that he could also feel him choke on whimpers and moans as George seemed to pick up the pace, probably at least three fingers deep into him with the type of noise he was letting out. Or at least trying to, when his throat wasn't stuffed full of cock.

"Are you good with this, or do you want to take a turn on his ass?" The hands on his thighs tightened as he looked over the blonde's shoulder, the oldest smirking up at him, deliciously unconcerned by the way Dream's body was wrecked with shudders as he pumped and curled his fingers inside him. "I'm fine, I just really want to watch you fuck him." George giggled again, the sound strangely cute compared to his attitude. "Whatever you want, Sapnap." And oh did he want, watching with rapt attention as the oldest pulled out his fingers, hand slick with the lube Sapnap had generously provided -by accident, sure, but still-. There was a very brief pause that he took advantage of to snap his hips forward when Dream was preoccupied otherwise, relishing in the choking noise that gurgled around his cock, glazed green eyes lifting toward his face, a pleading look making him grin darkly. He kept one hand firmly intertwined in his hair as the other lowered in a caress along his jaw, thumb pressing at the corner of his lips where they were stretched around his dick. "You'll get no mercy from me, Dream. You'd never give us mercy, why would you think we'd give you any?"

Dream didn't have the time to even glare at him, eyes closing tight as he let out a moan loud enough that it could be heard even with his mouthful. George smirked, one hand settle against his hip, the other probably guiding his erection inside him. With how quick he was, he doubted that the blonde was really prepped enough to not feel any pain, but no one included in this little party ever shied away from pain. Sapnap was the only one fully open about it, boasting around without any shame, but it was more of a pride thing for Dream, and more of a shy thing for George. But he knew the blonde well enough to be sure that the burn of the stretch would just add an edge to his pleasure, not that he would ever admit it. But both brunette knew him enough that he didn't have to say it, they just understood.

So when George barely waited before pulling back and slamming in, he was fully conscious of what he was doing and how it would be received. The blonde's thighs quivered and he pawed at Sapnap's thighs, his cock twitching and leaking onto the ground. The youngest panted and went back to his own part, his brain settled on coming so he could watch after, sated and happy, to watch his fellow hunter wreck their friend up.

The noises Dream kept on making were helping a lot when it came down to it. The vibration around the head of his cock were driving him mad, and the constant thrusts and grinds from George kept forcing him down his erection, moaning and groaning and choking without any way of getting out of it. The wet pressure made quick work of him, mostly because he let it happen, taking whatever he wanted without a second to hesitate, a bit unused to not edging himself a little bit, but he was kind of on a time limit for once. So when he felt like he was about to come, instead of slowing down and taking it easy, he just rammed down his throat, using just the very limit of strength he could do it without the blonde's body reacting too violently, and kept him there, moaning at the way his throat worked around him, trying to push him out, high pitched keens only making it better. He looked right into the bright, teary eyes of his best friend as he came down his throat without any remorse, biting on his lip too stifle the loud moan threatening to get out.

He let himself drop on the ground in front of them, sitting there and panting, and it was visibly exactly what George was waiting for.

The brunette put a hand on the blonde's shoulder, pushing him down quick and brutal, making Dream half fall onto him. The taller was still kneeling as the oldest had kept his hips in place with a firm hand, but now his torso was lowered into Sapnap's arms. With his mouth finally empty and his throat messed up, the taller couldn't do much more than whine quietly against his shirt, little bursts of higher pitched moans and low, hoarse groans sometime getting pushed out of him. The youngest eyes were stuck onto the other brunette, though, observing the way he was fucking into the blonde, absolutely not sympathetic as he pounded into him in a punishing rhythm. Sapnap was almost jealous, of who exactly he wasn't sure, but even if he was spent and satisfied, it was still hot to watch them go at it like that.

When he finally got a second to breath, Dream tried valiantly to rise himself onto his arms, which was proved useless when Sapnap grabbed his wrist and pulled, making him lose his balance and fall right back onto the youngest. "You're good down there, Dream." Was the only response he got when he moaned in confusion. The taller brunette shifted until he was basically laying under the blonde's body, reaching down to slide his finger along the underside of his cock. Surprisingly, it was George that reacted, gasping lightly and rolling his hips a bit faster. Dream was muttering pleas against the younger's chest, and he shushed him like a child having a little tantrum. Then he wrapped his hand around his cock and tugged, ignoring the loud "fuck!" that Dream let out before George hissed at the sudden spike in pleasure.

It all went downhill pretty fast after that, the blonde already shaking and so close that he could

barely handle four or five pumps of his hand before he shouted, voice loud but broken, pressing his head in Sappnap's chest as he shivered violently from his orgasm. George was quick to follow, the added pressure and friction making the dam burst, and he had no qualms about spilling into him, filling him nice and warm with his come. He didn't move for a while after that, the three of them breathing heavily into the otherwise quiet cave.

And then Sappnap had to break the silence, obviously. "Hey, what if I changed my mind and I want a turn?" There was a tired groan coming from the man resting over his chest. "I'm gonna kill you if you even think about it." he slurred, voice rough in a way that made him grin smugly. "If you find a way to get us home quickly, I'll help you pin him down." George said coyly, laughing when the blonde whined plaintively. "Thank you for the reward, Dreamie. I couldn't have asked better." The was a snort and Dream kicked at him weakly. "You didn't ask, idiot." The brunette giggled, eyes lifting toward Sappnap as he grinned, all lazy and contented. "It's better when you don't ask, right Sappnap?" The youngest nodded, patting the blonde curls of his friend. "Yeah, sometimes it just feels better to *take*."

Dream only rolled his eyes and nuzzled into his shirt, letting out a sigh as he left them to deal with the rest. It wasn't his problem anymore.

Minecraft but... hybrids

Chapter Summary

Hello everyone! This time, I coded the world so that we would get attributes from the animals we prefer in minecraft. It was crazy, and we actually had a lot of fun playing some survival with it. Stay tuned until the end to see what we ended up doing with our new abilities!

Chapter Notes

All the minecraft AUs are written as if the people are actually in the game. It still works the way it is, with the respawn and the inventory, so keep that in mind while reading!

Kinktober, day 7; hybrids + double penetration
characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

thank you all so much for this first week of kinktober, I hope you enjoyed the minecraft week and that you are ready for the AU week! Hope you like this chapter and please do not hesitate to comment if you want to!

It has been a stupid idea that they had as they were bored out of their mind. Sapnap had made a stupid comment about how agile the foxes were, and Dream had followed up like the idiot he was with how dogs had the strongest attack, and George had defended Patches, mentioning how she's scare away the creeper and ran so quick.

If he had known, he would have kept himself from participating in the debate.

Because Dream had decided it was enough to work out a new plug-in including animal abilities for each of them, according to their choice in the discussion they had. And because Sapnap bad influence had reached the programmer's heart, he added little... particularities. Animal ears and tail type of particularities. Right after they had crossed the portal, the two younger boys were in hysterics for the longest time after witnessing the way the fur of the cat tail he sprouted had raised with his horror and anger, his ears flicking so fast on his head that they barely had time to see the color. He had called them furies after calming down, smirking when they started sputtering in offense, trying to reason their decision. He hadn't listened, deciding to test his capacities instead.

The three of them had been pretty happy about it, actually. George was whooping while chasing the horrified creepers around, tail swishing behind him at his new speed. Dream had been

alternating between hunting skeletons and crying in laughter at his own sudden obsession with chasing them around until he had finished them off. Sapnap was basically running after chicken and jumping around in fast twists and turns. They had decided to stay for a while, do a little survival camp and try to see what they could do, maybe try and kill the dragon eventually. George had been the miner, his eyes perfect for working in the darkest corner of the caves. Creepers didn't approach him and he was quick enough to dodge other monsters, so it was an easy pick. Dream, in between hunting the damn skeletons because he just literally could not stop himself, had been the one hunting for food and protecting their little base. Sapnap had been exploring and running around, finding villages and temples and always bringing back tons of feathers and wheat.

It was maybe the fifth night, when Dream decided he wanted to try something. "So if my theory is right, raw fish should technically heal you faster than cooked fish." George had lifted his head from where he was sharpening his sword, looking at the taller quizzically. No hi, no context, he just dropped it on him like that. "O...kay? What theory?" "Well you know how we cooked our food by habits? But we don't cook the fish we feed Patches, right? Because it makes her gain health quicker if it's raw, right?" The brunette blinked slowly, trying to follow the train of thought. It made sense, he guessed, but why would they even think about that? What happened for Dream to even make that theory? "I guess, yeah?" "Are you still two hearts down from earlier?" His ears twitched as he remembered the way Dream had body slammed into him in his excitement to see him, making him fall backward right into a berry bush. He had sheepishly apologized, and George hadn't minded, but he was still, indeed, two hearts down. "Yeah, still am. I was waiting for diner to eat."

Dream opened his inventory and gave him a piece of fresh salmon. His nose twitched and his eyes snapped toward the fish, his attention caught pretty easily. He caught it carefully between his fingers and chewed on it, eyes slipping shut at the taste. It was probably the mix of the cat preference, because it wasn't the first time he tried raw salmon but it sure tasted way better now. His two hearts were quick to fill up, and he hummed thoughtfully. "Uh, what do you know. It is better. Got back my two hearts in one go." Dream nodded in return, offering him a second piece nonchalantly, and George grabbed it gratefully, munching on the tasty morsel.

He should have thought about it twice.

The rush of heat through his body made him jump high, his sword falling on the ground with a metallic noise. He curled on himself as his brain went in overdrive trying to understand what was happening. Then a hand slipped through his hair, scratching behind his ear and he moaned, leaning into the touch. "Earlier, when you were in the cave, I did a little experiment with Sapnap." The smaller brunette already had a hard time to follow the conversation, hands grabbing at the younger man so he would get closer. "Sapnap?" He squeaked, only registering the name of his other friend. "Yeah. See, we had few berries and I decided to feed them to him. Do you know what a fox do when you feed them too many berries?" Of course he knew... they would try to find another fox to mate. "Mating..?" He murmured, legs circling around the blonde's waist as the taller man dropped on the bed to lay over him, pressing him deliciously against the mattress with his weight. "Yeah, George. They try to mate. And that's what Sapnap did. So, Georgie. What does a cat do when you feed them too much fish?"

The flash of understanding in the brunette eyes made Dream laugh. He tried to hiss at him but the sound got stuck in his throat as the younger forced two fingers inside his mouth to play with his tongue, green eyes watching him closely. His other hand slid under his shirt, running down his flat stomach and lifting the thin material at the same time, baring his chest and rumbling happily when the brunette didn't protest. Not that he really could have this his mouth otherwise occupied, but he didn't even try to, which was something akin to a miracle when it came to him. He lowered his head to suck a hickey under his collarbone, wanting to mark the pale skin in front of him. Fingers dropped to his jeans, which he undid deftly, raising onto his knees to allow himself space to push them down, making quick work of getting him undressed as much as he wanted. Or at least had the patience to do.

George could barely follow what was happening, he just felt the need to touch, hands itching to scratch and pull and squeeze, his thighs spreading a bit wider as he arched his back, trying to get closer to the body above him. The fingers finally left his lips only to immediately get replaced with a tongue, Dream pulling him into an ardent kiss that left him hungry for more. The wet digits slipped between his legs without any hesitation, and he usually would have whined about him going too fast, but this time he pushed into the touch, shuddering as he took both fingers without a hitch. He didn't know if the mating effect had some kind of numbness effect, because he could feel the stretch, but he couldn't feel the usual burning sensation that came with it when they weren't patient enough. Dream was visibly very aware of that, as he usually was way more delicate with him, taking his time and making sure it wouldn't be too much.

The blonde left a trail of kisses along his neck, rubbing his nose along the side of his throat in a way that made him shiver so hard that he could literally feel his muscles shaking. He threw his head back, feeling weirdly vulnerable for something that would feel pretty normal in any other circumstances. The two fingers soon became three, and George was starting to paw at his shoulders weakly, tail curling tentatively around his wrist as if to keep him there. Dream laughed a bit unsteadily, feeling weirdly turned on by the simple gesture. He lifted his head to look at him closely as he spread his fingers wide, watching as his breath hitched in his throat, his sigh ended on a weak moan.

He was certain that it should have hurt when a fourth fingers pressed in oh-so-carefully, but it didn't really do much more than sting really lightly, for maybe five seconds, before the burning of his body took over again and he forgot about this more than short moment of discomfort. He was very confused as why he needed four fingers thought, but maybe Dream wanted him a bit looser so he could go wild as soon as he got his cock into him, or maybe he was actually planning to make him come with just his fingers, which was slightly worrying and mildly attractive at the same time. He tried to express his confusion, but he barely could work a syllable out of his vocal cords. He was quickly answered anyway, because the blonde sat on the bed, pushing his pants and boxer down as quick as he could before manhandling the smaller boy over his lap, catching his lips in a second kiss, slower this time, deeper, dirtier. The brunette sighed against his lips, and it was his signal to lift his hips and make him sit on his dick.

George broke the kiss at that, pressing his forehead against the younger's shoulder, teeth closing

around the material of his hoodie to bite into it. He didn't understand when the blonde didn't start thrusting into him, or move him up and down, or anything at all actually. Still, he waited as patiently as he could, barely squirming even as he felt like screaming at him after a moment. And then there was a finger pressing right along the erection already sheathed inside him, and all his questions went out of the window, replaced by so many more. He whined, his tone clearly questioning but he was rudely ignored. The second finger to push in was enough to make him thread away from reality for few seconds, body thrumming with a weird energy, febrile and rushed like fire ants under his skin. He could feel the ears on top of his head flicker before he even heard the noise, and soon a second body pressed close behind him. He felt soft fur against his waist, lowering his gaze to catch the sight of the white tipped, fluffy red tail that was pressed against his skin.

"Sap..-?" He murmured incoherently after releasing the hoodie from his mouth, turning his head just enough to catch a glimpse of the youngest. A third finger toyed with his hole and he choked on air, thighs shaking as it slowly pressed in, as if it was testing out the waters. "It doesn't hurt at all, does it?" The younger brunette whispered against the ear on top of his head, nuzzling and nipping at the sensitive appendages. "Won't feel a thing beside pleasure and the stretched of being filled so full." He shivered again, breathing uneven as he tried to roll his hips down. Dream's hand stopped him, and then the fingers were gone, and it was suddenly not enough anymore, he needed to move, needed to get back that fantastic feeling, but the blonde simply gritted his teeth as he fought himself to not move, keeping his hand painfully tight against his hip so he wouldn't have any leverage.

And he was an idiot to not have understood what was going to happen, but he blamed it on being already half mindless from sex. It still probably didn't excuse the fact that he almost fell forward when Sapnap tilted his hips back, Dream's cock sliding out a little as the youngest settled against his back, guiding his cock to his already filled hole. His tail curled around Sapnap's, body honest even as he was fighting himself, trying to convince himself that he was not anticipating the next step. The pressure felt like he would be teared apart, but in a weird way that didn't nearly hurt as much as it should have. And Sapnap knew this because he had tested it out with Dream earlier, meaning that once again they had plotted against him. He couldn't even feel mad about it yet, thought, enjoying himself way too much to be able to be bitter about anything.

There was a few very tense moment after Sapnap had successfully, with a lot of sweet words and patience, slid his cock inside him. The two younger men were in absolute bliss, the tightness around their dicks, the friction with each other, and the way George was keening quietly, overwhelmed by the new sensations wracking through him. Then Dream's hand pressed against his lower belly and he slowly rolled his hips, cock pressed tight right against his prostate. The oldest clenched around them, twin groans following the unconscious reaction.

Then it was a weird, semi synchronized dance of in-and-out, the two younger boys trying and mostly managing to keep a steady, slow rhythm that they couldn't help to break when the older moaned particularly loud, of ground down on them in a demanding way that drove them crazy. The smaller brunette cried out helplessly when the blonde reached between them to stroke his neglected cock, the youngest biting and sucking at his neck, hands all over his body, tugging at the sensitive

cat ears and stroking the base of his tail, a spot that made his legs turn into jelly and his voice go weird, high pitched and trembling in a cat like trill. It wasn't long before the pleasure reached a plateau, George's vision flickering weirdly, sparks of lights blinding him briefly. He felt like he was about to burst at the seam, so close that he could taste it on the back of his tongue. He just needed them to be just a tad less careful, and decided that instead of waiting for them to take the decision, he could do it himself.

So it was to Dream and Sapnap's absolute delight that the oldest shoved his hips down at the next thrust, causing them both to falter. "Come on, come on I need more-" The smallest whined, a hand twisting into the blonde's shirt too pull him against his lips, his other hand sliding into Sapnap's hair and tugging at the fox ear he found there. And he didn't need to do anything more, the brunette's hips snapping forward uncontrollably, closely followed by another thrust that didn't seem that much controlled either. He moaned, loud and unabashed, against Dream's lips, hips rolling as the fingers around his cock jerked him faster, the blinding pleasure rushing over him and coiling tight until it brutally snapped, his body quacking and clenching around the two cocks inside him, his own dick twitching madly as he came hard enough that his throat closed up and he couldn't let out a sound.

He honestly wasn't too sure if he fainted after that, because there was a strange strip of darkness in his memories until he blinked his eyes open, laying contentedly over Dream's chest, legs twisted with Sapnap's, body sore like never before. When he rubbed his thighs together, he could feel their cum dripping out of him, but he couldn't bother getting up to take care of it. There was a hand in his hair, tenderly rubbing at the base of his ear, and a soft hum, a calming melody that made his eyelids drop back, heavy with exhaustion. The hum quieted a little, and it took him a while to understand that the two men were listening to him, his chest vibrating as he started to purr with each breath, nuzzling his face into Dream's hoodie without a care in the world.

After all, wasn't it a cat trait to lay on their masters at night and purr until they fell asleep?

Soulmates AU - invisible hands

Chapter Summary

The phenomenon was called "phantom touch", and it only happened after you met your soulmate for the first time. Apparently, it was supposed to help newly found halves to find each other.

But George's soulmate was an idiot.

Chapter Notes

First AU of the week! Soulmates AU for this time. I don't have a very deep lore about the phantom touches, but it works with intent, so no, you don't feel it constantly.

Kinktober, day 8; invisible hands + choking
characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound

In opposite to the first week, no one shot this week will have the same basic background, so I'll do my best to add what could be missing from the fic in the notes. So as usual, please enjoy, and leave a comments if you feel like it!

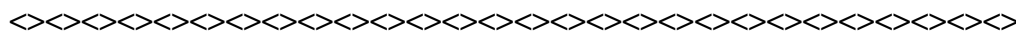
The first time he felt the invisible fingers over his arm, he was streaming. Even worst, he had his face cam on, so everyone was there to see him slam his knee into his desk and literally fell backward with his chair. It had been funny for the viewers, and he had to make up a reason for his sudden reaction when absolutely nothing happened in the game. He stuttered through an explanation about a noise outside his window and leftover paranoia from the horror movie he had watched the night before -total lie, he was so scared of horror movie he'd never agree to watch one. The viewers had accepted it and his friends didn't comment, but he knew that they knew he wasn't telling the truth. So they continued the game, and he could almost feel them watch his stream to try and decipher what had happened.

He went through without a hitch after that, and he ended the stream after another hour and a half, raiding a small player and saying his goodbyes. right after it ended, Sapnap, Dream and Karl where all over him, asking questions and commenting on how funny it had been. He just shrugged sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head as he stared at his computer screen. Could he really tell them? This was huge. They would freak out. "I just, uh, I think I just got my first phantom touch." He finally admitted, quietly, and the others instantly grew silent. He played with his fingers, nervous about their reactions, until Dream finally broke the heavy silence. "Do you know who it is?" He laid his head back on his chair, wondering about the same thing. He had literally just moved to america, and this occasion had gathered a small crowd of youtubers who volunteered to help out. Bad had brought his roommates, Dream was there with some of his family, Sapnap who had also moved to florida few weeks earlier had brought few of his friends. It could have been any of them!

He also knew that the bond took some time to snap in place, meaning it also could have been the people he met at the small cafe on the corner of the street, or the employee of the furniture store... there was so many possibilities! "I have no idea... I met so many people for the first time in the last few days! It was hectic." Dream hummed in agreement, and it clicked something into place for the other boys. "oh my god GEORGE!" yelled the youngest, the squeaking of his chair a clear indication that he was flailing around. "We gotta find out who it is! We can find everyone and have a huge assembly and-" "Sapnap, no-" "Sapnap YES!" karl devolved into hysterical giggles as the texan started making plans that would most likely never happen. George sighed contentedly, happy that no one freaked out as much as he expected. He was only slightly uncomfortable by the fact that Dream hadn't teased him about being left in the dust again, or having a new rival.

When they finally left for the night, it was his time to freak out when Dream told him with a sincerity that he was not used to "I'm happy for you, George."

It had sounded like a goodbye.



It hadn't been a goodbye.

The prick was currently laughing at him again as they were filming a video, George's camera off because he kept twitching and jumping due to his soulmate being particularly touchy that day. Sapnap had contacted everyone he knew about it, asking if they had found their missing half and everyone had said no. Dream had refused to help him out, because apparently "why would I help finding someone who would steal him from me?" was a good enough excuse to be an ass. So his friend was a dick, his soulmate also was an asshole, and why did nothing in his life happened normally. He had to stop the youngest from marching into the furniture store and ask for the clerk number, and refused to tell him what coffee shop he usually went to. No one needed to be traumatized by this chaotic being even if it was supposed to be the love of his life.

He huffed in annoyance when the phantom touches started again, and his soulmate had to be either a complete freak or totally stupid because for the touches to reach your soulmate, you needed to intent for it to happen. So it wasn't just the work of an absent minded person who didn't think about what they were doing. He pinched the skin of his ribs and the phantom hand stopped tickling his side, it's owner probably losing focus with the surprise. He heard Dream laugh again and he lifted his head toward the screen to see the yellow -green- avatar trying to push him off a cliff. "Come on George, you're so distracted we'll never finish this video!" His character batted the annoyance away before he could fall to his death and ran away from the cliff. "It's not my fault! I didn't ask for my soulmate to be so... irritating!" The blonde wheezed in answer, his avatar running toward the forest, probably searching for food. He groaned and let himself fall into a small cave, looking for iron. He

tought he'd have enough of a break to play for a while without being distracted but soon enough the touches started again.

And there was two hands on him, now, grabbing at the inside of his thighs. He yelped, knocking his water bottle off his desk in surprise. "What the-" "George, don't swear, I'm fighting an enderman!" The colorful language he wanted to drop, both for the touching and his friend's words, was quickly dropped as he grasped one of his own thigh, trying to convey that he wanted it to stop. It seemed to encourage whoever his other half was, however, breath hitching at the feeling of fingers pressing into his skin like they wanted to push his legs apart. "George? You okay?" Was he?

It had been about three weeks since he got his first phantom touch, and not only was he nowhere near finding who it was, the touches were becoming bolder by the days. He had a hard time believing what was happening, all the stories he heard about soulmates were of soft touches, reassurances and smooth caress. But his own story felt like a joke. His soulmate was annoying, shameless and bold in his touches. There was no hesitation in the fingers poking his sides, no uncertainty in the tickle over his ribs. He already had determined that the person had to already know it was him, there was no way someone could act like that with a total stranger. But none of his friend had came forward, so he was still in the dark about it, which was really, really annoying. "George?" Dream asked again, his avatar popping on his screen, batting the hair and trying to get his attention. "uh, yeah, I'm fine!" he couldn't feel the hands on his thighs anymore, so he guessed he was fine. It was so confusing! The green character sneaked around a little before disappearing deeper into the cave, and he followed him absentmindedly.

Once again he was taken by surprise when he felt a hand slide upward over his stomach, then squealed uncontrollably when invisible fingers pinched at his nipple. What? "wha- my soulmate is a creep, Dream!" he whined loudly, rubbing at his chest as if it would change anything. The tea kettle wheeze answering him made him smile for a minute. "What did they do this time?" He blushed heavily, not sure he wanted to say what actually happened. The fingers had moved again, but now every touch felt slow, smooth, and decisive. No tickling, no poking. No annoyance. He licked his lips nervously, staring at his computer screen. Maybe it would be best if he stopped recording? He wasn't sure he'd be able to do anything right if this continued. "Uh, do you think, maybe it would be better if-" "Are you gonna bail on me?" the younger asked with a dramatic whine. George tried to stutter an explanation, breath starting to get uneven as the hands on his body moved around, pressing against the inside of his thigh, rubbing at a nipple, sliding along his jaw, thumbing at his bottom lip. He couldn't wrap his head around what was happening.

He breathed heavily, forgetting for a second that someone could hear him, dropping his head back, legs falling open without his consent. He knew he had to do something, say something, the situation was just way too weird and he couldn't handle it. "Georgie?" there was something in Dream's voice, and it wasn't confusion. It was a bit rougher, somehow, and there was a wicked undertone that he wouldn't have heard if he didn't know the blonde as well as he did. He squinted his eyes at the screen, wondering if the younger was about to make fun of him, but didn't have the time to say anything. Fingers were suddenly wrapped around his cock, and if he wasn't hard before he sure was now. "Fuck-!" his hand slammed on his desk, body curling on itself. He panicked for a

second, clenching his fingers in a fist. He lifted his hand toward his face and suddenly bit at his fingers, hard enough for it to flare in pain. The hand on his dick disappeared and he clearly heard a loud string of curses in his headset.

And then it clicked.

He flushed deeply, staring at his screen disbelievingly. He shouldn't have been so surprised, now that he thought about it, because not once did Dream seemed convinced that Sapnap would never find out who his soulmate was. Not once was he worried about it, either, not commenting or asking about it. Of course he wouldn't, because the little shit knew from the very start who it was! "Are you fucking kidding me? Dream!" there was a breathless laugh in his headset and phantom touches returned, even more persistent then before. He was still in shambles from his discovery, so it took him another moment to fully realize that it was Dream, Dream was his soulmate, Dream was touching him with phantom hands, which meant... which meant that Dream was touching himself. Had been touching himself. While being in a call with him. He shuddered at the thought and clenched his legs together as if it would do anything. He had fingers around his dick quick enough, and his head spun at the thought of Dream, sitting on his gaming chair, staring at his computer with his pants undone and down to allow himself easy access. He moaned quietly at the imagery, surprised to hear a low hiss in answer.

He grabbed the arm rest of his chair, willing his body to calm down, but for some reason the sudden understanding of who exactly was doing this to him just seemed to crank up his excitement tenfold. "Don't you think we should- we should talk about it?" his voice broke a little, a small gasping sound spilling from his lips as the hand around his erection tightened pleasantly. "Oh come on, George." Dream tutted with this no-nonsense voice of his. "I don't know how you didn't guess at first. It was so clear to me that you would be mine." The possessiveness he was so used to hear as a joke tasted differently when said seriously. But the way he said it, like it was never a question for him, made him warm in a way that wasn't all that physical. He decided against going there, for now, and focused on the current situation. "So what you decided to be as annoying as possible until I guessed right?" He didn't get an answer immediately but the fingers around him slowed down in an agonizing pace, rubbing in all the right spot but not enough to get him off. He would have complained if it wasn't for the pressure sliding around his neck, making his breath hitch even more. "At first I wanted to see if you would tell us." He could almost feel how Dream twisted his wrist in a way that made his cock throb with pleasure. He wanted to retaliate, but he didn't think either of them would be able to handle twice the amount of touching happening. "And you did, and I was happy about it. And I waited for you to ask me. Do you know that Sapnap asked everyone except for me? I wouldn't have lied if he asked." Fingers tapped against the side of his neck, right over his pulse, and his throat clicked when he swallowed nervously.

"But no one guessed. No one ever thought about it. It was so obvious, in my opinion. Even before knowing I was your soulmate I already had a thing for you. And you for me, don't even try to lie." He wouldn't, not at that time. He was pretty sure he physically was unable to lie to him at that point. "So I got annoyed. Happens to me, too. And since I was annoyed, I decided I wouldn't be the only one, you know?" What he didn't know was how he sounded so calm, so in control when George was literally shaking out of his skin, wanting more but there was absolutely no way to do

that unless he got up and walked the 5 minutes distance between their houses with a hard on and the feeling of being jerked off. Nope, not a chance. "I was planning on being patient, but messing with you is always so fun, Georgie." He groaned in protest, and the pressure against his neck suddenly became way harsher. He gasped wetly, chest heaving even if he technically couldn't really have his airway blocked by phantom touches. But the feeling of it was enough to make him quake and choke a little, light headed and dizzy from it. He arched up when the hand on his -their- cock sped up again, now very determined to bring this to an end. He grabbed at his thigh with one hand, making sure Dream could also feel it, fingers digging hard into his skin, bruises blooming right away on his pale skin. "Dream, Dream fuck-" the pressure on his throat suddenly got stronger and he bit down on his hoodie to stop the noises he was making, his cock jerking into his boxer as he came without even taking his pants off. The feeling around his still twitching dick swiftly disappeared as Dream brought himself to completion, losing his focus.

He shivered at the soft moan Dream let out as he came back down from his high, taking a moment himself to regain some sort of composure. "How are you gonna explain the hand shaped bruises on your neck?" He finally breathed out. He wasn't surprised when his soulmate totally lost it, wheezing and coughing, his wrecked throat making it hard for him to laugh properly. He smiled softly, finding comfort in the fact that he finally found his second half, even if it had to be his idiotic best friend.

School AU - getting caught

Chapter Summary

George just wanted some time alone, why is it so hard to be by himself and do some self care?

Chapter Notes

School AU where Sapnap and George share a room (and they were roommates..) in a dorm and have to live in the same space.

Kinktober, day 9; getting caught
Characters; Sapnap & Georgenotfound

Hey, so I don't know how this will feel, it was written on the corner of my desk while I'm supposed to socialize so it's super short and it might look weird? anyway, enjoy, and please leave a comment if you feel like it!

His class had been canceled, and being suddenly free for two hours, with no annoying roommates in sight and no clingy friends aware of his newly found free time, he knew what was about to happen. So he made a beeline for the dorms, almost racing to his room, and dropped everything on the ground to flop himself onto his bed, sighing in relief and happiness as he curled his body around his pillow, trying to get as comfortable as possible. It was so rare for him to be alone in his room, and sure he liked Sapnap, but the guy got on his nerves so often that it wasn't even funny.

Friends or not, they were the epitome of opposites, always arguing over the same stuff and being overly stubborn for no reason. They weren't even planning on sharing a room at first, both in a strong fight about who would share a dorm with Dream, but the decision had been taken away from them when the blonde had decided to share with Techno instead, reasoning that if he was to room with any of them, it would only make the other upset, and he didn't want that. He even suggested that they moved together instead, and at George disbelieving snort, Sapnap had immediately agreed, to everyone's astonishment.

And that's the story of how the little shit dared him into sharing a room with him, and like the dumbass competitive idiot that he was, he had agreed to the challenge out of pride. And to be fair, it wasn't usually so bad. School took a lot of their time, and the younger was often out to meet with friends and classmates while George was either at the study hall or at Dream's for a moment of peace. It still meant that they spent a big chunk of their time together though, and it wasn't always a smooth ride. They worked a lot on not screaming at each other at all time and to try to not irritate the other voluntarily, even if they never had been good at that either. But it had been four months into the school year, and no one was dead, so it was a plus.

But there had been a slight change in their dynamic that George was not so sure about.

Sapnap had always been kind of touchy, always one to drop a hand on someone's shoulder to talk to them, giving hugs around to anyone who wanted one, or didn't want one, in some case. But he never had been a tactile fighter, keeping his fights on the yelling part of them. But recently, he had become more handsy with him when they started arguing. It started with slight pushes when he got angry, then downright shoving him away if he got too close.

Last time they had a fight George had found himself pinned against the door he was trying to open to leave, handle bruising his lower back as firm hands were pressing him by his shoulders against the wooden panel. He had been so surprised by the quick turn of event that he had immediately dropped the fight, staring at the younger with wide eyes. Sapnap had taken his hands back like he burned them, apologizing in a mutter as he grabbed his bag and left by the same door he had forced his friend against.

When he told Dream, instead of getting concerned, the blonde had snorted and shook his head, as if he was expecting it. It had worried him for a moment, wondering if he was the problem and Dream was understanding why Sapnap would want to rough him up. But he had been quickly reassured by his friend that there was nothing to be afraid of, and that the youngest was having troubles with something and that he would probably get over himself soon enough.

It had been helpful to hear, but his biggest problem had not been resolved. He also hadn't mentioned it, because how weird would it be to admit to one of his best friend that, somehow, he had actually felt a little warm at being pushed around like this by the younger brunette? It was already hard enough to admit it to himself, he wasn't about to talk about it with one of the guys that would certainly make fun of him forever if he slipped and said it. At this point it was maybe better to not have any answers than the one he risked receiving if he asked.

So that was mainly why he was happy to be alone. No annoying roommates, no annoying friends, and all that time to enjoy it. And make the most of it, too. And what was better to make most of his alone time than a more specific type of alone time? After all, it was rare for him to be able to be left alone long enough to make it worth it. And if the little shit he was sharing his room with had absolutely no qualms in doing some particular self care while he thought the older was sleeping, George could absolutely not. Even if those few nights of hearing the soft gasps and muffled moans had been torturous enough that he almost had joined him. He probably wouldn't even had noticed. But it was not like him to do that, so he basically had a serious case of blue balls.

Okay maybe not they did have a joined bathroom which meant he could easily jerk off in the shower, but still. It was always rushed and not satisfying.

He grabbed his good headphones, the one that muffled any outside noises, scrolling through Spotify to find a nice Playlist to set the mood. He laid back, tapping his fingers in rhythm with the music, closing his eyes and relaxing for a moment. He was planning to milk this opportunity down to the bone, and that included few minutes of calm and peace before anything else. He had to keep himself still during that short time, skin already tingling as his brain made sure his body knew what was about to happen.

He let the music wash over him, sensual beats and slow, deep melodies making him sigh in delight. Taking his time and making himself wait had always been a weak point of his, so he did just that, his fingers slowly changing from a tapping motion to slow circles, inching more and more toward the bottom of his shirt. He shifted slightly when his forefinger hooked under his shirt to lift it slowly, uncovering his stomach and part of his upper chest as he let it bunch up under him, not really caring about it now that it was out of the way.

His second hand joined the party, the tip of his fingers knowingly going for his soft spots, tickling and very lightly scratching against his skin. It wasn't long before he teased himself enough to feel his cock harden under his clothes, his thighs shifting as he tried to get more comfortable. He was already testing his patience as his hands ran down over his sweatpants, making sure to not touch himself even as he started to squirm from the desire slowly growing under his skin. His nails caught on the loose material of his pants, and he shivered as his palms pressed against the inside of his thighs, fingers inching toward his cock without actually reaching. His breath stuttered out as he exhaled slowly, his back arching and hips chasing his hands unconsciously.

He hummed quietly, finally letting the pad of his fingers run over the bulge, relishing in the spark of pleasure and the warm thrum in his lower stomach. He moaned softly when he pressed the heel of his hand against the base of his erection, legs spreading just a bit as the need started to run through him just a bit more strongly. He pushed his head against the pillow, rolling his hips up and huffing under his breath, teasing the tip of his fingers right above the waistband of his pants.

Then his headphones were ripped away from his ears and his eyes flew open, hands shooting to grab at the body over him. There was a quick scuffle before he was pinned down and his eyes finally focused enough to recognize the figure looming over him. He was too shocked to react, embarrassment making him go weak as he blushed so hard he was almost light headed. His chest heaved as he panted, eyes catching the dark ones watching him carefully. "Please let me." It was a strange supplication, Sapnap's face half nervous half turned on, honest with his intentions but careful to not force him. "Yeah, yes, please." He finally murmured in answer, eyes hooded as he lifted his hands to grab his pillow, giving him full control over his body.

Sapnap made a noise of pure satisfaction, hands delicate as he lowered his pants and boxer, shedding him completely of the clothes before running his fingertips against the inside of his legs, making the oldest whine in encouragement. He could barely keep himself from squirming again, the feeling of someone feeling him up instead of his own hands was almost forgotten which how long since the last time he'd done this. He let his thighs be pulled apart as the younger lowered over him, kneeling between his legs as he dragged his hands to his groin, letting his breath wash over

his cock. He gasped quietly, biting his lower lip as he tried to keep his noises to himself, back arching. He moaned as silently as possible when lips started running along the length of his erection, hands tightening over his pillow.

Then it was all tightness and moisture, Sapnap's mouth all around him, devilish tongue all over him, going for his sensitive spots. His hands started going up his body following the line of his torso, caressing and weirdly possessive, nails pressing crescent shape into his skin. Sapnap was thorough with him, seeking for his weaknesses, testing and playing with him until he was panting heavily, whimpering his name into thin air. The youngest used the extra saliva sliding down his cock to coat his fingers, his lips getting tighter around his dick as the now wet fingers trailed down between his cheeks. It wasn't long before he was pressing one digit into him, curling and rubbing toward his belly without even waiting. The sudden surge of pleasure blinded the older for a second, and his thighs quivered. "Sap-!"

He arched his back sharply and thrust up in his mouth, a bit careless in his rush toward pleasure. The second finger pressed in and curled directly into his prostate, more than enough to make him fall over the edge, shooting his semen right down his throat. The youngest didn't protest at all, but he did drag himself toward the older boy, uncaring as he forced his friend into a rough kiss, ignoring his protests at the taste, the youngest pushing down his own pants to jerk himself off, George curling his arms around his shoulders and scratching lightly over his back, murmuring sweet nothings into his ears when he released his lips. Sapnap sucked hard on his neck as he covered his lower belly with his come, hand twisting to make his pleasure last longer. He dropped on his side beside the older brunette, breathing heavily.

"I know you talked to Dream, he told me to chill. I'm sorry I got handsy, I just couldn't keep my hands to myself anymore." He finally admitted, scratching the back of his neck sheepishly. "He told me you had a free class so I came to talk about it. Didn't think you'd be busy." George rolled his eyes and turned on his side, scooting a bit closer to seek in his warmth. "You're an idiot, Sapnap. I was so worried." The younger laughed again and his eyes took a darker shade as he pressed a hand to his cheek. "You're hot when you get mad, Georgie. It makes me want to wreck you." The smaller shivered and curled onto himself in self-consciousness. "Shut up..." "Awh, but Georgie, don't you like it when I get touchy?" There was the noise of a hard slap and the younger yelped. "I said shut UP, Sapnap!"

Stranger AU - drunk and easy

Chapter Summary

George is not the type to allow anybody near him, right? Or maybe, with just the right level of drunkenness, he can allow one (1) handsome stranger to feel him up.

Chapter Notes

Stranger AU, so basically George and Dream never met, but I can specify that Dream and Eret know each other in this fic, might help with some subtle clues.

Kinktober, day 10; stranger sex, drunk sex
Characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound

Hello, so I was able to write that in small interspaced moment which mean that the coherence and fluidity of the fic might be affected, so I'm really sorry for that. enjoy anyway!

The lights were flashing, almost painful in his eyes, but he couldn't bring himself to care, drunk out of his mind and busy dancing and grinding with everyone interested. It had been a bad idea to start with, his friends very aware of how he became when he drank too much, but they still insisted when they asked him to follow them in a bar dive before the opening of the club.

Eret had been the one asking for the night out as it was their last one before they were going back away to the wild land of America, and who was George to deny them such a thing? And so he had agreed easily, Wilbur promising to make sure he didn't drink too much, but he shouldn't have trusted the tall brunette. He was never good at keeping his words and was the first one to actually enjoy George when he went all out.

So he had been already pretty drunk when they stumbled into the club, but Eret had decided on one of the biggest, most reputable gay bar of the town, so of course, George being the cute twink central he was -according to his friends, not himself, thank you very much- had been offered so many drinks it would have been enough to make him more than tipsy, so added to the previous bar dive, no one could deny the fact that he was downright drunk. But he wasn't an unpleasant kind of drunk, just lost some inhibitions and was way more daring. Which was fine, seeing how he was usually so shy and reserved, but it still meant that he more often than not got into some troubles at some point.

So they might have been a bit more careful, but it wasn't long before they got separated, and

George had settled for dancing with strangers, which was less likely to bring him into situations where he needed help. He was good enough with himself to push people away if they became too insistent, but gone enough to let hands on him without panicking right away. It was a nice change for him, being able to deal with people in such proximity, and the dancers were being surprisingly polite, backing away when he showed signs of discomfort.

Which is probably why he wasn't too worried when the another dancer settled behind him, two hands landing on his waist and delicately pulling him into another body. He melted against the long torso behind him, tilting his head back to see if it was someone he knew, but the blonde curls and honey colored eyes were unknown to him. He didn't mind, thought, the stranger pretty good looking and totally his type. He fell into step with him, not really worrying about anything as he followed the beat, grinding back into him shamelessly.

He caught Eret's eyes, and the brunette only nodded toward him with agreement after glancing toward the other male. There was a strange smile on their face, but he didn't question it. There was a small, muffled loud and he felt the torso behind him rumble, and the hands slowly dropped to his hips, guiding him with the rhythm. He strangely didn't mind the touches, and maybe it was the alcohol talking, but that guy was hot, and he kind of felt like climbing him like a tree. He was pretty sure that was what Wilbur was supposed to keep him from doing, but as the fingers hooked into his belt loops, he couldn't think about why someone would keep him from this.

He probably would be very unhappy if it happened.

He let his hands wander back, pawing at the side of the other man's thighs, the position a bit awkward for his poor, straining arms, which was the sole reason why he sighed in contentment when he was spun around. Hands grabbed at his ass and his own danced over the taller's back as they were pressed together tightly. He lifted his eyes and licked his lips at the hungry look the blonde man was giving him, his cheeks already pink with alcohol but now redder in excitement.

A thigh slipped between his owns as they continued dancing, now more grinding than actual dancing but to be fair, it was still subtle with the way everyone was moving around them. He groaned low when he rolled his hips shamelessly, barely noticing when a hand slipped under his thin shirt, his breath stuttering as the fingers found his nipples and stopped for a short second, before the blonde groaned in his ear, pinching the barbell of his piercing and tugging.

He arched toward the touch, closing his eyes and dropping his head against the solid chest in front of him, his hands grabbing into the blonde's hips to stabilize himself. He could feel his cock harden quickly under his skinny jeans, unable to control the reactions of his body as he pressed himself close, tilting his head up to look at the other pleadingly. The taller bent his neck forward and then they were kissing, sweet but rough, just on the right side of demanding. A sharp pinch on his nipple made him moan loudly around the tongue invading his mouth, and then the hands slid off of him, kiss breaking, and he almost fell forward with how abrupt it all happen.

But then he was pulled through the crowd, and was cornered against a wall body almost completely hidden from the rest of the club with how the blonde was towering over him. Instead of feeling trapped, he felt protected, and that was a nice touch, a bit of intimacy in this place full of people. The hands were back on him as quick, both of them reaching up under his shirt to play with the small balls on each side of his nipples, pulling moans from his lips. He panted heavily as he circled the taller's hip with one leg, pulling him even closer, grinding as much as he could against him until they were intertwined with each other.

There was a murmur against his ear and then lips were at his jaw, biting softly along his neck. Not to be left behind, George dropped a hand between them, pressing the heel of it right along the hard ridge bulging in the blonde's pants, grinning coyly at him when he glanced up. There was a smirk slowly spreading over the taller's lips, and he pulled a bit harder against the barbell, making the smaller shudder heavily. Lips brushed against the shell of his ear, and a raspy voice made him almost jump. "You react so good, I bet I can make you cream your pants."

He bucked against him without any second thoughts, overly turned on from the whole situation. He surely wouldn't bet back on that, very aware that not only it was a strong possibility, but was most likely about to happen in only few minutes. "Prove it." He finally challenged, not wanting to deny himself of that quick satisfaction. He yelped as a hand came out of his shirt to grab the leg that was still on the ground, lifting him and pressing him against the wall.

"Cross your legs being me, beautiful." He obeyed quickly, lifting his arms to grab onto his shoulders, whining as their clothed cocks rubbed deliciously together, the fingers under his shirt making sure to play with the sensitive nipple, tugging and flicking at the piercing.

It was honestly embarrassingly quick, and he pushed his lips against his in a quick kiss to muffle his moans as he jerked against him, chasing his pleasure as they rolled their hips in rhythm. He was so close so fast that it was almost dizzying, and he didn't even want to fight it. The hand under his ass grabbed at it firmly, dragging him harder against him with every move. The brunette ground hard as he felt something unlocked in his pelvis, almost surprised to feel his cum stain the insides of his boxers. He groaned low, tightening his hold on the blonde's back, biting at his ear to catch his attention.

Slowly, he was lowered to the floor, and when he was standing on weak legs, still shaky, he grabbed the taller's arm to keep him from moving away. The blonde smiled kindly, his eyes still full of lust, and George breathed out as he pulled him back close by his belt loop. The stranger put his arm against the wall, crowding him again. "What's your name, pretty?" the small brunette licked his lips, fingers drawing circles at the top of his thighs, making sure he stayed interested. "George. And I really wanna blow you, if you're interested." There was a barking laugh the other man slid his hand along his arms to link their hands together. "I'm Dream, and I'm very interested. Motel's room not too far, wanna come hang out for a bit?"

He looked at the handsome features the cute freckles and cocky smile, and nodded decisively.
“Lead the way.”

Creatures AU - Sex demon

Chapter Summary

George was just a struggling student and Dream a no-face man that decided to mostly freeload. So when they look for a roommates in the supernatural communities, they probably weren't ready for Sapnap. But here they were, and this is how it goes, now.

Chapter Notes

Supernatural creatures AU, the supernatural world is still hidden from the humans, or most of them at least. Also, fun fact while we're here; apparently, primates have lost their abilities to smell pheromones when they started to see color. Other fun fact, the color associated with pheromones in the animal kingdom is red-orange. Thank you for reading this, it might explain few things that will be present in this fic.

Kinktober, day 11; sex demon, rimming
Characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

I missed a day, I know, I'm a bad person but hey, here's a chapter that is way different from the two others, first because it's way longer and second because I HAD TIME AND A COMPUTER thanks god. I'll try to get back to schedule asap. Thank you and as usual, please leave a comment if you feel like it!

Of course they knew that different people lived in the word. Suffice to say that they weren't the most normal ones to start with, after all. While George was as human as can be, Dream was a Co-walker, a creature who more often than not imitated and then exchanged place with someone to steal their life. But the monster hadn't taken the appearance of anyone in years, after having met George and his sad, lonely life. He had taken back the form of a blonde boy, one of his previous victims from decades ago, and stuck with it, befriending the man who was supposed to be his next target.

But the fact was that now that they were both living together was posing a slight problem; the one bedroom apartment of the brunette was not enough to fit them. Dream had no problem sharing everything, but it was starting to become a problem when the creature started to throw tantrums when he wanted access to the computer when George was working on his coding assignments from school. There wasn't enough space to get a second desk, and even if the blonde was very good at finding ways to make money, he usually didn't really need to buy anything, so why make the effort of actually maintaining a job? So while he could very well get a second computer, they didn't have the place to install it, and George definitely didn't have the money to get a bigger apartment.

So Dream had been the one offering to find a roommate of some sort, and since George didn't have much friends, and even less friends that would be accepting of such a situation, he let him seek a third person. Soon enough, he came back with few names and info about those people. There was this guy whose mom was a fairy, but he honestly seemed way to nice and polite to be able to deal with Dream and his very peculiar personality. There was a girl, also, with greyish hair and a pretty face, that was a witch in training, but she looked a bit scary, and to be fair, George had enough of being terrified by his actual roommate, he didn't need more of that. The last one was also a guy, with dark hair and dark eyes, who looked just on the right side of mischievous, and was speculated as either a sprite or a demon. Of course the word demon made him hesitate, but Dream was quick to reassure him. "Demons really aren't all that bad. I mean, the ones with corporeal forms aren't. The one you ought to be looking for are the one who possess humans. And he's not that kind, if he's really a demon."

And that's how they met Sapnap.

He really had thought that living with someone he barely knew would be terrifying and awkward, and he was totally right, but not for the reasons he assumed.

It was terrifying because Sapnap and Dream got along like a house on fire. And that was probably the most horrifying scenario he could ever imagine. They were now constantly trying to prank him, putting hot sauce in his meals or salt in his drinks, fake spiders over his pillow or red dye in the shower to make it look like blood. It was constant, and it was exhausting, but at least they weren't particularly mean. It was worse when they used their power, thought. Dream had a mask, which was his actual face, since he didn't really have one of his own. It was a white porcelain mask, all white, with a crude drawing of two dot eyes and a large smile. He could put it on and take it off as wanted, which was already weird, but when the mask was on, he could actually imitate the appearance of anyone he already encountered at least one. Which had been a real problem that one time when he took a very weird selfie with George's features, and sent it to Sapnap so he could accuse the human of trying to seduce him.

George had never been redder in his life, he was pretty sure.

Sapnap's power were less detailed. He could use some kind of weird magic that used shadows like they were actual limbs. The first time George's shadow reached out to grab his arms had caused the worst ruckus in the apartment, at a point where the neighbors called the police, thinking someone was getting killed or something. Sapnap had apologized, but the grin on his face and the tears of laughter had not been the most convincing. Dream, of course, had found it absolutely hilarious, and when they high-fived, the poor human had locked himself in his rooms for three consecutive days, until Dream had force his door open, breaking the lock without any care, and

forced the seething Brit out of his room.

At least, Sapnap confirmed that he was, in fact, a demon. And that no, he didn't feel the need to terrorize small children and run after priests for their souls. He was just enjoying life on earth like a couple of hundreds of his kind. That was not particularly comforting, but Dream cared about George, in his own weird, obsessive way, so if the walker trusted the demon, he had nothing else to say.

The reality of it went down real fast after barely 4 months of co-existence.

Sapnap had this weird habit, once a month, during two or three days, to disappear somewhere. He always told them first, without being too explicit, that he wouldn't be home during those days, and they never cared that much. The first time was not even noted, and they forgot about it quickly. Sapnap was a grown demon with his own life, even if he didn't share that part of him with them that often. The only thing that they knew was that he was working as a video game tester while going to school to learn programming. Which was also George major, so at least they got one point in common. The second month hadn't been too noticeable either, as it happened during a weekend where Dream had got another weird ass job that he didn't talk about, and George had been studying like crazy.

The third month had been very noticeable, since they had planned on doing a movie marathon of Harry Potter, George's favorite. When he had to cancel last second, it was with an apologetic but urgent tone, and that had sat very wrong with the two others for a long time. Not overly upset or anything, but the voice of the demon had something in it, a strange quality that was equally intriguing and worrying. Fourth month, they had tried to get some answers, but they were tossed aside pretty quickly after the first real argument they ever had.

Now it was the fifth month, and they could feel it coming. Sapnap was a bit more tense, something a bit more strained in his smile, shoulders tight and spine ramrod straight. It usually started two or three days before he disappeared, so now that they knew what to look for, it was easy to confront him.

"So, Sap. Going out in few days?" Dream had dropped during the diner, never one for subtlety. George had choked on the piece of chicken he was chewing onto, the blonde slapping his hand on his back with no sign of actual worry onto his features. Sapnap, who was looking at his phone without any real interest, lifted his eyes with a contrite expression. "I thought we agreed to not

mention anything anymore?" Dream snorted and made a vague gesture with his hand. "Never agreed to anything. Not even sure George did. But I certainly didn't." The demon rolled his eyes and dropped them back to his cellphone, clearly trying to cut the conversation to its roots while he still could.

George, after taking large gulps of his water to stop the annoying scratching of his throat, insisted in turn. "Come on Sapnap, we'll be living together for a while, you can't just hide this kind of things from us. What if you're in trouble? How would we know?" The hellspawn huffed and refused to look up, scrolling through his twitter feed, unwilling to partake to the talking. "Not that I care what you're up to, man, but you get weird days before and it's like you don't even plan for this to happen, so I'm not buying this 'hanging out with friends' thing you tried to bullshit us with." Dream added, never one to be tactful. "Or maybe you really just want a time out from us, in which case you can just tell us. No need to be a bitch about it." "It's not-" "Sapnap." George's soft voice interrupted him, and he finally looked up. "Just tell me if it's something you can control." There was a heavy silence, then the demon shook his head, pinching his lips unhappily. "What is it, then?"

A long sigh passed his lips and he laid his head on the table, mumbling something against the wood. "Sorry, what was that?" "I said," the demon started, lifting his head to put his chin on the table. "That I'm a lust demon." The silence was stunned, this time, both males blinking owlishly at him. Then Dream shrugged, nonchalant as ever. "So what?" Sapnap frowned and straightened his back, hands lifting and moving wildly as he spoke. "So what? Man, I'm a lust demon, I feed on arousal and sex, which is not that much a problem since you two clearly have some tension, very good nutritional values I'd say, but it also means that once a month I need to actually, you know, empty my metaphorical stomach, and that comes in the form of pheromones, and a shit ton of them, too. I can't really stay here when it happens, obviously."

George's eyes were wide and his face was burning when the demon took a second to observe the two others. Dream looked weirdly pleased, and somewhat interested, but not all that disturbed. Then the human stood up, looking everywhere but at his two friends, muttering something about homework as he all but flee to his room. The walker grinned slyly at the other's departure, before turning toward the demon once again. "I don't know if it was your goal to make him run away, but good job. I, on the other hand, am very intrigued about this pheromone thing. Care to go into details?" The demon barked out a laugh, relieved and surprised by the reactions he got. Well, sure, the human had gone into hiding but he was pretty sure it was because of how Sapnap had outed him about his less friendly intentions toward the blonde. And Dream should have been expected, but the demon had lost friends before, because of what he was, so he couldn't help but worry.

"What do you want to know?" Dream smirk only grew, becoming way less friendly and way more predatory. "How about I help you with your little problem, and you help me in return?" Sapnap grin was sharp when he laid over the table, eyes heavy with hunger and interest. "I'm listening."



George had forgotten the previous night's discussion when he woke up. Or maybe his brain refused to remember, since it had been way too embarrassing for him, and between ignoring the situation at hand or refusing to get out of his room ever again, it was an easy choice. Especially with how his door was still broken from when Dream had forced him out, an experience he was not ready to live again. Nor ever, if possible. So he did wander out of his bedroom, and into the kitchen, serving himself a glass of orange juice. His brain felt slightly blurry from sleep, and something in the back of his head kept repeating that he needed to go back to bed. He ignored it, drinking his juice while staring emptily at the table.

It all snapped into place when Sapnap slipped into the kitchen, body brimming with restless energy. George jumped and juggled with his almost empty glass, setting it on the counter before he made a mess, turning toward the demon sharply, an uneasy laugh leaving his lips. "He-eeey Sapnap. I thought you were going out?" The other brunette grinned at him, something in his eyes and the curve of his mouth making something warm bubble inside the human's stomach. "Dream convinced me to stay. He said he'd take care of me." Something seemed to fall on the smaller's shoulders, and for a mere second he looked shocked, then slightly disappointed, and Sapnap had the time to barely catch the slight jealousy flickering in the Brit's eyes before he turned around, taking his glass to gulp down the rest of it's content. "Oh, I see. Okay. Do you, uhm do you want me to... go?"

The demon cocked his head to the side, observing the human, amused by his reactions. "Go where?" The other turned sharply on his heels, looking half furious already "Look, I know I don't have many friends but it's not a reason to mock-" His last words ended up strangled in his throat as the slightly taller man slid into his personal bubble like he was at home in it, planting his hands on the counter, each side of the boy's hips. "Mmh? I was just asking, Georgie. No need to get all angry." There was a quiet moment where the human visibly didn't know how to react, blinking at him and trying to press back against the counter to put some space between them. "Uhm, huh, Sapnap? I'm, I mean, I'm not Dream-" The demon snorted, rolling his eyes. "Of course you're not Dream. You're way too short to be him." Indignation flared in the brunette's eyes, but he didn't take the bait. "Then why.."

He didn't have time to finish, Sapnap closing the space between them and pressing himself against him from thighs to chest, lifting a hand to cup the human's chin, thumb caressing along his jaw in a smooth, reassuring manner. "Because Dream wouldn't help me if I didn't bring him anything in return." It wasn't exactly an answer George was ready for, nor did he understand it fully. But it wasn't really important, he decided, as the demon tilted his head to catch his lips in a kiss.

He would be lying if he said he never thought about this, but it was fleeting and usually very short lived, because his attention always redirected itself toward Dream. But at that exact moment, he couldn't deny the fact that the kiss spun his head like a ferry wheel, his muscles suddenly turning to jelly as he was pressed harder into the counter, the slight discomfort of the edge digging into his lower back quickly forgotten as a tongue slipped into his mouth, searching for his own. The demon tasted sweet, so sweet it was almost addictive, and it filled his body with warmth and an energy that he could feel run in his muscles like sparks of electricity. He moaned helplessly against his lips, confused but too content to question it. The kiss broke and Sapnap, looking almost as dizzy as him, grinned, his free hand leaving the counter to grab onto his hips. "Did you know that humans have a really high tolerance to pheromones? I had to make it extra strong for you."

It should have been weird, when Sapnap opened his mouth, tongue lolling to show him the thick, red-orange saliva that was coating the appendage like liquid candy, but George had seen his dose of weird shit in his life. The demon's eyes had the same kind of tint, losing their more human color as the fiery colors took place in his iris. "Are you.. are you drugging me?" The human asked feebly, hands grasping at the demon's shirt to keep himself grounded. "Nah, it's all natural." The small brunette scowled, even if the glare was greatly minimized by the way his cheeks were still flushed. "So is marijuana, and it's still a fucking drug." Sapnap burst in uncontrollable laughter, and caught his lips again in a kiss instead of answering, feeding him more of the sinful cocktail his body was producing.

George's eyes were glassy when the demon was done with him, lips red with the pheromone colored saliva and from being abused. The human barely reacted when the hellspawn lifted him by the back of his thighs, just throwing his arms around his neck to not fall backward. He wasn't expecting anything in particular, his mind even more blurry than it was when it was filled with sleep, but he sure didn't apprehend the flurry of motions when he was dropped on the diner table, manhandled onto his belly, knees up on the table to raise his hips high. He tried to shake off the vertigo, even more confused, and flinched when his pajama bottoms were suddenly pulled down his ass. "What- sapnap wait-" His face almost crashed back down on the table when two hands grabbed his asscheeks, pulling them apart as a slick tongue flicked over his hole without leaving him any time to wrap his head around the situation.

"Fuck- fuck wait- oh god!" The demon didn't lose any time, voracious as he pushed his tongue into him, fucking it as deep as he could without any patience. The human's thighs shook with the sudden burst of warmth-pressure-pleasure and he slapped his hand on the table, nails scrabbling at it in a vain try to get a grip at something. The comfortable heat that spread through him while the demon was kissing him suddenly grew into a wildfire, the devilish tongue pressing inside him throwing oil on the flames like nobody's business. If he had any braincells left to think, he would probably have guessed that the pheromones were getting pushed into him that way too, which made them even stronger, since his body clearly absorbed them faster.

It could have been a minute or an hour and he would never have known, his cock now leaking onto the table as he pressed his mouth against his arm, trying to muffle the string of moans escaping him continuously. Time didn't matter to him at this point, but it still felt like it wasn't long enough when Sappnap lifted his head, licking his lips in satisfaction as he observed the trembling body half laid over the table. "I think you're good to go." He smacked his asscheek playfully as he pulled him back down into his arms, the human whining quietly, to complain about the slap or the pause in their activities, he wasn't sure. "C'mon baby, we've got a bed to get to." George was aware that he was leaning almost all of his weight against the demon, but he felt like his legs wouldn't support him even if he tried to walk by himself. Sappnap helped him ditch the pants before pulling him along, keeping him pressed chest to chest and catching his lips in vicious kisses every two steps or so.

George didn't really kept his attention toward where the demon was guiding them, but he did realize pretty quickly that it was not his room, judging by the way the door opened toward the right instead of toward the left like his own. Then in one fluid movement, Sappnap peeled his shirt off, turned him to face toward the bed and pushing him roughly on the bed. The brunette grumbled in annoyance, lifting himself on his arm and freezing on the spot as his eyes fell on the hard cock that was few inches away from his face. It took him a moment to snap out of his, letting his eyes travel up to the firm chest, to the sharp jaw, cocky smirk and honey -green he knew they were green-colored eyes. "Not that I'm complaining, Georgie, but that's not exactly where I want you." He flinched back, face glowing red as he took in the sight in front of him.

Dream was sitting on the bed, completely naked and absolutely shameless about it. One of his legs was folded so his foot was flat on the floor, the other laying just beside where George had been pushed. His thighs were spread wide to accommodate the presence of the human's body, looking like the predator he often forgot his friend was. The monster under the stolen features. The brunette choked on a breath and swallowed dryly, unable to know what to do now that he was in front of his biggest fantasy, also the one he was the most scared of.

The needed reaction was pulled out of him as Sappnap draped himself along his back, a hand balancing him beside George's shoulder as he sank two fingers right into the brunette boy, making him flinch and moan at the same time, still slick with the remnant of the demon's stupid magic saliva. The human could practically feel him smirk at Dream as he lowered his head catching the brunette's mouth with another kiss. The blonde emitted a weird sub vocal growl that made them both shudder, and the demon dragged the digits out of the human just to grab at the walker's hip and pull him a bit lower on the bed. He released him when he was where he wanted him, and pressed his hand behind George's head, slowly but surely guiding him toward Dream's cock. The demon broke the kiss to lick a large stripe from the base of the blonde's dick to the tip, swirling the muscle around the head before smacking his lips, admiring the mess of his dark orange spit staining the tanned skin of the walker.

He then grabbed the human by his hair, directing him right over the dripping erection, cooing in his ear, knowing very well that Dream could hear what he was saying perfectly. “C’mon, angel, I know you want this. I’ve been smelling it all over you since I first stepped in your apartment. And wanna know something great? My pheromones can make it so easy for you, you can take it all the way without any problem. Work for your throat too.” George shook with the words, pliant when his head was lowered. His tongue pressed against the underside, seeking the sweet tasting pheromone infusion, barely feeling it when the cock pressed past the tightness of his throat. He could feel his airway being blocked, thought, the gag reflex refusing to work even as his throat clenched around the dick stuffing it.

It barely lasted few seconds, but it was enough to make his eyes tear up, and his lungs constricting in a way that made him pant for breath a little. “Good job baby, that was perfect, knew you’d take it like a pro.” George was too out of it to take offense, but he knew that in normal circumstances he wouldn’t had let it go. Still, he only glared weakly at the other brunette before turning back his attention on the walker. The blonde was a bit out of breath now, pink on the cheeks on looking at George like he was the best thing that ever happened to him. Mixed with a probably unhealthy dose of hunger and lust, but that was to be expected.

“I think you broke Dream, pretty. He’s so weak for you, I knew you’d be a good bargain deal. Knew you’d be so, so sweet. So fun and receptive. So glad I stayed this weekend.” The demon murmured, still at his ear, before raising on his knees and pulling the smaller brunette with him, hands on his waist to push him around a little, maneuvering him until he was seated right over the blonde’s lap, the hard cock right between his asscheeks. There was an exchange of glances over his shoulder, and then the walker was the one with his hands on his hips, looking at him with hooded eyes. “Georgie..” Dream crooned almost tenderly, hands sliding down toward his ass, grabbing firmly as he made him arch until he was just in the right position for his cockhead to catch against his rim. His breath was knocked out of him at the contact, realization rushing through him just as he could feel him press in.

Dream, he was having weird demon pheromones induced sex with Dream before they ever kissed, and that was a thought he couldn’t let happen. He threw his arms around the blonde and pressed himself closer, a bit clumsy in his movement but clear enough that he was met halfway, the walker observant enough to know what he was seeking for. The kiss was slow, way slower than the one he shared with sapnap, but it was particularly thorough, his tongue twisting against his own, the blonde controlling every part of it and George was going crazy with it. He bit at the tallest’s bottom lip, and was rewarded -or punished, he couldn’t be sure at this point- with his hips suddenly being pulled down.

He would probably never forget the way it felt when he was suddenly filled, feeling each inches

press inside him, opening him up like he never was before. Probably. He didn't have enough brain power to actually compare to his past experience, but he would bet this was the best sex he ever had, and it wasn't even really started yet.

"Fuck... fuck, Dream- Dream please-" He didn't need to say more, the hands on his ass lifting him before dropping him like he was weightless. It only took him a minute before he was struggling to look around, making a vague motion toward Sapnap when he finally caught his eyes. The demon looked slightly surprised, but very pleased, glancing toward the walker who only nodded, allowing him to participate. It had been on the table since the start, on Dream's side, but beside the initial plan of making George thirst for the walker's cock, Sapnap hadn't been sure he was actually wanted in the room. Which was alright by him, he was still using his pheromones which meant he was getting his fill, but hey, who wouldn't want to share this with those two?

So he didn't hesitate before getting closer, grabbing George's hair to pull him into a kiss, Dream keeping the human seated on his lap and grinding up in a roll of hips so smooth that even Sapnap was drooling. The demon drank all the noises they forced out of the small brunette, his hands grabbing George's one, pulling it toward himself to suck at his fingers, amused as he saw the human stare at the way his lips were closed around the digits. After wetting them thoroughly, he guided them to wrap them around his own cock, sighing in delight at the slick pressure. The human didn't need much help after that, fingers running along his dick almost in rhythm with the way Dream was fucking into him.

George was definitely going out of his mind now, noises unfiltered as he was bounced up and down the blonde's erection, the hand around the demon's cock trembling with the effort it took for him to even give it the littlest bit of focus, but he was pretty sure that the other brunette was already getting off on the whole thing, eating up almost as much pheromones as he exhaled.

Then he was pulled away from the demon when the fingers on his hips tightened enough for bruises to bloom under them. Then the thrusting changed to literally pounding, and Sapnap was suddenly behind him, pulling him back toward his chest. The next stroke in was perfectly positioned to hit his prostate right on, making him choke on a cry. The demon forced his head to lay back on his shoulder, hands sliding along his body, one stopping right over his neglected cock, the other making its way up until the fingers wrapped around his throat at the same time they curled around his dick. Dream cursed again, feeling his inside clench with the additional stimuli, eyes bright as he watched them with an expression dark with lust and something dangerous, ravenous.

The hand around his neck tightened as the one around his cock stroked, and coupled with the way Dream was still brutally abusing his prostate, it was way more than enough to throw George way over the edge, his whole body jerking as he painted Sapnap's hand with his come. The contraction

of his body, and probably the sight of his orgasm, were what pushed Dream right behind him. As soon as it happened, the demon pushed the human right on the blonde's chest, hands going for his own cock as he stroked himself quick and efficient, already pretty close anyway. He got on his knees and grabbed at the blonde's hair, the walker grinning up as he licked his lips, eyeing the demon's erection. "C'mon, give it to me." It was enough for Sappnap guide the taller to his cock right as he came, his semen the same color as his saliva as he painted Dream's lips and tongue with it.

George whined at the sight, his head twisted in an awkward angle as he tried to watch them go at it. It was weirdly hot, to say the least, and if he wasn't still so pliant and weak from the force of his orgasm, he would probably offer to help clean up. He still watched with rapt attention as the blonde licked his lips thoroughly, shameless as he made sure to catch everything accessible.

When the walker turned glassy eyes toward him, his cock suddenly pulsing and hardening right where it was still pressed deep inside the human, George gasped and pressed shaky hands on the blonde's chest, trying to get away. It was futile, thought, and sooner than later the taller started rolling his hips, seeking pleasure again. The brunette whimpered, looking toward the demon when he settled himself behind him again. Sappnap used two fingers to clean a streak of come from Dream's face before pressing those same fingers against the human lips, forcing them in. Once again it tasted weirdly sweet, and George finally assumed that it was the taste of pheromones, and he whined around the digits when he felt his body warm up again, energy coursing through his tired muscles. The demon nuzzled under his ear, all smirk and smug voice. "Told you, doll. I made it extra strong for you, because you're human. So how do you think it affects your favorite walker?" A silence answered him, because they both knew the answer very well. "We're gonna have so much fun this weekend."

And his sole question in this whole situation was; how the fuck was he supposed to handle two days of that?

Neighbor AU - teasing

Chapter Summary

George was pissed. And exhausted. And annoyed. So damn tired. He just wanted to sleep without hearing his neighbor and his 62 conquests a month.

Dream? Useless.

Sapnap? The problem in itself.

Hotel? Trivago.

Chapter Notes

So basically George is Dream's friend, Sapnap is Dream's friend, but they don't really know each other that much. Except that now, they are living in the same apartment complex, on the same level (and they were neighbor...)

kinktober, day 12; teasing - kinda stalker-ish
characters involved; Sapnap & Georgenotfound

soooo I am very late, but I got sick and had some kind of nervous writer breakdown after my last chapter where I spent hours staring at my screen and telling myself "welp how am I gonna top that now" so yeah, I finally kicked myself out of it, so there! thank you for reading, and please leave a comment if you feel like it!

George had always considered himself a patient man. He would allow a lot of things that annoyed him before even trying to react, and he could be exceptionally tolerant of attitudes that people tended to get irritated real fast. In a few years of working a small job that he was underpaid for, in a big store that did not care about its employees, serving people who didn't give a damn about his feelings, he had the time to adapt and build a strong mental wall between him and, basically, anyone else. So he was extremely accommodating, especially when it came to people he did, in fact, not really know well. Something like the friend of a friend, or like a neighbor, or both at the same time because sometime in life one person had to be the butt of a joke, and it was more often than not him.

So this friend of a friend, who was his only direct neighbor since there was only two apartments by floor, was quite alright most of the day. He wasn't exactly the nicest guy around, but with a friend like Dream, it was no surprise that he could be a douchebag with the same shitty sense of humor as the tall blonde. So mainly, they ignored each other, without being that cold. They were just acquaintances, in the end, and George was way too much of a loner to actually try and communicate with the other boy. But yeah, he never actually had a problem with him until a month prior to this date.

Because that was the day when Sapnap decided to change his room placement and pushed the bed against the wall that was basically separating their apartment. And sure he had noticed the man bringing back some friends, or conquests maybe, some people, back to his place. He had never thought anything of it, beside the fact that the younger was a social butterfly. But it wasn't all that friendly, he discovered quickly enough.

So it had been one month, and in that month he must have heard a minimum of 16 different voices moaning out his neighbor's name.

He was fairly impressed, at first, because he wasn't the type to judge, and he didn't care if the guy wanted to pass his nights fucking the time away, and he didn't care if it was all with different people either. It became annoying when the night kept him awake for hours, and he was way to embarrassed to hit the wall or something to interrupt them. And then it became an irritation when it happened again and again, until he was constantly exhausted and in a constant foul mood.

But it wasn't even the worst. The real problem.

So these people were often loud. And it wouldn't have been such a problem, of course, if they weren't almost -always- exceptionally loud. At first he didn't mind it so much, like most things. But as his annoyance grew with the number of nights he was half missing, his brain started to get some kind of... interest. Because being totally honest with himself, George could easily admit that whatever this guy was doing to those people, it sure sounded like he was quite good at it. Which was not a thought he wished to have, and was not a curiosity he needed to entertain. Still, it was not like he could sleep on the couch every night -he did, sometimes, when he was too tired, but it wasn't the most comfortable couch and the back pain were not worth it.

So he didn't really have any other choice than to hear them. At first he really tried to give him intimacy, too, using headphones or listening to music, but it kept him awake anyway so the point was moot.

It only took another week before Dream decided to intervene.

“Seriously dude, are you even sleeping? Eye bags are not in right now, you're doing it wrong.”

“Let it go, Dream. I don't want to talk about it.”

“Why not? What’s up? You know... you know you can tell me anything, right?”

Anything that was his own business, he would have no trouble mentioning it to his best friend. But he couldn’t just expose Sapnap’s sexual life just to complain about the noises. And he was pretty sure that if Dream knew the cause of his exhaustion, he’d probably make fun of him. And Sapnap. Then him again, just because he could, and if he could, he would. So no way he would share that kind of information with the blonde, partly because he didn’t want to cause trouble, mainly because he feared the mockery that would ensue.

“I know I can, but that’s... not something you need to know about. I’ll deal with it.”

And so the conversation was dropped. He should have been more wary about the fact that Dream didn’t push, to be honest. He really should have. He blamed it on the tiredness.

So when there was a knock at his door later that evening, he didn’t think anything of it, until he open the door and Sapnap was leaning against the door frame, arms crossed, looking at him with a weird mix of dubiousness and inquisitiveness.

He wasn’t really proud of how he just stood there, staring at him with this dumb expression on his face, a hand on the door like he was ready to slam it in his face, body slightly twisted to show his uneasiness toward his sudden appearance. The silence stretched for a good couple of second, the younger brunette calmly observing him as he worked through a mental breakdown. His mind tried to filter every information to understand what he did to deserve that visit, not knowing what exactly he could have done in the last few days that he didn’t do before. They didn’t even chat in the elevator during the last month. Probably because George did his best to avoid him, but still.

“So Dream visited me earlier.”

That was enough of an answer. The older stepped back and tries to close the door immediately, but a stronger arm got in the way and pushed forward, making the smaller brunette stumble back into his apartment, Sapnap following in like he had been invited instead of forcing his way in like a savage. He hummed as he took in the little hall he was in, probably comparing it to his own place. He closed the door behind him and, while staring right at him, flicked the lock close. And it was not like there was much chance of a surprise visit in the first place, but the fact that he did lock the door made his stomach twist with something burning hot and freezing cold at the same time.

“Apparently, you’re not sleeping well.”

The fact that he continued the conversation like nothing happened ticked off the older, but he pinched his lips, not wanting to give him the satisfaction to see him snap. The taller stepped forward, toward him, and he did his best not to flinch, but it was a very difficult task when Sapnap was walking right into his space bubble, getting close enough that those few centimeters of difference really showed. The slight tilt of his head was enough to give an advantage to the younger, and he didn't like that.

“And it only started recently, too, apparently. I wonder what changed in the last few weeks for you to be unable to sleep properly.”

He flinched as a hand made its way to his face, uncertain of what to expect, but the light caress of a finger under his eyes was not in the top 3 guesses he made. He blinked owlishly, questions obvious in his eyes but it only made the younger laugh. The grin that grew on his lips was a disgusting mix of amusement and arrogance, and he hated it from the bottom of his soul. Didn't mean that it didn't affect him, thought, and he could feel his traitor of a face burn hot as the redness spread on his skin. Still, he refused to answer, refused to lower his eyes and refused to step back. He wasn't about to let the younger walk all over him without an ounce of a fight.

There was a limit to his tolerance.

“So, Georgie, tell me. What keeps you up at night? Is it the sounds coming from my room or is it the is it the boner you get from it?”

Brown eyes flew wide open and he stumbled back like he actually got hit, slapping away the hand that tried to grab at him, either to stabilize him or to pull him back, and he wasn't sure he wanted to know which option it was. He pointed at the door, blood boiling in humiliation and embarrassment, even if he knew that reacting that way was actually the proof Sapnap needed to confirm his theory. Sure, he didn't want to give him that answer, but he couldn't deal with the situation anymore.

“Just. Get out. I don't want to discuss this, if you know why I'm not sleeping then it's your problem. Don't drag me into your weird, perverted fantasies.”

The younger brunette snorted and he stepped forward again, not leaving him a chance to run again as he grabbed him by his shirt, pulling him right back toward him, the tug harsh enough to actually make him fall right into the taller's arms.

“C'mon George, you're not subtle. I've seen you look at me. I know you're trying to avoid me, and I know you can hear what's going on in my bed, cuz I put it there for the same reason.”

That was enough to put a stop to the feeble squirming he was doing as he tried to escape the hold he had on him. He frowned and lifted his head to stare at him, trying really hard to not think about how close their faces were at that exact moment.

“For... what reason?”

“I heard you jerk off once when I was reorganizing the desk that was against the wall. Wanted to make sure I wouldn’t miss the show too often. Gotta admit I didn’t really think about you hearing me, until earlier when Dream asked me about it.”

George almost choked on the air he gasped in, eyes dropping and looking everywhere in some sort of panic. He didn’t know how to react to this information, this was not in any plan or possibility that he thought about, what was he supposed to say to that? How was he supposed to react? Was he supposed to be kind of happy, knowing that his attraction was somewhat returned?

“I- what- are you serious? You pushed your bed to hear me- what? You’re actually a fucking pervert, you know that Sapnap?”

The laugh that answered him was honest but impish, and the younger took advantage of his sudden lack of writhing to slide his arms more strongly around him, absolutely shameless as he let his hands dropped to his ass. George muffled a surprised squeak, grabbing onto the tan arms, not really trying to push him away but still wanting to be able to if he wanted to. He strongly doubted that it was about to happen, but who knew. He was known for being quite skittish, and this type of situation sure was one where he could easily fall into that pattern.

“Take one to recognize one.”

George slapped his arm a bit more harshly than necessary, but it only got him a laugh in return. He pinched his lips and tried to discreetly remove himself from his current predicament, unused to be so close to someone he actually barely knew for such an extended period of time, but as soon as the taller realized it, he tightened his hold on him and his eyes darkened a few shades. The older dropped his gaze, but everywhere he looked, all he could see was their close proximity and the way Sapnap's larger chest was pressed against his.

“So, Georgie. I'm sure we can find a solution to both our problems. You want to sleep, and I want to fuck. Think we can find a middle ground?”

The smaller choked on air and he felt like his face was about to burst open with how burning hot it became. His immediate answer, whatever it was about it he, died on his tongue as he looked up and caught dark, tempting eyes. He took a deep breath, trying to come back with something preferably sparky and defensive because there was no way he'd be able to agree to whatever idea the younger had.

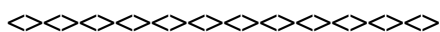
Oh, who was he kidding beside himself. Of course he'd agree with whatever idea he had, because he was out of his mind with exhaustion and the crippling need to satisfy his curiosity. Which was not a good mix, to be fair, especially not when he was stuck with someone who didn't seem to be taking no as an answer. And that he sadly didn't want to say no to.

“C'mon, don't be shy. We both know you want to agree.”

“And if don’t?”

The dangerous grin spreading over the younger's lips surely shouldn't make him feel as hot as it did.

“I guess I’ll have to convince you.”



George sighed into his coffee, grimacing at the smell and the bitter taste lingering on his tongue. It had been three days since Sapnap had barged into his apartment, strung him along and enticed him and then left him stranded there, confused and incredibly annoyed. He was halfway through convincing himself that it was all a big joke, and that the younger just was trying to get a rise out of him or something. The only good part was that he finally had the peace and quiet he needed to sleep.

But he still couldn't, his mind constantly reminding him of what happened and, worse, of what could have happened if he wasn't such a stubborn asshole.

“Earth to George, am I that boring for you to fall asleep in your coffee? And since when do you even drink coffee?”

The brunette lifted his miserable gaze toward the tall blonde, ignoring the questions in his eyes.

“Sapnap told me he’d take care of whatever it was that kept you awake, did he fail?”

George dropped his head on the table, groaning in agony. He didn’t want to have that conversation, he knew where it would go and it was not a thing he was ready to face yet. Dream rolled his eyes and tapped a finger against the surface, waiting for his friend to get over himself.

“He did. I still can’t sleep. It’s fine.”

The blonde hummed quietly, taking a sip of the atrocious pink mess of a milkshake he had ordered. When George lifted his head, he finally noticed the curious look Dream was giving him, and he lifted an eyebrow, trying to get his friend to tell him what he had in mind.

“Soooo... I’m just curious, but... why didn’t you climb him up like a tree when I sent him to you?”

And he dropped that bomb with such casualties that the brunette could only stare at him for the longest minute, jaw slack and eyes wide, until the words finally registered in his brain and he recoiled like he had been slapped, chest puffing out in indignation as he took a deep breath, clearly ready to start screaming at the younger. Dream rose from his seat to slap a hand on his mouth and he chuckled nervously when the girl at the counter gave them a suspicious look.

“Don’t scream at me, it’s like the last coffee shop that still accept me in this sector.”

George only glared until the hand was off and he grumbled under his breath. He clenched his hands around his mug and took a moment to calm down, before looking at his supposed best friend again. The blonde sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair as he tried to find a way to explain things in a way that wouldn’t trigger the brunette.

“I mean, Sap told me about what he did and all. I don’t know why you think I wouldn’t know about that, but I guess you don’t actually know the guy like I do. But yeah, I was aware of the, uh, bed placement situation. He told me about it the day he did it. It was a weird conversation.”

The brunette could be that was a weird conversation. Who told their friend that they wanted to hear their neighbor jerk off or something. Or maybe he didn't exactly go in details, and George sure hoped so, because that would be quite the weird thing. He preferred not to know that his best friend heard someone talk about him in such a way.

"But yeah. And I know you're warm for him so..."

"I am-"

"Shhhhhh-"

"I am not. Warm for him. What the fuck does that even mean?"

"What do you think it means?"

"Bullshit, that's what I think it means!"

The blonde made a show of rolling his eyes with the most condescending look he could muster to tick off the older, which was very effective. The smaller boy crossed his arms in stubbornness, looking out by the window and refusing to acknowledge his friend's presence anymore. The younger shrugged nonchalantly, sipping on his melting beverage.

"If you're done lying, I'd like to mention something."

It took him a moment to react, at first waiting to see if he would continue without him moving, but the more the silence stretched, the more impatient he got, fidgeting slightly until he sighed hard and dramatic, turning his head back toward the american, who smiled at him so sweetly it made him shiver in terror.

"Sap already know you're interested. So you're basically done for. Fair warning."

"What is that supposed to mean??"

Dream's grin was all teeth.

"What do you think it means?"



George was not someone you'd consider as paranoiac. Sometimes he did check over his shoulders when he was walking, late at night, and heard a weird noise. Maybe he made sure to lock his door and verify at least twice before going to bed. He was also the kind to look into the peephole when someone knocked at his door, because he didn't necessarily wanted to open the door to strangers. Or people wanting to share their beliefs. Things like that. But he was not paranoiac.

But then he started to wonder if he was, because it seemed to him like suddenly, after almost a week without a words from him, Sapnap was literally *everywhere*.

He'd see him in that one coffee Dream could still go, doing his homework on a table. He'd see him at that sushi place he found when he was desperately trying to get his best friend to try real japanese sushis. He'd see him at the library where he often went to borrow books. He'd cross him everyday on the way in or out.

They didn't necessarily talk, but George could feel his eyes on him. Following him around, sliding over his body so unabashedly that he could almost feel his gaze like hands on his body. He would stare and observe, and when the smaller boy would get annoyed and look back, he didn't even try to hide how he was watching him closely, going as far as smirking at him without an ounce of shame.

And of course he knew that Sapnap was already everywhere before, but for some reason, he was hyper aware of his presence now. And the fact that the younger was visibly well aware of him too made him somewhat hot under the collar. He tried to not react to it, tried to ignore him as much as he did before, but it was way harder now that he felt a thrill every time he caught him staring, looking at him with hooded eyes and a lazy grin.

After a few days of this treatment, George was ready to tear his skin off from how raw he felt each time he caught a glimpse of the younger. It was probably the biggest reason why he was fidgeting so bad when they both took the elevator at the same time to go to their apartment. But this time,

At first, he was just going out to get some grocery done, since adult life required that kind of thing. He was unlucky -or lucky- enough that Sapnap had also decided to go out that day, and of course the younger had beamed when he had seen him, hurrying so he could catch the elevator with him, his smile already a sign that he was about to suffer another teasing. He almost went out of his way to take the stairs instead, but a hand grabbed his wrist and pulled him forcefully in the elevator. It was almost the most contact he ever gave him since that evening in his apartment, and it was more than enough for George to descend into madness.

As soon as the door closed, he pushed the taller against the wall, pressing himself against him without any hesitation. He was met with equal enthusiasm, which was not something he thought would happen, but certainly didn't complain about when hands slipped in his hair, guiding him up as the younger caught his lips into a more than overdue kiss. It was messy, a bit frantic, a bit desperate. George was someone patient, but when he lost patience he couldn't deal with any waste of time. As soon as the kiss was abruptly cut, the smaller brunette turned to smash the button to open the doors again, still on their floor since they didn't press any levels, and grabbed Sapnap by his shirt to drag him toward his apartment.

The younger was strangely quiet until they got inside, and then it was like a switch was turned on, and George was pushed hard against the door that closed behind his back, immediately pressing right in his bubble, hands sliding under his shirt, thigh slipping between his legs, lips running along his jaw, making sure to overwhelm the older as much as he could.

"Glad I finally convinced you."

George growled in annoyance, pushing him off and grabbing his head to pull him into another kiss as he pressed forward, making the younger walk backward until they were in the door frame of his bedroom. Sapnap's eyes sparkled with mirth and pleasure as he grabbed onto his shirt to pull him forcefully away, giggling when the older did the same in return, not wanting to be exposed when the other wasn't.

"You're so fucking annoying. So, so so annoying. What's wrong with you?"

Sapnap only laughed, sliding his hands along the slim torso presented in front of him, staring at him with so much intensity that the older shivered from the look alone.

"But Georgie, you're so hot, I can't help it if I like looking at you."

This was not the answer he expected, and it explained absolutely nothing, but at that moment, he didn't care. He didn't care as long as those hands didn't leave his body, as long as the younger didn't leave him alone again, boiling in his desires. He shivered as deft fingers undid his pants quickly, the hand pushing at the clothes quickly. He did the same with trembling digits, way less precise in his action but not less certain.

Soon enough Sapnap had the smaller pressed under him against the bed, hands treading through his hair as he stole kiss after kiss, breathes mingling as he kept biting at his lip and sucking on his tongue until the older was shuddering, whimpering in his mouth and bucking his hips, trying to get more than the little game the taller brunette was playing. He was aware of the hands pulling and pushing at him without real intent, unsure of what to do to get what he wanted from him.

“Sapnap, Jesus, we had literal days of foreplay, please do something-”

The younger laughed, not unkindly, and pressed the pad of his fingers right under his collarbones, raising on his knees to be able to observe him a bit more fully, absolutely indifferent about his own nakedness. The fingers slowly dipped down, following the lines of his pectorals, gliding along the bumps of his ribs, sliding down his flat stomach and settling right under his navel, eyes hungry as they observed the uneven way his chest was raising and falling with his unsteady breathing.

“Don't worry, pretty boy, I won't tease you too much... this time.”

The hidden promise of a next time took him by surprise, but what a good surprise it was. He wasn't exactly worried about it being a one time thing, he wouldn't have minded that much, but the younger had visibly already decided against it, and he sure wouldn't refuse it. His eyelids felt heavy as he looked at the other brunette, his body burning even harder as he watched him lift a hand to suck around his own fingers. He made a show out of it, opening his mouth to lick at the digits in a less than innocent way, his steady gaze fixated on him without a hint of embarrassment.

He didn't even have time to rethink about it before those fingers were pressed against him, and fuck he was not kidding when he said he wouldn't tease. He would have thought that the quickness would have been a turn off on some level, but his body seemed more than willing, drinking every touch like it was starved for it. And it was honestly a bit disconcerting how eager he was, how well he was responding to every touch. How one finger was not enough way too quickly for what he was used to, how two fingers felt just right for a mere minutes before he was pushing for more.

He vaguely remembered thinking about how loud all those people were, when Sapnap was keeping him awake with his conquests, remembered thinking that he must have been good, but damn, if the brunette kept doing that little game to anyone he wanted in his bed, he had absolutely no doubt as to why they were all enjoying this so much.

When three fingers started to not be enough, he whined, grabbing onto him and trying to make him understand what he wanted. It wasn't that effective, at first, his words getting stuck in his throat with every delicious curls of the digits, but he finally forced them out.

"Damn it, Sapnap- come on, fuck me, I'm ready-"

He didn't need to say anything more, the fingers disappearing in a smooth slide, everything disappearing actually. He was about to throw a tantrum when Sapnap's voice finally reaching his muddled brain.

"Lube, George, come on, you surely have some."

He glanced at him dizzily, finally realized he had gotten away for him to get what he needed. While the smaller boy reached in his bedside table for said lube, the younger grabbed his jeans to fish his wallet out, pulling a condom out of it. He had it out and on before George could get himself together enough to find the damn bottle of lube, practically throwing it at the taller. Sapnap grabbed the bottle, but instead of letting the oldest lay back down like he had previously been, he grabbed his arm and forced his body to follow the movement, turning him on his belly. The smaller turned his head, raising his upper body by laying on his elbows, peering at him above his shoulder.

There was no verbal answer to the question his eyes asked. Sapnap just squeezed a good amount of slick in his hand to spread it over his cock, using the left over to press his fingers in again, making absolutely sure he was properly stretched. There was a moment of stillness when he slide the digits out again, guiding himself so the tip dragged along his hole. He admired the full body shiver that he got in exchange, and when he only pressed himself lightly against him, not pushing in, the shiver was prolonged into a shudder, the arms supporting him quacking with the effort of keeping himself up.

"What are you-"

The end of his sentence was warbled as the thick erection finally started breaching him, his head dropping between his shoulders as he breathed in deeply, the end of each breath catching on quiet whines. The sensation of fullness only grew and grew, the way he was positioned and the slowness of the penetration making him feel it much more than it would usually had. But when he finally thought he'd be able to handle it without going crazy, Sapnap bottomed out, and instantly started to pull out, as slowly as he went in. He immediately hated the feeling, the emptiness so much more intense.

He whined high in his throat after a few of those languid thrusts, as he was thinking that the younger was trying to take it easy on him, but it was very obvious after a moment that he was doing it for a totally different reason. He pressed his face in the pillow, grabbing it tightly between his fingers, thighs shifting, trying to spread more, to lift a little, but a hand in the middle of his lower back cut down any possibility of getting anything by himself.

“Sapnap, come on, don’t- that’s not enough-”

“You want something, Georgie?”

A too loud moan was ripped from his throat as a harsh thrust cut the long streak of slow in-and-out, making him lose his train of thought. He just couldn’t keep his voice down as the younger snapped his hips against him a couple of time before returning to their first setting. George shook his head in disagreement, toes digging in the bed sheets as he desperately tried to move by himself, to get what he needed.

“So like that is okay?”

“No-no please-”

“Well, then, what do you want?”

He whined, unable to stand the slowness of it, squirming uselessly under the taller brunette’s body.

“I want more, I need faster, please Sapnap”

His voice was so pretty when he gave up. Sapnap was finally satisfied with what he heard, and his rhythm changed drastically again, going for something that was horrifically effective. The way George’s hips were pressed against the bed was a double edged sword, the position allowing Sapnap’s cock to slide right over his prostate with almost every thrust, and his own dick rubbing tantalizingly against the mattress, allowing just enough pressure and friction that it would be very easy for him to reach his peak.

And it was visibly his intention, too, his pace maddeningly steady and precise in a way that made

him go higher and higher with every roll of his hips. His resolve crumbled as his voice got louder, and he bit hard into the pillow, muffling the noises, ignoring the breathless chuckle the younger had when he realized what he was doing.

“It’s fine if you want to keep quiet, if I don’t make you scream tonight it’s just more reasons for me to come back tomorrow.”

The Brit shook at the idea, mumbling in his mouthful of pillow, refusing to let go. He wasn’t sure if it was to provoke him into coming back as he said he would, or out of pride, but he didn’t care. He couldn’t care when the younger grabbed his hips to get a hold on him, cock ramming inside him and pushing air out of his lungs with every thrust. He whined high and needy, eyes flying open as his body started to clench around his cock, seeking just a tad more pleasure, just that little bit of *more* that would change the sparks into an inferno. And he didn’t know what that more was, or at least he didn’t until Sapnap pressed as deep as he could, hips rolling in smaller circles, the pressure on his prostate almost constant and increased.

His back arched and he threw his head back, teeth digging in his bottom lip as he tried to muffle the series of sounds escaping his throat. One of the hand on his hips slipped between him and the bed, and he just had to wrap his hand around his cock for him to lose it. He came with a surprised shout, hips bucking back against Sapnap. The taller hissed, grinding into him until he was whimpering weakly, making sure to milk every drop of pleasure he could give him before it became too much. He pulled out and took the condom off quickly, his fingers curling around himself. He was already on edge, his eyes traveling over the smaller brunette’s spent body, and he only needed a couple of twist of his wrist before he was painting his ass with his come, groaning low in his throat.

He let himself drop beside the older man, both breathing heavily and dizzy with the pleasure still racing through their veins. Still, staying quiet was not one of their strength, and the nice post-coital silence was broken after less than a minute.

“So... worth the wait?”

“Fuck you. I hate you so much.”

“Awh, but Georgie...”

“If you talk about this with Dream, I’m killing you.”

The oldest turned his head just in time to see the younger grin maliciously.

“No promises.”

School AU - challenge accepted

Chapter Summary

No one agreed to Sapnap's challenge, no one was stupid enough to.

Except George. George was plenty stupid when it came to challenges.

Chapter Notes

School AU - not really important except for the fact that they aren't youtubers.

Kinktober, day 13; cock-warming, cross-dressing, edging?

Characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

Took a long time, I'm very sorry, hard week for me with being sick and stuff (no nothing severe) I'm trying to get back into it, with any luck I'll be done by december or something (I'm kidding). as usual, thank you for reading, and please leave a comment if you feel like it!

Of course he shouldn't had taken the challenge, no one was stupid enough to take a challenge from Sapnap, no one. No one except George and his hot tempered pride. At this point it was almost a meme through their friends, how George always got fucked over by Sapnap and his challenges. Some he won, of course, probably just because Sapnap still wanted him to take the bait every other days, but he still got his share of rewards during those. So it was always mildly appealing at least, but even if he refused to admit it, the rewards were often way smaller than the penalties could be. Most of their friends knew about their dares and their bets, but they usually didn't exactly know what the stakes were.

The challenges were often trivial, like who could eat something faster or who could get that pretty girl's phone number first and stuff like that. But sometimes it got big, with bigger stakes to make up for it. Like those stupid bet about who could stay longer in an abandoned haunted house that they weren't allowed in. Sapnap had lost, but George had been caught and was sent back with a severe warning to stay away from that place. Sapnap and Dream were crying in laughter when he came back home, and when it was time for Sapnap to give him his prize, the younger never said what he had to give but few were suspicious with how rough his voice had been for a couple of days.

The latest challenge had been... riskier. For few reasons.

Sapnap had challenged him to sneak under Dream's desk while he was in a zoom call with a professor, and get him off before he ended the call. Sapnap and George both knew it was a very important call, and that Dream wouldn't be able to just hang up and call back later. So the first part of the challenge was basically to get under there without being kicked out by Dream, then proceed to make him come as fast as possible before the call ended or he snapped and decided it was too much.

The bets had been high, because George was basically risking his ass for this challenge, knowing very well that this wouldn't pass for Dream, and that he'd be punished for this somehow. So he really wanted to have a high prize if he won that one. And it was! Success meant that not only Sapnap would have to spend a day with a vibrating plug that George had the controller and a cockring to make sure he couldn't come from it, but he would also be at his mercy for the entire night following that day.

It would have been absolutely awesome... if he did win. Which he, obviously, didn't.

He had successfully slipped all nice and dandy under the desk, Dream barely maintaining his composure at first, fiddling with his books over his desk to explain why he was looking down so often. It had been a bit harder to get the blonde to comply, making sure to use all his knowledge of his weak points to get him a bit more pliant. He had high hopes and his lips around Dream's cock when the blonde seemed to snap back into himself.

He probably realized both his mistake and his loss at the exact moment the blonde slipped a hand in his hair to grip at them firmly.

*He heard the vague excuse over his head and then suddenly the younger leaned back against his chair to glance at him, cheeks slightly pink and eyes sharp as he pulled on his head until the tip of his dick pressed in the brunette's throat, making him choke slightly but still allowing him to breath. "I don't know what's your deal, George, but if you need something in your mouth that bad you can stay right where you are. You don't move, you don't make a noise, and if I fuck this thing up because you're not patient, **I'm going to make you cry.**"*

The oldest could only whimper, hands twitching over the blonde's thighs. It was almost tempting to disobey and take the punishment later, if he had a chance to win the challenge. But in this case, with Dream's hand still tight in his hair, he felt like fighting wouldn't bode well for him. And he probably wouldn't have won anyway, because the blonde didn't take well to misbehavior and could stop everything at once if he dared going against his words.

So he had to sit there for another 15 minutes, the first five spent trying to fight his own body with the need to move, to do something, his throat fluttering with each breath, almost scratchy with the need to cough and gag. But after the few first minutes, he fell into a compliant state, lulled by the

voices over him, body relaxing as it got used to the position and situation.

When Dream finished the call, the brunette was in a sort of trance, eyes unfocused and glazed over, hands barely hanging on his legs. He had heard the blonde through a strange fog, murmuring in a sickly sweet voice "Didn't know you were such a slut for cock-warming, Gogy. I would have used you like this so many time by now." He didn't have time to make sense of those words as the taller rolled his hips, ripping a needy sound from his throat. The blonde's smile had been blinding as he started to slowly fuck his face, both hands in his hair now. "Fuck, we're gonna have so much fun, you and me."

So basically, he had lost very poorly, and had been fucked over during his challenge too, as if the consequences of his loss weren't already bad enough. And not only did he get punished hard enough that he still had bruises all over his thigh and hips, but Sapnap had been a very bad winner, prancing around and offering dirty grin to the older every time their eyes crossed. He had been fed up of his attitude after barely two hours, and he still had to go through his part of the deal. And Sapnap had chosen something that didn't really phase him much, even if it was something a bit embarrassing, it had been for once way less degrading than what he could have won.

So he didn't think much of it when he changed into a baby blue dress with black lace trimmings, a ribbon around his waist and the bunched material around his hips giving the illusion of curves that weren't really there. The black stockings had been new, but again nothing too uncomfortable. It was a bit weird, he had to say, but nothing that could make him feel like he really lost something big. Which was particularly unusual from the younger, but he didn't dare ask any questions, not willing to risk Sapnap deciding it was indeed not enough.

There was something thought, something like worry in the back of his mind, a sixth sense that told him to not feel too comfortable, because he'd be let down by this sense of comfort. He licked his lips as he stood in front of Sapnap's door, looking at the wooden panel as if it had the answers he needed. He took a deep breath, not bothering with knocking before he opened the door, blinking at the soft lightning in the room. His eyes jumped at the figure laying leisurely in the bed, dark eyes already on him as stepped in, closing the door behind him. He stood there without moving, waiting for the younger to tell him what to do as per usual, but nothing came. His fingers started to nervously play with the lace trimming on the bottom of the skirt part, uneasiness settling in the longer he was silently observed. "What.. what now?" He finally muttered, unsure about what was expected of him.

The younger finally smiled, straightening up before smoothly sliding out of the bed, walking toward the smaller boy until he was right in his personal space. "Now we get to the good part." A hand slowly ran along the outside of his covered thigh, slipping under the dress until it reached the sliver of bare skin between his stockings and his boxer brief. "You want to fuck me in a dress?" Was all he could say, unable to stop his tone from dripping with disbelief. It still didn't feel right by him, still didn't feel like this was the prize Sapnap was waiting for. The pool of darkness in his eyes was enough to answer him, and he shuddered, half in anticipation and half in anxiousness.

He let himself be pulled away from the door, guided to the bed where he was pushed to sit. He was about to ask again, needing an answer to reassure himself, when Sapnap lowered himself to catch his lips in a kiss that was messy and demanding, exactly the way he liked them from the youngest. The hand pushing his thighs apart was an addition he could get behind, especially if it lead somewhere, but hope was soon ripped away from him when the taller stepped away, breaking all contact and leaving him a bit dazed and confused. He couldn't understand where this was going, with how weird the younger was acting.

Until he heard it.

He lifted his eyes quickly toward the phone that Sapnap had in his hand, instantly panicking. He reached to grab it, but his wrist got caught tightly, the younger brunette staring at him with a devilish grin. "What, you thought it would be that easy? Oh, no. Since you lost and also pissed Dream off, I'm going to make sure he knows it was a challenge. What do you think will happen?" George shook his head frantically, trying to grab at the phone again. "Sapnap, don't, he's going to be so mad-" "That's the point, handsome. I was ready for you to play with me for almost 24h. I'm going to make sure I'll take all I can from you like this."

He couldn't deny the fact that it was mostly fair, but he couldn't help but apprehend the consequences that it entailed. Dream would, in fact, be mad, and the punishment he received for the interruption was certainly nothing compared to what he'd get for agreeing on a challenge like that. "But I wouldn't- it's not- that's not balanced, Dream will flay me alive-" "If by flay you alive you mean he'll fuck you up until you faint, yeah, probably. Don't you like the sound of that?" His voice was honey thick, and when he said it like that, yes, it did almost sound enjoyable. But they both knew Dream well enough to know that this flaying would be painful, mind breaking and would probably leave him unable to stand for a good half a day.

He was about to protest when the younger arched an eyebrow, daring him to oppose his penalty. He ground his teeth together and glanced away, knowing he had no way to get out of it. Oh, of course, if he really didn't want it he was sure Sapnap would let him get away without any resistance, but the younger already smelled blood in the water, and now that he was aware of his interest, he surely wouldn't let it go. The very obvious shutter noise of the camera rang again and the american glanced at him one last time to make sure he wouldn't protest before sending the first picture. It wasn't anything bad, just George sitting on the bed, in a dress and stockings, looking very annoyed, cheeks red in shame.

The phone was dropped on the bed without much care as Sapnap slid his hands back under his dress, grabbing at his thighs as he caught his lips once again. The smaller man threw his arms around his neck as he felt the younger lift him a little, just enough to slide his knees under his legs, settling him into his lap. "If you wear the dress for Dream, I'm sure he'll be nicer with you." The younger assured against his lips, a laugh in his breath. "If you lift your dress all pretty and tell him to be gentle-" "Oh my god, shut up Sapnap, I'm not going to do that." The younger giggled, hands

sliding higher to rest against his ass.

The ping of his phone distracted him, and he glanced at it to see if it was the answer he was expecting, grinning largely when he saw the snapchat notification. "Oh, he already saw it, huh?" George whined, hiding his face in the crook of his neck, not wanting to know the blonde's reaction. "He says you look pretty." There was a soft hum, then a dark laugh, and the soft noise of fingers tapping across the screen. "He's not happy with you." It was probably an understatement, but he really didn't want to know more, at this point. It would only make him panic more if he knew what waited for him later. He flailed a little when he suddenly got pushed on his back, hips canted up and thighs splayed indecently as Sarnap took another picture, ignoring the older's weak protests as he sent it out to their friend again.

Then the phone was dropped again, and his hands were back on the smaller, teasing along his inner thighs, fingers barely brushing along the stockings, thumbing at the skin just above the hem, pressing into the purplish bruises peeking from under the black fabric. George gasped quietly at the spark of pain, squirming lightly over his lap. "Come on Sarnap, do something-" The taller shushed him patiently, hands still delicate as they pushed the dress higher, nails barely scrapping at his hipbone, playing along the elastic band of his boxer teasingly. "Sarnap-" "So impatient. Sit up." He slapped his thigh playfully as he pulled his hands away, snickering at the whine of disappointment.

George eyes followed the younger until he was seated against the headboard, patting the mattress in front of him. Puzzled, the Brit shuffled until he was close and stopped in confusion when Sarnap grabbed one of his shoulders and pushed on it. "Turn around, I want you to sit with your back to me." He did as asked without protesting, sitting between his legs. He laid against his chest, head on his shoulder, breath stuttering as hands came back to push at his legs, spreading them apart until they were bent over his own. The fingers slid up again, pulling shivers out of him as they reached the hem of the dress again. He lifted it until it was barely hiding his crotch, and once again the shutter noise broke the tranquility. "Fuck, Sarnap, you don't need to-" "Shut up, this is my prize and I'll use it as I want."

The older breathed out noisily, and Sarnap grinned dangerously, keeping the camera in front of them and making sure George could see himself on the screen. The smaller brunette closed his eyes as soon as he saw himself, face burning with shame. With his thighs spread, dress ruffled and lips swollen, he looked way too obscene in his own opinion. He moaned in surprise when the younger's free hand slid up, fingers light as they drew a line along the curve of his erection. He hadn't been aware of how hard he already was for so little, and the awareness made him even more embarrassed. He barely got touched, barely got teased, and he was already pretty much close to leaking at this point.

"Knew you were an exhibitionist, Georgie, but that's another level." Sarnap cooed, nosing right behind his ear where he knew how sensitive the skin was. The oldest shivered again but didn't deny, teeth digging in his bottom lip as he tried to tilt his hips toward the teasing hand, unable to do much in the vulnerable position he was stuck in. "Wanna give Dream a little show?" He whined at

the idea, not completely opposed but certainly not so sure about it. “Oh, sorry. I’ll say it in a way you’ll understand; we’re giving Dream a show, babe, we’re going to show him what I’m doing to you and you’re going to love every second of it.”

He gasped in surprised as fingers tugged at his underwear, lowering it just enough to be able to wrap his hand around his cock without anything in his way. He lifted the skirt impatiently to expose him to the camera, and nudge at his cheek with his nose until he opened his eyes and glanced toward the phone still turned toward him. His eyes were so dark they looked black in the low light of the room, his jaw slack as his thumb circled the head of his dick, catching the few first pearls of precum. “So Georgie, here’s what’s going to happen now.” The smaller brunette turned his head to try and look at him, confusion etched on his face. “As you can see, both of my hands are busy. So you have the choice, pretty. Either you prep yourself, or you do without.”

The Brit shuddered hard in answer, shaking his head desperately. He didn’t want either of those, knowing very well that if he did it by himself, for sure Sapnap was going to take pictures, and he didn’t want that. Doing without was not totally impossible, but with the punishment he received - and was about to receive later-, he wasn’t sure it was worth the soreness. “Can I.. can I do something else instead?” The younger tutted disapprovingly. “I gave you options, Georgie. Chose before I do it for you. Lube’s under the pillow on your right, if you’re interested.” He whimpered, hands shaking as he reached for said lube, trying to convince himself that it was for the best, that he would end up regretting it if he agreed foregoing the prep.

He shuffled his legs to pull his underwear away, hesitating before taking back his previous position, sighing when he heard the pleased groan coming from behind him. As soon as he laid back against him, slick fingers trailing toward his hole, the camera shutter made him jump. He huffed in annoyance, chest burning with shame and arousal. He heard a series of pinging but ignored it, focusing on himself as he pressed a finger inside, head falling back onto the younger’s shoulder. “You look so good, Georgie.” The hand on his cock had started a very slow, very light stroking that drove him slightly wild with need. He was starting to get frantic, pushing a second finger inside himself, barely waiting for his body to adjust. He knew his limits very well, and used it to his advantages as he finally looked at the camera, watching with rapt attention the face of the younger boy behind him. He was also staring at the screen, transfixed by what he was doing to himself.

He decided to take that bit of control, making a show of spreading his fingers, curling them as he pushed and pulled languidly. He finally pressed a third finger in, moaning deliberately, grinning coyly as their eyes finally caught each others through the screen. Sapnap almost smirked smugly, thumb moving on the screen enough to make George realize the little shit was filming. “Sap-” He cursed, back arching as the hand around his cock tightened deliciously. “Sapnap, sap, come on-” “You’re not ready, George.” “I am, I’m, I can take it, come on you know I can take it it’s fine-”

He saw him when he tapped the screen to send the video, strangely unable to feel anything more than annoyance at this point. Then the hand around him disappeared and he whined in distress, even more taken aback when his fingers were pulled out of him. Fingers grabbed at his chin,

angling his face toward the phone and pressing again to start another video. “C’mon Georgie, tell Dream how much you want to get fucked.” George tried to shake his head, but the fingers tightened cruelly, keeping him from moving. “Tell him or I’m going to tie you up and keep you hard until he’s home, and then you won’t get to come until you get the full punishment.” “No, fuck no, I want to come Sapnap, please, I don’t- I want- I need to- please fuck me, I need you to fuck me!”

The video was sent again, and the humiliation felt like molten lava in his blood.

He wasn’t ready when he was manhandled again, chest pressed to the bed as Sapnap kept his hips high. He was surprised when the younger didn’t tease him more, keening as his cock pressed inside him persistently, pushing against the tight walls and stretching him out without an ounce of mercy. It burned, pain mixing with pleasure as Sapnap didn’t even wait for him to get used to it, ripping a shout out of him as he pressed a hand against his lower back, keeping him in place as he immediately started thrusting into him. His hands scrambled on the mattress as he could only pant in the bed sheets, overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events.

The phone was dropped on the bed, both hands now on his hips as the younger’s fingers dug into the bruises already littering his skin, pain blooming under his touch in a way that made him shake with need. There was something selfish in the way he was getting fucked, in the way Sapnap made sure to not actually rub too much against his prostate, in the way the didn’t touch his cock nor told him to do so, in the way he kept his lips away from his neck where he usually liked to bite and suck because George could be driven wild by that.

The screen of the phone light up close to his face, and his eyes were drawn to it immediately. His muddled brain took a minute to make sense of the words, but as soon as he did, his eyes grew wide.

Dreamie

home in 3 mins (2 min ago)

if you make him come I’ll punish you too (1 min ago)

“No- no, fuck, Sapnap don’t you fucking dare-” His voice cut off in a strangled moan as the younger snapped his hips hard against him, finally angling himself in a way that would push his cock right against his prostate with every thrust. He gripped at his own hair, sobbing in desperation and pleasure combined, thighs spreading by themselves, trying to get more, trying to find a way to make himself come as soon as possible.

He knew he was fucked when Sapnap grabbed him by his biceps and hauled him back, making him drop back on his cock in a way that pressed him right where he needed it, but with no other

stimulation. He hiccuped quietly, shaking hard as he heard a door close somewhere in the apartment. He didn't have to wait long until the door to the room opened, Dream stepping him with stormy eyes, only relaxing a fraction when he saw he hadn't been disobeyed. He calmly walked to the bed, bending a little to grab at George's face roughly, guiding his gaze toward his other hand. The deft fingers were playing with a ring, a cock ring to be more exact, the one he had planned to use on Sapnap if he did win. "Looks like the lesson was a bit mild for the offence, wasn't it George?" The oldest whimpered, closing his eyes in defeat.

No one was stupid enough to take on Sapnap's challenge, because no matter how much you could win, you never could lose as much as you did with him.

Soulmates AU - Compass

Chapter Summary

Soulmates were supposed to bring some kind of balance. Which was weird, because Dream already had a soulmate, and their relationship was balanced enough. So why did he need a second?

Chapter Notes

Soulmates AU where a compass on the back of your hand points toward your soulmate. Yes, I was influenced by the compass in manhunt, can you really judge me for it thought

Kinktober, day 14; possessive + biting + scar (barely)
Characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound & Sapnap

So this didn't go as intended, so it's not as good as I wanted it to be, but I just couldn't give it up so here it is, I hope you enjoy it even if the pace is not as good as I wanted it to be! As usual, leave a comment if you want to, it makes me very happy!

Sapnap was controlling.

When they first met up he had been cheeky but slightly shy, overcome with the need to please other and to make people laugh. When they finally met up in person, this side of him had already long gone been erased from their relation, and it had left him with the cocky, demanding part of him that he knew so well now. When the inky compass on the back of their hand had matched, pointers following each other, they hadn't talked about it. The only semblance of recognition had been through the interested sparks in midnight eyes, and the slight flush on tanned, freckled cheeks. It had been flirty glances over the counter in Dream's kitchen, smug smirks as the blonde tripped over himself when Sapnap comments were getting too dirty. It had been fleeting touches on taller's waist, foot rubbing along his legs when they were out at the restaurant with friends.

The brunette had no hesitation whatsoever when it came to him. No question asked, no discussion about feelings. They weren't needed, in his opinion, because not only were they made for each other, as the compass very pointedly proved, but they also already knew each other so deeply that there was nothing left to say.

So when Dream finally snapped and they fell into bed together, it was with a healthy knowledge of each other's preferences when it came to sex. And probably an unhealthy dose of trust, somehow,

that made him so easy for him to take advantage of the older boy.

So when Sapnap pulled at the blonde locks, angling his head to press his cock against his lips, he was fully aware of how well it would be received. He expected the heated glare and the heavy blush, the internal fight clear on the pretty face of his soulmate. He knew how long to tease him until he broke, knew how to play with his pride, with his shame, bringing him down until he was nothing more than a mess.

He learned about his body quickly, too, learned how the back of his thighs were actually more sensitive than the inside. How sucking hickeys on the right side of his neck would make him shake, but on the left side made him whine high and airy. How putting his teeth around his collarbone made him freak out in the best way. How he could get him all pliant and easy if he bit at his nape hard enough to draw blood.

They didn't always fucked like they were fighting, but Sapnap was never exactly nice anyway. He would often tease him for hours, murmuring nastily in his ears with the darkest promises, only to fuck him slow and gentle, barely a trace of pressure under his lips and fingers as they ran over his body. It was like a whiplash every time, so good but not meeting the expectations, leaving him contented but still hungry for more. Then the blonde was the one earning for it, chasing the younger and enticing him into it, only to have it turned back on him, degraded and shamed for his attitude when the brunette finally gave him what he wanted.

Even when Dream was topping, he always felt like he had no control on the situation. The younger would manipulate him into doing exactly what he wanted, the blonde not even realizing it until it was way too late. It was as annoying as it was impressive, and he had learned to appreciate it through the intense irritation it made him feel.

They were pretty well balanced, all in all, as Dream lead their day to day life and Sapnap - somehow- controlled their bedroom life. They both didn't really understand why they had a second pointer on their compass, as soulmates were made to be balanced, and they did that pretty well by themselves. Or at least, that's what they thought until they met George.

George was tricky.

They had known that for years, also, before meeting him in person for the first time. It would have been a lie to say they expected the compass to be linked to the Brit, but it would also be a lie to say they hadn't thought of it. The smaller brunette didn't even have much of a reaction when both of his pointers spun to follow the two other boys around. He had hummed, looking at the back of his hand for a minute, before glancing back up at Dream and Sapnap who were basically frozen in place, watching him with wide, almost terrified eyes. He had snorted, threw his backpack at the younger's face and demanded food.

It had taken much more time for them to understand what the older expected from the situation. Sure, they did know him well, but not in the same way they knew each other. And George didn't seem to be very communicative about what he wanted either, weirdly. They did learn a lot about him in a really short amount of time, thought. Like the fact that he wasn't as socially awkward as he looked. He was the first, and often only one, that would dare strike a conversation with a stranger. He would chat with the ladies waiting in line for their coffee when they went out, easy going and comfortable. He would ask to pet every dog they would come across when taking a walk somewhere, making small talk with the owner without a care in the world. Or the fact that he was quite bossy, but also inherently helpful. Or the fact that he had the weirdest humor, always a deadpan joke ready to make Dream laugh, or a sudden stupid song shouted at the top of his lungs that Sapnap joined immediately.

They also learned that he had basically no preference of position in the bedroom.

Which implied a lot, but also hide a lot.

Sapnap got fucked over quickly when he dismissed it as meaning he was a switch, and that's it. He tried to play his usual game but failed as the older didn't even fight back, falling for the cautious hands and curious eyes exploring his body instead of the battle of will he was expected. He only realized he was on the wrong side of his usual power trip when the smaller had him down, hand around his neck to keep him from moving, riding him slow and cruel until he was sobbing with the need to come.

The youngest had been shocked for days, George completely uncaring of his mental breakdown.

He had been way more pliant with Dream, allowing him to take over, sweet and greedy under him. Demanding in way that was mostly passive, but exigent enough to make his blood boil. It had been weirdly easy in the most pleasant way, and the taller had been smug about it to a point where Sapnap had dragged him in the bedroom forcefully under the amused eyes of the Brit.

And George wasn't necessarily mean all the time, but he could be, and sometime was, way meaner than Sapnap could ever be. He could easily switch for agreeable and soft to sharp and scathing, and they could never be sure of what they were about to get when they approached him. He was especially good at guessing what they wanted, too, and even more what they *needed*. He could always tell when Dream was having a bad day and needed to let some steam out by fucking the brains out of him. He also knew when Sapnap came to him, standing tall and proud, ready for another fight, but really wanted him to put him back in his place and show him that he wasn't the boss around. And of course, he could guess when the opposite was happening, when Sapnap wanted a playmate that would let him do whatever he wanted, when Dream wanted someone to take charge and steal every ounce of control out of him.

It still took time for them to finally get comfortable enough around each other to even mention trying it out all together. And as per usual since they started living with their third, they didn't suspect a thing from the oldest until it dropped on them like a ton of brick.

"Dream?"

"Mmh?"

"Sapnap's being an ass."

"Yeah, what's new?"

"He needs something up his ass."

The youngest choked on the apple juice he stole from the Brit, eyes watering as he coughed to clear his airway. Dream observed him for a quick second, just making sure he wasn't dying, before glancing back to the older brunette who was still playing on his phone like he didn't say anything special.

"What do you expect from me?"

The Brit sighed and tapped something on his phone before dropping it, pushing himself straight on his chair and stretching.

"I don't feel like it."

The two younger boys exchanged a questioning glance, unsure of what exactly was happening. They sure didn't hide anything between the three of them, but it was not exactly common to chat about what needed to happen in the bedroom.

"O...kay? You want me to.. fuck Sapnap?"

The oldest turned his head to observe him quietly, as if he couldn't understand what was so hard to get. He tilted his head and shrugged a shoulder, eyes squinting slightly as he watched the tall blonde for few seconds, just long enough for him to start squirming in nervousness. The smaller brunette definitely had something in his eyes that made him feel weirdly small, his breath stuck somewhere between his lungs and his lips as the tension rose slowly but surely in the dining room.

“Mmh, that's exactly what I want. Can you do that for me, Dream?”

The way he formulated his question was a hit right on the nail, and he could see the way honey eyes took on a darker shade that made him grin knowingly.

“Yeah, of course you will.”

He turned his gaze toward Sapnap, who was frozen in place, mildly confused at how easily the older had taken control of everything with barely two full sentences and a question. He gulped when hooded eyes caught his own, carefully keeping himself in check to not give any more munitions to the absolute terror that George could become when he wanted. Sure, he had been the instigator, and sure he did want to get fucked, but he hadn't taken into consideration that he would be double-teamed. He still couldn't help but feel the ball of heat in his stomach grow with every second he was stared at, and he finally felt his hackles raise when the silence stretched for too long.

“And what if I don't want Dream to fuck me?”

There was an offended sound coming from where the tall blonde was standing, but Sapnap ignored him, knowing very well that his main rival in the room was the boy seated in front of him. The brunette lifted an eyebrow, amused more than anything, slowly getting up from his chair. The youngest frowned when the older brunette walked away from the table, calmly walking to Dream instead of going for him like he expected him to. That was not going with his plan in any way, and he strongly disliked being lead astray and played with like that. He was the one dealing hands usually, and it was as offensive as it was a turn on to see George ignore the cards he was dealt and playing another game entirely.

Dream was as lost as the youngest, but he certainly didn't mind when the small brunette reached for him, arms sliding around his shoulders and fingers dragging into his hair as he caught his lips in a kiss. He was surprised when the Brit didn't take control of the kiss, licking at his lips to incite him to take over, something he did with enthusiasm. The blonde's hands reached for the smaller's hips, dragging him even closer as the brunette moaned sweetly against his lips, pliant in a way that contrasted beautifully with how dominating he had been not even a minute earlier.

When they broke the kiss George was panting lightly, cheeks pink as he pressed himself against the tallest, the soft daze of his eyes sharpening into something mischievous as he turned to look at the youngest.

“Well if you don’t want him to fuck you, I want him to fuck me. And you can move right along and have fun with your right hand.”

Sapnap couldn’t be sure if it was an empty threat, and he honestly didn’t really want to risk it. He nodded quickly, getting up from the chair, hands shaking slightly at the prospect of getting both his soulmates in his bed at the same time. George grinned deviously and grabbed his shirt as soon as he was close enough, stealing a quick kiss from him as he stepped back, giggling as they both stepped forward at the same time to follow him. He licked his lips with a coy smile, stepping back again toward the door of the two younger’s room.

“This is going to be fun.”

Dream was greedy.

It was hard to argue about that any time of the day, but it was even harder to deny when naked bodies were pressed flush together, his hands rough on Sapnap’s hips, his teeth unforgiving on George’s neck. He never did hide the fact that he was incredibly possessive, and both of his soulmates were made aware very early into their relationship. No matter the forever that came with the compass, no matter how the pointers would always make sure they always found each others, he never missed an opportunity to leave his signature on them.

He was lucky that his soulmates were as hungry to be marked as he was hungry to do so.

Sapnap was half out of his mind already, shaking under the wandering hands of the oldest. His torso was covered in dark bruises and mean looking hickeys, red and blue littering the tanned flesh of his neck and shoulders. His moans were low, gravelly from the rough throat fucking he had been through when he had decided to try his chance and talk back to Dream. George had been the one to tighten a hand in his hair, keeping him in place as he watched him choke on the blonde’s cock. Said cock was now rubbing deliciously inside him, fucking into him so slow that it was driving him mad. Of course the Brit had been the one to keep Dream from railing him like he wanted him to, because it would be too easy, and the youngest really didn’t need to be rewarded when he was giving them attitude.

George wasn't half as calm as he pretended to be. Dream could see it with the way his thighs trembled on each side of Sapnap's waist as he fucked himself on the younger's dick, going so slow that it had to be hard on him. He could also see it in the way his mouth opened on soft groans each time the blonde would nip at the skin right under his ear, breath hitching as lips followed the trail of bite marks, some newer some older, that decorated his throat. Dream liked to pay a very particular attention to the scarred tissue on the back of his shoulder, the blonde's teeth forever imprinted into his skin. It had been a gift from the brunette to him, a one time deal that he just couldn't refuse.

He wasn't supposed to be the one in control, because it was George's job to deal with Sapnap, but he had enough of playing around.

Grabbing the older's hips quickly to not leave him any time to protest, he sank his teeth into his neck as he forced him down the younger brunette's cock ruthlessly, groaning in delight at the high pitched sound ripped from the Brit with the action. He felt Sapnap tighten around his cock, pleasure shooting through his vein, and he knew there was no way he'd allow George to force them to such a slow pace again. Not that night, at least.

"Dream- that's not-"

"Shut up, you asked me to fuck him for you, and that's what I'm going to do."

The noise of protest was quickly drowned when he lifted the smaller boy to drop him down again, ramming in at the same time. Sapnap's shout was louder than any sound he had made until now, making him grin savagely. George looked over his shoulder, and there was something in his eyes that told Dream that this was the right thing to do. Taking control had never been especially hard with George, but it was very rare that he had power over both of his soulmates, and he had to admit that the power trip sure did something to him.

He didn't have to insist too much after that, George pressing his hands on Sapnap's shoulders to balance himself, back curving to allow a better angle as he finally started riding the younger properly, giving the blonde the best show he could ask for. Dream took the advantage of having his hands free to circle them around the back of the youngest's thighs, fingers digging into the soft flesh as he used his grip to grind into him easily, groaning in pleasure at the way his insides kept clenching around him, the brunette probably overwhelmed with the sudden growth of sensations.

He knew the youngest was close, he had to be with how his body shook, his eyes clenched shut as he probably tried to keep himself from coming. He really didn't need much to be tipped over the edge, and Dream gave him that easily, pulling his leg higher to bite viciously at the sensitive skin

few inches away from the back of his knee. The brunette jerked hard, almost hard enough to pull away from his teeth, his walls clenched tight around the blonde's cock as he wailed hoarsely, hands desperate as they reached for George's hips, pulling him down hard over his dick, ripping a throaty noise from the Brit.

Dream barely waited for him to come down from his high, letting go of his leg and pulling out of him, grabbing the oldest by the waist and ignoring the confused noise he made in answer. Sapnap made a noise of displeasure but he was also ignored, the blonde completely focused on his own need as he sat back, pulling the older against his chest as he dropped him right over his cock.

“Fuck!”

George arched sharply, eyes wide and wild as Dream immediately started rolling his hips deep into him, making his body quiver with pleasure. Sapnap was quick to shuffle toward them, too tired to do anything else than land a hand as he wrapped his fingers around the oldest's cock, making sure to go along the rhythm Dream imposed for maximum pleasure. The blonde dipped his head as he chased after his pleasure, barely in control of himself as he pressed his lips right against the faint scar on the brunette's shoulder blade. He felt more than he heard the hitch in George's breath at the contact, and it was enough for him to fit his teeth in the healed gouges, biting down hard.

The brunette's hands grabbed onto his thighs, nails digging in his skin as he shook hard, pain and pleasure tearing through him and leaving him soundless. He was barely able to even breathe as his cock pulsed in Sapnap's hand, streaks of come coating the youngest fingers. Dream groaned around his mouthful, his own body unable to withstand the pleasure and tipping him right over the edge barely few seconds after the older.

They didn't move for quite a time, George completely slack in his arms, Sapnap barely conscious, eyes heavy with sleep. Dream knew it would be better to clean up, but his muscles felt like jelly, his body brimming with a satisfaction that left him weak and tired. He was careful as he shuffled around, slow as a snail, pulling out of the older with all the care in the world before laying him down on the bed, smiling weakly when Sapnap immediately curled around the smaller body.

Abandoning the idea of getting up quite quickly, he laid beside them, watching his compass as the two pointers lazily rotated to follow the movement of his hands as he laid it on top of George's stomach.

The smile on his face was probably dumb, and he probably sounded dumb, but he was pretty sure he couldn't been happier than when George's fingers slipped through his, and Sapnap's hand covered theirs. He had no doubt that they really did reach the balance they needed, now.

Obsessions - Oral fixation

Chapter Summary

In which George has a problem, Dream has a solution, and Sapnap hates everything.

Chapter Notes

Welcome to the third week, which is temporarily names novelties, or obsessions, I'm still trying to find a general thread for this one.

Kinktober, day 15; oral fixation, blowjob
Characters involved; Sapnap & George & Dream

It's late and I need to sleep, so sorry if the summary is shit and the notes are trash, I'm tired. And hungry. And happy I finally finished this chapter, so as always, thank you for reading, and please leave a comment if you feel like it! (also sorry for mistakes of all kind; I tried to re-read but hey, it's late)

It was commonly known that it didn't take a lot for Sapnap to get distracted. His family knew, his friends knew, his classmates knew and now even his fans knew about how easily his focus could shift from something to another, more often than not jumping subjects while discussing while the people sharing the conversation tried without success to follow the route his brain was taking to make connections between two totally different things. He himself couldn't always follow his own train of thoughts, not that he minded much, used to it by this point. He was well aware of how random it made him look sometimes, but it also kept his tongue sharp and his answers quick witted, which was something he needed when he streamed with his friends.

The only person who ever could follow every whims and whips from his brain always had been Dream. The older man could always guess where his mind was wandering, could almost tell him what he was thinking just by looking at him, observing his posture or watching the lines of his face when they twisted with the emotions his thoughts lead him through. And sure, at first he absolutely adored it. He didn't need to explain himself all the time like he did with others, because he was understood. It felt great! Or at least it did before it was used against him.

It had started when Sapnap had jokingly mentioned he wanted to move to Florida to be closer to the blonde. George had immediately jumped in the bit, saying that he didn't want to be left behind and that if the younger moved, he also would. It had been for shit and giggles, but the thought was there, and as usual, Dream had noticed the genuine interest he had tried to hide under the quips and laughter. And so with a lot of serious discussions that included Sapnap's family, the brunette really did move out of his state, staying at Dream's house until he decided he wanted his own place.

It had been three months and he still wasn't decided to get something by himself.

George had been weirdly quiet when he heard about it, and for a while the youngest had thought

he was angry, for some reason. The conversations had been tense and weird for a bit, until the Brit suddenly dropped on them that he had packed up and had bought a one way ticket and that they better make him some place because he was not planning on leaving anytime soon.

It had been more of test than anything else for the smaller boy, because if anything he strongly lacked in the decision making department, never sure enough to give a proper answer to their questions. He had given up the idea to go back to Europe only when Dream, pissed off at the constant uncertainty, had threatened to burn his passport to keep him from being able to take the plane.

Not the most legal course of action but hey, it worked didn't it?

But yeah, it started there, because of course Sapnap's main problem would come along the most annoying boy that ever existed in his life. Contrary to popular belief, George and him were not constantly arguing behind the scene. It didn't mean that it never happened, sure, but not much more than he did with Dream, or Dream with George. So the problem didn't come from there. No, it came from a habit. A stupid little thing, really, that propelled him into daily struggles.

George had an oral fixation.

It took some time to realize, but when he did, he couldn't stop seeing it. The Brit was constantly chewing on a pen or a straw, teeth tight around the strings of his hoodie, and when he didn't have anything, he was biting unconsciously biting at his nails or knuckles.

At first it didn't do much for him, he simply realized, and that was it. But he found himself easily distracted by it, his eyes often switching from his phone or the tv to observe the movement of the smaller brunette lips around whatever he had found and brought to his mouth. And once again, that wouldn't have been a problem, if his best friend wasn't a total dick.

Because as soon as Dream realized his newfound distraction, he started interfering, as usual.

"It has to be bad for your teeth." It was an argument they already had, so he did not pay too much attention to it. Dream had tried to talk him out of his habit a few time yet, but that was before he spent an entire night teasing Sapnap about his sudden obsession with George's mouth and what was going into it. He barely glanced up from his phone, eyes sticking to the pen that the older brunette was rolling between his teeth for a few seconds too long before he lowered his gaze again. "You gotta find a way to occupy your mouth otherwise." He wasn't sure who choked between him and the Brit, but both their gaze lifted up toward the blonde. Of course he had a shit-eating grin, but it wasn't lewd like they thought it would be. He pulled something from his bag and threw it at the oldest's face.

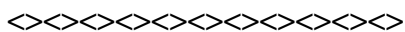
Sapnap's stomach dropped to his feet when he saw the content of the plastic bag. Lollipops. Of course it would be lollipops, because why would Dream makes his life any easier? He glared toward the taller who ignored him pointedly, proving that it was indeed a jab toward him. The youngest dropped his eyes once again toward his phone, forcing himself to ignore what was going on, mentally screaming when the Brit thanked the other boy, his voice filled with doubts. He was right to be suspicious, but he was wrong in thinking that the taller man was doing it for himself.

Well he might as well be, even if it was mainly to torture Sappap. He was pretty sure that Dream did get off of being a total dick most of the time, so maybe it was partially for his own pleasure.

So while it took few days for George to realize that there was no arsenic or drugs in the innocent looking pack of lollipops, he had actually started using them. Which was great for the poor pens he usually destroyed, but absolutely atrocious for the youngest's libido. It had been bad before, but he had been able to not think about it too much. But the absent minded sucking on the candies, the way he pulled them out of his mouth to talk, shiny with saliva in a way he could only wish to see something else.

He tried to stay away each time the smaller brunette would try to focus on something, either editing or coding or reading a book or scrolling through twitter- basically had to stay away as often as possible, out of fear of being caught staring too hard. Or popping a boner. Both would be an immediate give away, but the second option would kill him with embarrassment on the spot.

So he kept away, ignoring the knowing smirks Dream was throwing him at each occasion possible, ignoring the questioning glances of George each time he would hastily run away from the room he decided to stay in. Kept being distracted by the oldest each time there was no way to leave. It was just a big loop from day to day, the tension growing stronger and stronger until it inevitably had to snap.



George had tolerated the weirdness of the situation for exactly six days and five hours before he decided that it was enough. Dream was awfully smug most of the time in a way that made the Brit very aware of the fact that something was happening, and Sapnap kept running away from him without any hint of discretion, and it was just pissing him off. He wasn't sure who to seek answer from first, even if the obvious answer was the blonde, since at least he could stay in the same room for more than fifteen seconds. But he wasn't so sure he would get the right answers from him, and he was also a bit worried by his attitude.

Finally he didn't have to seek much information, as life decided to provide him with what he needed.

The door to Sapnap's office was cracked open, just enough for him to hear the voices clearly, and see Dream's profile through the opening. He was half laying on the small couch of the office, twirling a lollipop he probably stole from his stash between his fingers, his teeth showing with a dangerous glint through the smirk on his face. "I still don't see how this is my fault, Sappy nappy." There was a loud sigh and a grumble, the faint squeaking of the computer chair as it turned. "You know how it is, stop fucking with me. I can't even face him without thinking about it, now. It's a pain!"

He couldn't be sure they were talking about him, but he still had the feeling they were. The polite thing would have been to either knock and make his presence known or go away, but he couldn't help being curious. This is exactly what he wanted, no? To know what was happening? The blonde hummed thoughtfully and plopped the candy in his mouth, eyes shifting and stopping as they caught the older's gaze. George tensed, almost stepping back, but Dream only grinned wider, keeping his eyes on him as he finally answered the younger brunette, words slightly distorted by the lolly pushed against his cheek. "Well, I was only trying to help him." "Oh fuck off, you know what you were doing when you gave him the damn lollipops."

The look in the honey tinted eyes kept him in place, his cheeks reddening with the intensity and the downright obscene way Dream pulled the candy out of his mouth, the popping sound strong enough to reach his ears, his eyes flickering back toward the youngest still hidden from his view. "Still not my fault if you think your dick should be what occupy his mouth, Sap." The sputters that followed the statement were enough to make him understand that Dream was not kidding, and that he was right about Sapnap's thoughts.

Blushing vividly now, George stumbled away from the door, ignoring the mocking laugh of Dream. He wasn't sure if he was the target of this laugh, and he didn't need to know.

He also didn't know what to do with this new information. He knew Dream and Sapnap had this weird thing going on, and it was fine by him, even if the blonde had made sure that he knew it wasn't anything too serious. (*He then proceeded to hardcore flirt with the Brit until he locked himself in his room to hide the burning redness of his face*). Dream had never been subtle when he was interested in something, which is mainly why he had been hesitant about the lollipops. He had taken upon himself to watch the taller as he tried out the candies the first few time, but he never had seemed that much into it.

Now he realized that maybe he should have looked at the other brunette instead.

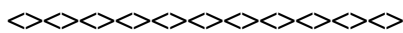
He was surprised to realize he wasn't too disturbed by what he just learned. Quite the opposite actually, he was kind of thinking it was cute how the youngest couldn't even handle looking at him while he munched on some candy. Kind of thinking about using it against him, just because he

could. Kind of thinking about the fact that maybe he wouldn't be against that 'something else' occupying his mouth.

Kind of thinking that Dream was really an asshole, not even trying to hide that he was playing with them.

But at least now he was aware of things. He could make it better.

Or he could make it worse.



Sapnap was surprised when the Brit knocked at his door, asking if he wanted to watch some stupid movies with him and Dream, but had agreed without a second of hesitation. Movie nights were his favorite, as they would mostly make fun of everything and just generally have a good time. There was no pressure of keeping quiet, and, best of it all, George always made sure they had plenty of snacks to go through. He changed into something more comfortable than jeans before joining them on the couch. Dream was already halfway through the bowl of chips, munching away happily as the small brunette tapped at his netflix app so it would show on the tv. He took the last place on the right of the couch, grabbing a pack of m&m for himself.

“So, what are we watching?” he asked, popping a couple of the sweets in his mouth, eyes trailing on his friends. The taller shrugged and made a vague gesture toward the tv, helpful as always, and almost smacked George in the face when he pulled his arm back. “Fu- Dream!” “Wouldn’t happen if you weren’t sitting so close to me!” “Where am I supposed to go? I want access to the food too!” “You could have let Sap sit in the middle.” “So you could slap him instead? What’s the difference?” “He wouldn’t bitch about it.” Sapnap snorted and rolled his eyes in answer, eyes shifting to the tv when the movie finally started. It looked like a cheesy action movie, which was fine by him.

What wasn’t all that fine was the way George discarded his phone carelessly and shifted on the couch, stretching his arms before he dropped back to lay his head over the youngest’s lap, feet sliding on the blonde’s thighs to stay there. The older ignored the way they both jumped and tensed, eyes wild as they glanced up toward the other before shifting back down the the Brit who was making himself comfortable, as if it was a daily occurrence. “Uh- George?” “What?” The smaller boy lifted an eyebrow, eyes expectant as he watched him. He didn’t look any different than usual, which made Sapnap hesitate. Maybe he was just feeling more comfortable with them? George wasn’t often very affectionate, but he had his moments, and maybe that was just one of those moments. “Not-nothing. Wondering about what movie that was, that’s all.”

The Brit rolled his eyes, turning back toward the screen, and Sapnap could see that the blonde was already over it. He even had laid the bowl over the older's legs, uncaring, his attention back on the movie. The youngest took another minute to compose himself, eyes on the screen even if he wasn't really watching it. He finally relaxed after few minutes, forcing his body to stay lax even if he felt like tensing everytime George shifted.

It was maybe 30 minutes into the movie that Sapnap saw the oldest bring his hand to his lips, teeth closing around a knuckle absentmindedly. It wasn't long before he shook himself out of it, and the Brit's hand lowered to the front pocket of his hoodie, reaching for something. He really should have seen it coming, but he was not ready when George deftly pulled on the wrapper and plopped the round lollipop into his mouth.

Oh shit.

He lifted his eyes back toward the screen, panicking internally. He couldn't exactly push the smaller boy out of his lap and escape to his room, that would be so far from any type of discretion that it would for sure arise some kind of suspicion, and that was not something he needed. He tried his best to not let his gaze flicker back toward the oldest, noticing quite quickly that Dream was watching the small brunette from the corner of his eyes with a mirthful smile. The smile grew and then the blonde was glancing toward Sapnap's face, eyes flickering between him and the small brunette as if he was telling him to look down. Which he did.

And boy was that a mistake.

The Brit was twirling the small stick between his fingers, the candy halfway through red tainted lips. He was still staring at the tv, seemingly absentmindedly playing with the sucker in a way that made his stomach twist weirdly. He couldn't help but watch as the oldest pulled the sweet out of his mouth with a quiet popping sound, licking the stickiness away before pressing the lollipop against his bottom lip, tongue making a quick apparition to pull the candy back in. Sapnap almost groaned, closing his eyes for a second as he tried to calm down. There was a choked laugh from Dream's side, and he was about to curse at the blonde when he noticed the change of position on his lap.

George was looking at him with a look that he couldn't place, slowly pulling the sucker out of his mouth again without breaking eye contact. "Stop squirming Sapnap, I'm trying to watch the movie." The youngest gaped at him, offended, but he couldn't exactly yell at him that it was his own fault if he couldn't stay in place. It would be a dead give away of the situation and that was not what he wanted, even if he kind of wanted to see the look on the older's face as he shouted at him to stop blowing his damn sucker.

Brown eyes went back toward the tv without waiting for an answer, and Sapnap barely held back a

sigh of relief, before tensing right away as the Brit shifted on his lap, his head now dangerously close to his crotch. He didn't say anything still, but glared at the blonde who started snickering in his corner, his smile knowing in a way that made him terribly uncomfortable. He tried to settle back into the couch, but his eyes kept on going back to the older's face, starting to get hot under the collar with the way the small brunette was playing with the lolly. He tried to focus back on the tv, but every time he successfully kept his eyes on the screen, the older would shift, or pull out the lollipop with a quiet popping noise that would immediately draw back his attention toward him.

He would have persisted to ignore the whole thing if it wasn't for the way Dream was starting to squirm weirdly on his side of the couch. He glanced at him confusedly, eyes widening both in surprise and shock when he saw socked feet teasingly slide across the blonde's lap, tentatively brushing along the growing bulge starting to show through the baggy sweatpants. His eyes shot down toward the smaller brunette, and he could now see the way his cheeks were reddening a little, barely visible in the dim light of the living room. The Brit didn't seem too concerned by the fact that he was caught, but did turn his head back toward the youngest after few seconds, as if he felt his stare. He looked up at him almost innocently, and Sapnap would have actually believed he didn't know what he was doing if it was not for the way the older boy turned his head even more to press his face right against his crotch, pushing the sucker into the inside of his cheek in a clear enough insinuation.

Dream was the one who broke the silence, his strained laugh making the two brunettes look at him. "If I'd knew you'd do this, I would have told you before you had to eavesdrop on our conversation." He was a bit breathless, and visibly very delighted by the turn of event. There was an ounce of surprise in the tone of his voice, but nothing that could overcome his usual composure and his insufferable smugness. Sapnap lifted an eyebrow, confused by the statement, but was distracted quickly enough by the way George was slowly rubbing his cheek along the line of his hardening cock, the Brit obviously decided to ignore the tallest to the best of his ability. Which was somewhat difficult since he was still pressing his feet against his dick, unwilling to stop his ministrations. "Sapnap." Midnight eyes peering into chocolate one, and Sapnap could swear his blood stopped for a moment in his vein when George pulled the damn lolly out of his mouth to offer it to him, lips lifting in an inviting smile. "Heard you'd be interested in replacing this with something else?"

He could have laughed at how stupidly cliché the words were, right out of a cheap porno, but instead he only swallowed, his brain overwhelmed by how strong his blood boiled at the offer barely hidden in the sentence. He could hear Dream groan in a way he only did when Sapnap was being particularly dirty, and it was somewhat reassuring to know he wasn't the only one affected like this by something as simple as that. The moment visibly stretched too long for the oldest, who rose an eyebrow toward him as he pulled back his hand to make the lollipop roll against his bottom lip, making it even redder as the crimson colored sugar stained the skin. "Well, if you're not interested..." It was enough to jump start Sapnap into reacting, hand reaching out to grab his wrist tightly, pulling him closer to him. "Please." He breathed out, voice barely above a whisper.

He could see how the Brit's eyes darkened, and he was embarrassed to say it was almost enough to make him whimper in need. But in his defense, he had waited a long time, wanted a long time, and

he actually had pretty much gave up on the idea of this happening. George stared at him just a moment longer before he smiled up at him, lifting his hand higher to press the sucker against his lips, allowing him take the candy in his mouth. It was mostly done by now, but he still enjoyed the sweetness spreading over his tongue.

Dream was, for once, not too snappy about being mostly left aside, content with observing for now. But he was also not much of a patient man, and even if the main event would probably be way more about the youngest than himself, he still was very interested in seeing how it would go. So he didn't feel too guilty to break the moment between the two as he pulled on the oldest's legs to get his attention and bring him toward him, smirking when he caught the double glare sent toward him. "Oh, don't mind me too much. Just gonna make it easier for everyone, hm?" And with that, he slid right off the couch, dragging George down with him, the brunette annoyed but quick to understand his plan as he positioned them both in front of the youngest, the Brit's legs splayed around Dream's ones as he sat him right over his cock.

It probably should have been a bit more intimidating for the oldest, as he wasn't really used to receive double the attention, but it actually felt pretty good if he had to admit it. He liked the way the blonde was demanding without being forceful, leaving him to focus on Sapnap while making sure he was a part of the equation. He liked the way the youngest was waiting with bathed breath, eyes wide and disbelieving as he watched him take place between his knees, clearly very enthusiastic about the idea but still uncertain about it being a reality.

So he made sure to press back against Dream, drinking in the hitch in his breath, as he pressed his hands on the younger's knees, slowly sliding them up his thighs as he looked up to watch every micro expression on Sapnap's face. When his fingers reached the waistband of his pants, he stopped for a second, making sure he was allowed to go further, even if he was already pretty certain there was no way the younger would refuse anything at this point. Still, there was no way he would refuse the chance to tease him a bit more and get his full consent in one go. "You want it, Sap?" The hasty nod of his head made him smile, and he tilted his head, the tip of his fingers dipping under his pants, nails slightly catching on the skin, making him shiver.

"Stop teasing him, Georgie. Look at him, he's already shaking." Dream's sickly sweet voice made him grin even more, glancing over the shivering body of the youngest as if he just realized what he was doing to him. "Oh, poor thing. Should I stop?" He lowered his pants down just a few centimeters before stopping, looking back above his shoulder to glance at the blonde. "What do you think, Dream?" The taller slipped his arms around his waist, hands grabbing at his thighs without much pressure, making him shudder in turn. "I think you should give him what he needs. He's been so patient, hasn't he?" The small brunette made a thoughtful noise, turning back his head to the younger. "I guess he has."

Sapnap made a choked off noise, nodding his ascent again, desperately trying to bring the discussion to an end so he could have the implied reward. "I have, I've been so patient- I've been good, I swear, please suck me off before I literally explode." George snorted lightly and lifted an eyebrow, to which the youngest answered with a sheepish smile. "Pretty please?" The older

brunette rolled his eyes but didn't add anything more, stretching his upper body and settling more comfortably in the blonde's lap as his hands finally dragged his pajama pants down just enough to free his cock. Elegant fingers wrapped around the base as soon as he released the stretchy material, not wasting any time as he already got what he wanted.

He could feel Dream's eyes on him as he ran the pad of his fingers along the underside of the youngest's dick, his free hand sliding on his hip, pulling slightly to incite him to shuffle a bit closer to him, allowing him an easier access from his position. Sapnap hissed as the tip of his cock bumped lightly against his mouth, and a sigh was pulled from him as the smaller boy parted his lips, tongue peeking out to catch a taste of his skin.

The youngest was expecting more teasing, which is why he almost jerked out of his seat when the burning pressure of the oldest's mouth wrapped around him without any hesitation. He grabbed onto the couch, breathe punched out of his lungs, a broken moan falling from his lips as he closed his eyes as if it would help him in any way. He heard a quiet curse, surely from the blonde, and he couldn't agree more to it but was absolutely unable to produce any complete words, and was pretty unwilling to try anyway.

There was something in the way George was blowing him that made him strangely hyper aware of everything. His tongue was deft and curious, pressing and teasing and rubbing in all those spots he liked most, and it was obvious that the older was trying to find what drove him wild, exploring carefully but thoroughly. He had often made off-handed comment to Dream about how he thought the smaller had dick-sucking lips, and it was mostly jokes, but he sure did believe himself now that he could see them stretched around his cock. He could already imagine how they'd get red and puffy from being used like this, how delectable he would look if he could fuck his face like he wanted to. He wouldn't, not that soon, not when George was still trying things out, but the thought in itself was enough to make his cock twitch in interest.

He kept his eyes open when he finally felt strong enough to do so, wanting to watch his dick disappear between those sinful lips, and he was sure was glad about this decision, because the sight was something he would surely jerk off to for at least the next week or so. He could tell Dream was thinking the same, dark green fixated on what he could see from his position, fingers clenching sporadically on the oldest thighs as he resisted the urge to grind against him. Still, the blonde just couldn't accept to be totally out of the game, and Sapnap sure wasn't unhappy when a moan was muffled by his cock as the taller slipped a hand under the Brit's pants, thumb rubbing along the erection barely hidden there.

When George started bobbing his head, in an excruciatingly slow manner, Sapnap thought he'd die on the spot. Surely the smaller boy had either a lot of experience or was stupidly good at it naturally, but the way he sucked harder as he went up his cock, lips tight around him, only to make a very good use of his wicked tongue on the way back down, was actually driving him crazy in a matter of seconds. He had to slap a hand to his own mouth to smother the uncontrollable noises threatening to escape him, nails digging in the couch as he fought himself to not grab onto his hair. He choked on his short intake of air when a groan caused tremors to go up his dick, and he guessed

Dream had something to do with it, especially with the way George's eyes turned glassy, full of pleasure.

It was surprising that the Brit didn't let his own need get in the way of his self given task, and he barely faltered in his slow rhythm. Sapnap wasn't sure if it was a good thing, at this point, because even if it did feel fantastic, it made him feel like he would implode sooner than he would come, and that wasn't exactly a nice thought. "George, please- fuck, please it's so good, you're so good, I need more-" Dream was the one who laughed unkindly at that, his eyes catching onto the youngest's ones. The taller pressed himself against the older brunette's back, lips skimming along his neck, making sure to stay out of the way. "Hear that, Georgie? He's begging for you already. He looks like he's so close already, fuck. Should you give him more?"

And more he did receive, way faster than he usually did when it was Dream he was begging for. It was incredibly satisfying in a totally different way, and he was so glad he could experience it with the oldest. George barely glanced up toward him before closing his eyes, his tongue doing *something* on the head of his cock that almost made him scream, his thighs shaking with the amount of pleasure he was thrown under. Then it was all wet friction and mind melting suction, and he couldn't help it when one of his hand grabbed at the brown strands, groaning loudly when the action pulled a moan from the Brit.

He didn't understand immediately when two hands grabbed firmly on his hips, but his brain was probably dripping through his ears at that moment so he could be excused. He did, however, catch onto it quickly when George started going down, down, *down*, and then the head of his cock was pushing against the tight walls of his throat. Sapnap let out a high pitched, airy noise that he would have never thought his vocal chords were able to make, head pressing hard against the back of the couch as he saw stars behind his tightly closed eyelids. "Fuck- oh fuck George- George, Georgie, I'm gonna-"

He didn't know exactly what pulled a whiny moan from George, but the vibration was stronger now that he was pressed deeper, and it made him choke on a loud shout, his body shaking violently as he came down the Brit's throat, releasing his hair quickly as to not keep him down if he wanted off.

When his eyes could focus back again, the small brunette was rubbing at his lips with the sleeve of his hoodie, face red and lips swollen like he imagined they would be. He was shivering slightly, looking spent and weirdly satisfied. It took a minute for the youngest to realize that Dream had successfully jerked him off while he was giving him the blowjob of his life. "Fuck, what the actual fuck George- what the fuck?" He babbled, not really coherent enough yet to really explain what he wanted to say in details. The older brunette grinned pleasantly, and pressed his hands on the couch to get up on unsteady legs. "Glad you approve, Sapnap." He glanced toward the blonde who was looking at him hopefully. The blonde was the only one who hadn't got off yet. The oldest hummed quietly than rolled his shoulders, looking away from him. "I need a shower. And to brush my teeth."

“Wha- you’re leaving me like this?” Dream asked with a hysterical edge to his voice, gaping at him from his spot on the floor.

The brunette tilted his head with a deadpan expression, completely unapologetic as he smiled sweetly. “Well Dream, as far as I know, you’re not the one who wanted my lips around your cock. I’m sure you can find a way to deal with that yourself.” He ignored the offended sputters of the blonde as he wandered back to his room, grinning to himself.

Obsession - massage

Chapter Summary

When Sapnap wants something, he will have it, whether or not others agree with it.

Dream really did not agree.

Sometimes you got to lose a little to win in the end.

Chapter Notes

I have nothing more to add, except please don't be like sapnap. he's a little shit.

Kinktober day 16; Massage + scratching
characters involved; Dream & Sapnap

Oh god I won't even mention what I had to go through for this chapter, so please, please forgive me for the mistakes that are clearly going to be there and the possible weird... everything. still hope you enjoy, and I'll try not to waste so much time in between each chapters!

“Sapnap!”

It was a wail the viewers were used to hear, to be fair, but seeing how the youngest member of the Dream team was not actually logged in the SMP, chat was going crazy with guesses of what the brunette could be doing to annoy the Floridian man. The blonde voice's was clipped at the edge, an undertone of irritation so clear that the chat started claiming that Sapnap was in deep shit now. They would probably never know how abuse Dream was actually ready to take before snapping, but now the idiot was clearly walking that fine line of being too much.

It was the fourth bouncy ball that had been thrown at his head since the start of the stream. In between each one of those more painful throw has been three decorative pillows, five rolled pair of socks coming from who knew where, a bunched up hoodie, two small blob plushies made by his fan and a slice of bread (!?). Most of those projectiles were at most enough to make him roll his eyes, but the bouncy balls were just hard enough to make him whip his head around each time to glare at the younger boy.

“What's wrong with you? Go play if you're bored!”

He glanced back toward the screen showing his chat, and he huffed, shaking his head in aggravation. He didn't want to deal with people making assumptions about the situation, even if few of them were somewhat funny. He went back to the game, running in circle around Tommy as he watched from the corner of the screen Quackity trying to get George to climb on a crafting table. He snorted and quickly crafted a stack of crafting table to place them all around, cackling as George started to break them all, yelling at him to stop being an idiot.

He flinched, almost throwing his keyboard against the base of his screen, when a pencil came flying by and hit his mic right on. He took a deep breath and turned around slowly, tapping his fingers against the arm rest of his gaming chair. "What do you want from me." he asked with his most deadpan voice, and Sapnap giggled, playing with another pen. Where did he even get those? He didn't have any in his office. He listened from one ear George snapping at Quackity and trying to kill him while Tommy was screaming at him to pay attention, probably hitting him or something. He barely took a second to blind hit the boy who screeched as he ran away, yelling apologies. "Seriously, I'm streaming, can you just, I dunno, go watch a movie or something instead of annoying me?" "But Dream, you've been streaming for three hours! And I already told you what I wanted."

The blonde rolled his eyes and turned back toward his screen, shaking his head. "And I already said no, Sapnap. Five times. And I know we already discussed your inability to take no for an answer, but you've already made me reconsider four times. And it's still a no." The younger whined but kept quiet, allowing the older to go back to his stream. He kept his mouth shut for a good ten minutes before he started whining again, sending another pen toward him, and it bounced harmlessly on his screen, making the taller jump again. Dream groaned loudly, pushing his keyboard back as he send a quick message to the VC before logging off the SMP. "Okay guys, it's been a fun stream, but I think I'm gonna go for now. Thank you for hanging out, hope you enjoyed the stream!"

He waited a couple a seconds before ending the stream and leaving twitch, running a hand through his wild hair as he turned back toward his friend. Sapnap perked up from his spot on the bean bag he was melted into, hopeful eyes following the older as he stretched and rose from his chair. "Massage?" He asked in a pleading tone, giving the blonde his best puppy eyes. Dream shook his head and threw his hands up, trying to show his irritation. "In what world would you even deserve a massage after all the shit you pulled during my stream?" The brunette promptly pouted, crossing his arms over his chest. "I left you alone for the most of it! It's not my fault you decided to stream for more than three hours!" The blonde gave him a disbelieving look "Three hours is a pretty normal amount of time for a stream, I don't see your point."

The brunette wriggled in his seat, arms flailing around as he tried to get out of the bean trap he was stuck in. He finally rolled on the floor before getting up and following the blonde, still pouting unhappily. "But Dreaaaaaaaam-" "Don't." A huff followed his intervention and he swore his eyes were building muscles for the number of time he rolled them in the last five hours or so. Since the younger woke up, basically. Woke up and immediately started asking for a massage because he slept in a bad position and his back was sore and please, *please Dream use your magic hands on me*. No need to say he had refused and continued to do so thorough the day.

It hadn't settled well with Sapnap, visibly, as the shorter boy had become increasingly annoying and demanding as the day passed. The last hour had been even worst, with all the things he threw at him while he was trying to entertain about ninety thousand viewers. He certainly didn't need one of his best friend to distract him while he was trying to be funny and quirky and find stuff to do that would make for an interesting stream. He really preferred when the brunette was on his own side of the screen while he was playing, at least he was participating in the program instead of mingling and being the disturbance he was being at that time.

Pulling a water bottle out of the fridge, he took few refreshing sips of it, watching as the younger trailed behind him, slouched both from his soreness -that he was clearly exaggerating, he was well aware of how Sapnap actually acted when he was in real pain- and from his act of self-pity. Resisting the constant urge to roll his eyes, the blonde looked away again to grab himself a snack, which was promptly ripped from his hand and engulfed by his roommate. Dream threw his hands up before setting them on his hips, staring at the smaller boy. "Do you really think you're gonna

get anything from me with that kind of attitude? You're just being a little shit, Sapnap!" The younger stared at him as he slowly chewed on the small rice cake that he stole from the blonde. "You're not being nice either. You refused to help me, and then ignored me for most of the day."

Dream rubbed the heel of his hand against his eye, sighing in irritation. "I told you every day for a week that this was going to be a stream day. You knew I was gonna stream. It's not my problem if you decided to laze around for the entire day instead of, I don't know, work on a video or something!" The pout came back to the younger's face, his shoulders dropping and his eyes taking on a sadder tint. The blonde's hackles rose immediately, as he knew very well that this was just another tactic to try and get him to give him what he wanted. "Stop that Sapnap, I'm not dumb, I know what you're doing." "But Dream! Just one small massage! Like, just ten minutes! No, five! Or even just a backrub. Come on, Dreamiiiiie~"

And that was the problem. He didn't want to give in because he was being annoying, and he didn't want to reward him if he was being such a brat. But if he didn't give in, it would only become more and more of a pain until he was the one who broke down and agree just for a moment of peace. And he was certainly not enjoying this eventuality. He was usually very confident in his ability to plow through whatever people were throwing at him, mentally or physically, but he had one very big weakness, and that weakness had dark, impish eyes and a taunting half grin that made him look so cheeky that he was very tempted to just slap him. Sapnap knew that he was thinking of caving in. They both knew that.

They stared at each other silently for a moment, a battle of will, until the corners of Dream's mouth twitched down in defeat, and the corners of Sapnap's mouth twitched up in victory. The blonde rolled his eyes once again, crossing his arms over his chest in a vain show of stubbornness. "Two minutes. Backrub." "Ten minutes of back rubs, or five of massage." The freckled nose scrunched in disapproval. "It's not up for debate, Sapnap. You don't even deserve a two minutes back rub, jeez." The youngest pouted again but surprisingly didn't protest, just taking his wrist and pulling him toward his bedroom. Dream wasn't sure if it was his way of agreeing or if he just didn't think arguing would lead him anywhere.

Sapnap was quick to rip his shirt off and fling himself onto his bed, stuffing his arms under his pillow as he laid his head on it, looking at the older boy from the corner of his eyes. The blonde arched an eyebrow but followed him, sitting on the bed beside him. "Didn't know that back rub required to be shirtless." The brunette snorted and squirmed on the bed, settling comfortably against his mattress. "If I only get two minutes of back rub you can bet I'll take what I can from it." The older shrugged and shifted to have an easier access to the smaller boy's back, pressing one hand between his shoulderblades.

Sapnap's back curved to press into his touch eagerly, a small sigh leaving him at the simple presence of his hand against his skin. It pulled a reticent smile from Dream, and he slowly spread his fingers to cover as much surface as possible, just letting the warmth of his hand sink in. The brunette mumbled something about no starting the timer until he was really moving, but he paid no mind to it. Knowing the younger, he'd find a way to never start the timer, spouting excuses and reasons that didn't make any sense for anyone but him. So why not take his time anyway?

He pressed his palm down right under his nape, drawing his hand back along the discreet slope of his spine, fingers trailing with feather light brushes, making the younger boy tense and shiver under the ticklish sparks it sent through him. He went back up with a bit more weight behind the touch, grinning as he almost felt the way Sapnap melted under his fingers. The boy always had a weakness toward back rub and massage, always requested them at odd time, often for the pain in his back due to hours in front of his computer (online classes and online career didn't allow much time away from the screen) but also just for the comfort and attention that it gave him.

It was clearly a comfort and attention kinda way, he could feel the muscles lose and content under his hand, the usual knots and tension barely present under his touch. He didn't know if it was more or less annoying to know that this was basically just the younger being needy for affection. It was cute, in a weird, annoying, murder-inducing kind of way, but it wasn't as if he wasn't aware of the fact that yes, sometimes, Sapnap liked being spoiled. It was probably the only reason why he hadn't snapped at him all day long, even with how absolutely out of control the younger had been.

It was still a good reason to not give into his demands, or at least not in the way he wanted them to happen.

After a few quiet minutes of slow rubs only interrupted by few stupid mutters of why exactly those famous two minutes were not yet expired, Dream reckoned he had given enough for what he has been asked, and stopped his hand in the middle of the younger's back. There was another feeble protest thrown at him that he didn't listen to, pressing down on his back as he kneeled on the bed, throwing a leg over the brunette's hips as he settled to sit on the top of his thighs. He snorted at the squeak he got in return, his hand still firm on his spine to keep him from moving around. Not that he would, probably, seeing as he would think of it as an opportunity to get more than he was expecting.

But that wasn't what it was about, not this time. He have him the bits of attention he was seeking, now it was his time to give him what he wanted to give him. And if at some point it would have been 'absolutely nothing', now he was inching toward a bit more of a physical approach to the situation. He grinned darkly as he pressed both hands on each side of his back, running his fingers alluringly along his skin until they reached his shoulders, ignoring the sighs of satisfaction the younger was letting out. He pressed his knees each side of the brunette's thighs to make sure he wouldn't be tossed away if the other moved too sharply, and dug his fingertips right beside his neck, the body underneath him jerking with the sudden spike of pain.

He flattened his hands quickly, almost innocently rubbing against the sensitive points, ignoring the noises of confusion. He let his palms smooth the now tensed muscles, fingers dancing over his skin until he was melting back down into the mattress, letting go of the merciless pressure he had been put under for a few seconds. Dream knew that he would ignore it as long as he made sure to act normally, the younger probably thinking it was either a mistake or that he caught onto a nerve without meaning to. Which was stupid, especially after this whole day, but he knew that Sapnap was always a bit empty headed after a good back rub.

His grin only worsened as he made small circles each side of his spine, going down until he reached the waistband of his pants before going back up, fingers careful until they reached a bit higher than midback, his left hand stopping just a bit higher than the right one as he dug his thumbs hard on the pressure points he knew were there. Once again Sapnap jerked under him, voice muffled by his pillow as he struggled a little, but unable to really move away with the blonde's weight on his thighs. "Dream what the- that hurts-" "Shh. You asked for a massage, right? You're getting one. Are you complaining?" There was a second of hesitation, then the brunette shook his head. "You're hurting me." "And you're not fighting it that much."

The younger shuddered at the accusation, and Dream knew he was right. Sapnap could have easily unbalanced him and thrown him on the floor, or at least protested much more heavily, as he was a very vocal person. But beside whining, he didn't actually tried to leave that much, squirming but not fighting. Hands left the sore spots to slide across his back tenderly, resting over the back of his shoulders to warm the muscles with a firm but easy pressure. It took a bit more time for him to relax again, the tension still there but more anticipatory than worried.

Of course the little shit would be a bit of a pain slut.

He tested his new theory by going back up to grab at his shoulders agreeably, fingertips pressing in a reassuring manner along the top of his collarbone, following the line of them until he felt the hollow of the bone toward the shoulder. His fingers curved as he sank his nails into his skin, not enough to break it but well enough to leave crescent gouges that would probably take on a purple shade some time in the future. He could hear the way the younger gasped at the feeling, body quacking. He would have felt guilty about hurting him if it wasn't for the way his hips bucked forward, very clearly seeking friction, as his lips let out a quiet moan. "Of course you'd like that. Why did I even think otherwise."

It shouldn't have been this fun to mess with the younger, but he couldn't get over the fact that he probably deserved it. It was maybe a bit less meaningful, since the brunette seemed to enjoy it, but he couldn't get himself to mind anyway.

Couldn't give a single fuck as Sapnap groaned, low and raw, as he trailed his fingers down his back, nails barely scrapping at the skin, just a reminder that he could, and would, make it hurt again at some point. The blonde shifted, just enough to take the younger's attention off of his hands for a second, just enough that he wouldn't be focusing on them as he jammed his fingers down just between his ribs, the pain sharp and surely unusual. The strangled shout that answered the sudden pressure was proof enough, and he knew it had to hurt with the way Sapnap's legs kicked back instinctively. "Does it hurt, Sapnap?" Dream cooed, unrelenting as he wriggled his fingers cruelly. The smaller boy hiccuped wetly, his whole body shaking.

He released the pressure to pet at the skin softly, rubbing lightly as the soreness settled in for a moment, the vivid pain lessening enough for the shorter boy to be able to get his thoughts together. "What do you think-" He choked on his words as Dream sank his nails right under his shoulder blades, a retaliation of the snark in his voice. "Fuck! Dream- fuck yes it hurts, it hurts really bad-" The blonde made a shushing noise, dragging his nails down to follow the curve of his back, not enough to actually make him bleed but enough for the skin to raise, red and puffy, following the passage of his hands. Green eyes watched hungrily as the body under him arched, trying to get away from his touch, even as the brunette's pretty mouth let out the nicest kind of whines and whimpers.

It seemed natural for him to take it a step further, fingers curving to grab at the waistband of his pants and boxers, pulling both down and letting them go when they got stuck, just low enough for him to have an easy access to his ass. The low moan of agreement he received in answer made him grin, and he shamelessly grabbed at him, digging his fingers into the meat of his cheeks, making sure that bruises would bloom under his hands. Sapnap tried to shift even if the weight of his friend on his thighs kept him from doing much more than squirm around uselessly, giving up quickly when he realized that nothing could be done. And probably realizing that he didn't actually want to change anything. Going at Dream's rhythm was a torture, but it was a torture he certainly more than enjoyed, and didn't really want it to stop just because he wanted to rush it.

It shouldn't have been such a turn on, on either side. If Sapnap knew he was a bit of a masochist, he never actually intended to make it known to his friend, just because he knew the older would take way too much pleasure in using it against him. And while Dream was obviously very pleased to see how pliant he could make the brunette with his hands, he was maybe enjoying it a bit too much to deny being a bit of a sadist, something he was so sure not to be. Maybe it was just him, thought, maybe it was just the younger pulling this streak out of him, being so fucking annoying and stubborn all the time, he couldn't deny it was almost a relief to be able to shut him up and make him submit.

If he had known before, it would probably have ended up like this with every massage the boy had asked.

“Do you want more, Sapnap?” He could have made it a trick question, but he still needed the answer, just for the sake of being sure. Even if there was absolutely no way the younger would have let him get away with it if he wasn’t fully into it, it was always better to have a verbal agreement. And well, it was nice to hear. And nice to use against him some time in the future, when the brunette would try to deny how much of a little pain slut he actually was, and how he thought he’d be able to hide it from Dream, and how so, so wrong he had been.

But yeah, consent. Of course it was just for that.

The younger nodded sharply, and the blonde tutted disapprovingly. He released one of his cheeks to dig the nail of his thumb right under the curve of it, toward the inner thigh. The high-pitched sound he got in return made him chuckle, and he asked again, in a patient voice that was clearly not following the harsh punishment. “Sap, I asked you something. Do you want more?” The younger nodded again, but this time breathless words followed the non-verbal statement “Y-yeah, I do.” The older grinned in delight, the hand on his ass keeping its hold as the other one lifted from his skin. Hazy browns met sharp greens as the younger glanced over his shoulder, shivering in anticipation as the blonde slipped three fingers into his own mouth, keeping eye contact as he wet them thoroughly.

It only lasted few seconds, but it felt like eternity until Dream decided that he had made him wait enough, slipping the digits out of his lips, his hand dropping back down. He kept his eyes on the smaller’s face as he rubbed his finger pads against his hole, the hold he had on his asscheek keeping him nice and open. He could hear how the brunette’s sigh faded in a shuddered gasp, could see how his hands pawed at the mattress, gathering some of the bed sheets to grab at them. He watched attentively as he sank a finger in without any warning, feeling the walls around it clamp down immediately. He wasn’t exactly gentle with it either, not really waiting for any kind of adjustment or response.

He was not in the gentle kind of mood.

And Sapnap probably didn’t want gentle at this exact moment.

Which didn’t mean he was ready when the second fingers pressed in, not exactly painful but certainly not expected. Dream watched hungrily as his jerked forward with very little effect, but he could tell by the breathy moan that the younger had probably rutted his cock against the mattress. Still, this wasn’t in his plans, and he finally released his hold on his ass to slide his hand on the small of his back, pressing to pin him against the bed firmly. “Don’t move. You’re going to take what I give you and nothing else.” He was mildly surprised when the younger didn’t protest, only nodding as he pressed his face in the pillow, teeth gritted as he resisted the urge to thrust against the mattress again.

Feeling a bit more benevolent at how well behaved Sapnap was being, Dream curled his fingers inside him, barely needing a handful of seconds before his fingertips caught on the bundle of nerves that made the younger pull on the bed sheets wildly, mouth falling open on a wanton noise. The blonde smirked at how his shoulders shook, biceps bulging as his knuckles turned white on the sheets, showing the effort he made in resisting the need to move. The hand on his back slowly slipped higher, rubbing on a tense shoulder before his fingers curled, nails digging in the skin as he ran his hand back down over his spine, stopping at his tailbone right as the digits inside him shifted and rubbed hard against his prostate.

Heat pooled into his stomach at the broken keen escaping the brunette, raw and needy and unfiltered. Still, the boy was able to not move much, which was a miracle if he ever saw one, and he murmured filthy praises as he kept his fingers right against his prostate, the clenching of his

walls enough to push them against the sensitive gland. He relented after few more seconds of torturous pleasure, sliding his fingers out and ignoring his weak protests. "You're being so good, for once. Can you keep being good for me Sapnap? Can you stay still until I make you cum?" There was a hasty nod, and Dream accepted it as it was, pretty certain that the youngest wouldn't really have it in him to actually talk right now.

He grabbed at his hip to give him a bit of help as he pressed three fingers into him, resisting the urge to groan at the tightness surrounding them. The position really made it harder on both of them, but he knew that the burn of the stretch would only enhance the brunette's pleasure. Said brunette was breathing loudly into the pillow, his back heaving in time with his pants, face red and eyes so hazy he looked in some sort of trance. It wasn't too hard to guess that he was probably a bit overwhelmed, either by the situation or by the pleasure, but it was nothing to be worried about. The oldest smirked as he spread his fingers as much as he could, just to see the muscles tense and ripple across his back, his hands clawing at the bed as he moaned loudly, devoid of any sense of pride at this point.

Dream was very tempted to drag it out as much as he could. After all, it would certainly be a good consequence to all the shit he pulled during the day. But at the same time, would he, himself, have the patience to do so? He was barely containing himself as it was. He really wanted to fuck the annoying brunette, but he wanted to fuck him over even more. And he knew that he wouldn't have any chance of doing so if he was losing his head and giving the lead to his dick.

He did, however, plan on breaking him just enough that he would be able to use him for his own pleasure without having him fight him in any way.

Still, he wasn't exactly done with him. It didn't take long for the younger to get used to his fingers enough that he could move them without too much hindrance, so it was all about pleasure now. Or at least, pleasure inside, pain outside, because he sure didn't forget about that. He ignored the wail of surprise reaching his ears as he pushed his fingers in as deep as they could, pressing them tight against his walls, barely angled toward his belly in a way that made him touch his prostate just so. And left them there, completely still.

It took barely a dozen of seconds before Sapnap started to wriggle slightly on the bed, not enough to be considered moving but enough to be seen. As soon as he started, the blonde dug his nails into his hip, aiming for the soft skin around the bone, pressing hard enough for red and purple to spread from his fingertips. It startled few helpless groans from the brunette, the noise morphing quickly into louder moans as he pulled his hand back, the skin giving just a little under the sharpness of his nails. Dream took the advantage of his attention being on the pain to curl the digits inside him again, going straight for the sensitive nerves, pressing and rubbing until the shorter boy's vocal chords gave up on him, his voice cracking as he choked on a shout.

He was ruthless as he rushed him toward completion, ignoring how his body tensed so hard it had to hurt, ignoring the frantic, almost hysterical noises coming from his mouth, ignoring his wide, unseeing eyes as the pleasure made him spiral out of control. It might not have been the first time he made him come without touching his dick, but he was pretty sure he had never been this harsh before, never been this uncompromising and punishing.

It was pretty clear to him that it wouldn't take much for Sapnap to tip right over the edge, and he knew it. He knew it but he left them there, right on the line, for a little more time. He could feel himself getting impatient, thought, could feel the heat boiling in his stomach, asking for his own pleasure. But he couldn't deny that this was doing it for him, on a mental level more than a physical one, but he was still, somehow, getting off on it.

He knew it was enough when the younger broke his unceasing litany of weak moans and unconscious pleas to hiccup quietly, the haze in his eyes getting glassier as browns got drowned in wetness. He almost faltered when the first tear dropped, rolling down his cheek before hitting the pillow. He wasn't sure why that particular thing was what made him decide to cut it out, but he was pretty sure that he actually couldn't wreck him more than that with what he was working with.

His free hand shoved itself in between the bed and his hips, reaching for his cock without any warning. Sapnap's body jackknifed at the feeling, and he barely had time to even curl his fingers around him before he wailed, hips pushing back toward his fingers as he lost control of his own body. Dream just went along, cooing at him in encouragement as the smaller boy writhed on the bed, openly sobbing in the pillow, dick twitching in the loose grasp of his friend as he came hard, out of his mind with the sudden rush of pleasure he was not expecting.

Dream could see he was still reeling when he slipped his fingers out, pushing his own pants down to get his hand around himself.

If he had any sympathy for his friend, he probably would have finished by hand, by himself. But he didn't.

And so, following the events of the night, he ignored the feeble protests of the brunette when he grabbed his ass cheek to spread him open, ignored the trembling hands trying to reach for him, ignored his strangled whines and grinned darkly as he sank his cock right into him, sighing in delight at the still clenching walls surrounding his erection. "Did you really think I'd be that easy on you after this whole day? Little pain slut won't learn if it gets only what it wants. Now be a good boy, and *stay. Still.*"

Obsession - punishment

Chapter Summary

Yes, okay, he could see it as a punishment, maybe. but it felt like preliminaries. the preliminaries of a punishment, and it that was the making out part, he sure wasn't too curious about what the main course would be.

Chapter Notes

So this is the sequel of day 13, challenge accepted. in which George receive his punishment.

kinktober, day 17; punishment + cross-dressing + lingerie
character involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

hope you guys are happy, I did it, I did the sequel, and now I am dying and in pain. So I sure hope it'll be worth it for you guys! really hope you enjoy, and don't forget to leave a comment if you feel like it!

His lips were tight, slightly pursed in a continuous pout as he chopped the vegetables in front of him with a little more force than strictly necessary, ignoring the snickers of the two other boys at the diner table. He was keeping his eyes on his task, keeping all his focus on his hands to keep them from shaking, breathing in and out deeply as he made sure to not glance upward, as he felt like it would be enough to trigger another round of torture. He was careful as he pushed the diced ingredients into the pan where broth was simmering, still entirely focused on what he was doing, partly because he didn't want to burn himself, but mainly because he felt like he would burst into a screaming fit if he made the mistake of thinking about anything else than his assigned chore.

It had been a long three hours, and he was already more than tired of it. For some reason the two idiots had decided he would be the one doing most of the household chores, from cleaning the bathroom to making the dishes, sweeping and dusting, doing the laundry and, of course, cooking the diner. Which was really not one of his specialty, if he had to be honest, but he had found an easy enough recipe to follow, and easy it had to be in the situation he was currently stuck in.

He turned, huffing at the way the dress twisted around his thighs before sliding back into place, dumping the cutting board and the knife into the sink carelessly. He could feel their eyes on him, but once again decided against staring back, knowing that the littlest show of defiance would only bring him more trouble at this point. He had already tried, hours ago, and he could almost still feel the way they brought him to his knees mercilessly and broke his disobedient streak in barely few minutes.

He gritted his teeth at the thought, hands coming down to clench around the hem of the annoying piece of clothe he was still wearing after all this time. He tried not to think about what was going on under the fluffy skirt, but it was hard to keep his brain away from it when he didn't have anything to do beside waiting. He glared at the wall in front of him, refusing to face his friends as

he felt his face burn up for maybe the fiftieth time in the last hour.

He had sobbed, pinned face down ass up on the bed as Dream forced the ring around his twitching erection, Sapnap's firm hands keeping his thighs spread as the damn remote controlled vibrating plug had been pushed into him. He had wondered if the youngest had spoken about his side of the agreement, because it was way too similar to what the deal had been to be a coincidence. He knew better than to ask, thought, so the thought stayed in his head, body shaking as hands left him to give him some space, some time to get himself together.

He scrunched his nose in distaste, knuckles white around the black lace. They had left him alone most of the time, and after the first hour, he could almost say it didn't bother him as much. The main problem was when either of them decided that he was too comfortable. Or that they were bored, which was a problem since they both decided to not do anything beside watch him go along his day, struggling with frustration and embarrassment. It had been only four times yet that they had used the controller hidden from his view, and each time had been surprising enough that he couldn't even keep up with it, pride and nonchalance stripped away from him before he could even muster them up.

It honestly wasn't fair that Sapnap was not being punished for the stupid challenge, since he was the one that actually made it. He had accepted, fine, and he was the one that had to do the deed, okay, but he still should suffer some of the consequences. But the boy was sitting there with their friend, smiling happily as he scrolled through reddit, glancing at him from the corner of his eyes. Fully clothed, free of any of those torture devices he had to bear with and enjoying himself fully. He had tried to protest about that, of course he did, but it had only brought him more pain. Not literally, because for once in his damn life, Dream seemed very decided to not actually cover him with bites and bruises, relying on humiliation and denial more than anything.

Which was fine by him.

No, really it was.

It was actually really not.

Trying to bargain for Sapnap to take a part of his punishment had turned severe eyes into dark pool of anger. George was laying on his side, shivering, thighs still slick with the excess of lube they used to push the toy into him. The dress was barely covering the curve of his ass, twisted haphazardly around his hips. He looked like a mess, felt like a mess, but was still conscious enough to protest against the unfairness of the situation. So Dream had thrown Sapnap on the bed, right over the older, and had fucked him nice and hard, just the way George liked it, just because he could. Made sure to keep him from touching any part of the smaller brunette, laughing in his face when the Brit whined but kept his hands for himself, knowing very well it wouldn't do him any good to try something. It had been a show of power, to make George understand that he wasn't the one making the rules.

The message was received clear and sharp, and George hadn't said anything about it since.

So he just went with it, because what other choice did he have? It was such an unusual punishment, too, and he hadn't known how to react to it. Sure the plug and the ring were something he was well aware of, since it was his idea first and foremost. But being used as a maid? And a cook? Sure he had heard about non-sexual punishment, but it was never really something they used before. And it wasn't exactly non-sexual, also, seeing how the two younger took a vivid pleasure in teasing him and edging him when he wasn't ready for it. Keeping him unaware of anything until it fell over him like a ton of bricks.

He was pretty sure at that point that the cleaning and cooking were merely a way to keep him occupied, distracted, so it would be easier for them to surprise him. Or because Dream was a dick and Sapnap was lazy so they just gave him every task to do for a nice 2 for 1, a nice package deal of watching George in a short dress doing their chores while also having the advantage of being able to wreck him with the simple press of a button.

And the worst about it was not even the humiliation or the denial in themselves. It was the way he had to bite into his arm or around his fingers each time, keeping his mouth stuffed so he wouldn't beg for it to end. Oh, he knew he would, at some point. He knew it would happen because each time was worst than the previous, the pleasure spreading quicker, the despair growing stronger, his mind spiraling out of control faster as he was hanging by his fingertips to sanity.

So he stood there waiting for the diner to cook, staring at the clock on the wall and wondering how much time he had to go on. He was honestly not sure if that was the best or the worst part of his punishment, and that was probably the scariest thing. If this was only the start, the mellow part, the teasing if you will, he couldn't even try to think about what would eventually come. Because he if he knew one thing in the whole relationship they had, was that he never, ever got out of a punishment without bitter regrets and pleading apologies muttered with the last strands of his consciousness. And sure, he was incredibly frustrated, and on one than more occasion he had been close to begging for forgiveness, but nothing that had broken him yet, and that was very, very worrying.

Because he knew that if Dream wanted him broken, he could easily do it.

So really, why was he waiting for such a time? He had been so close to reach his limits, to cross the line where he'd do absolutely anything to get what he needed, and yet he hadn't been pushed there. At this point, he was wondering if he wouldn't go crazy out of the sheer agony of waiting and worrying. The mental strain was something he wasn't really used to have to deal with, so it was effective in a brand new way. Still, he knew it was just the prelude to something he would probably somehow enjoy more, but also hate way more.

Begging wasn't something that came easy to him, at least not when it came to Dream. He had his pride, he had his stubbornness, and he had his competitive strike that kept him from doing so. Of course he sometimes did for the pleasure of his partners, when he felt softer and smaller than he really was. He had these moment when his throat didn't close up around the word, voice dying behind ground teeth while defiant eyes stared at the others. But being punished didn't bring that softness up, it pushed it down, far down into himself until he was all spite and attitude. It took a lot to bring the words back up his throat and even more to get them to fall down his lips, pretty pleas wrapped in a wrecked tone.

He couldn't beg with a dick in his mouth, he had briefly thought. So it was for sure not Dream's goal as of yet. His knees were painful from their spot on the hard porcelain of the shower floor, scalp tingling from the continuous pulls of the fingers twisted in the shortish strands. The dark amber eyes were glazed over by pleasure, but sharp enough that he knew he wouldn't be able to trick him somehow. He knew the other brunette was somewhere close by, but Dream had made sure that he couldn't see him, couldn't hear the tell-tale clicking of the small controller. He should have known, when the blonde had offered him to take a shower, that it wouldn't be so simple. He couldn't have known that it meant that his knees would get weak from the sudden buzzing inside him, couldn't have guessed that the tallest would have taken advantage of it to push him down, ignoring the confused moans and shushing him with his cock against his lips.

Getting clean with shaking hands and residual bitterness at the back of his tongue while the two younger grinned with unabashed cockiness only made him realize how rough this stupid

punishment would be.

He stiffened when he heard one of the chair being pushed back, hands nervously gripping at his own arms. It could have been something innocent, could have been one of the boys needing to use the bathroom or even deciding to go get a charger, or anything really. But he couldn't help but tense anytime he heard a noise, now, as it had been proven more than once that anything could indicate the arrival of a new round of torture. Still, his alertness didn't do much to stop him from jumping when two hands landed on his hips, pulling him close to a slightly taller body. Just the way he fit against his back was a clear indication that Sapnap was the one behind him, which didn't mean much at this point. Both of them took an immense pleasure in his pain, so really, it was hard to pick a safer bet.

"Almost done?" The other brunette mumbled against the skin of his neck, making his skin raise in goosebumps almost immediately. It was very annoying, how sensitive his body was at that point, but after few hours of being edged like that, it was bound to happen. He nodded stiffly, still staring straight at the wall to not be tempted into looking back. The fingers toyed with the black ribbon cinching his waist, and he hated how inconspicuous it was, almost innocent in a way that he couldn't trust. He was still tense as the younger dropped his chin over his shoulder, eyes dropping toward the food cooking to have something to focus on. "You're okay, Georgie? You're a bit quiet."

His fingers twitched over his arms, the sudden urge to punch him in his stupid pretty face so strong that he had to close his eyes and take a deep breath. "I'm perfectly fine, why would I not be? Not like I have anything to not be fine about, right? Nothing's wrong." The temptation to add few insults and curses was almost impossible to ignore, but he knew Dream was listening closely, and would not allow him to say such things without making him pay for it. And he was already paying more than enough, no need to actually add to the final bill.

He forced himself to stay still even as curious hands splayed over his torso, pulling and playing with the ribbons and lace that were decorating the dress. He had to say it would have been better for him if the garment didn't fit him so well, the top tight against his chest even with his obvious lack of breast, baby blue only enhanced by the blackness of details, the material soft and screaming of *quality* and *expensive* in a way that show how dedicated the youngest had been when he had gotten the dress. It didn't feel awkward like the yellow sundress Sapnap had been forced in once, after losing a bet with Skeppy. Also didn't feel as cheap and weirdly shaped as the maid costume he had tried on for Halloween, the previous year.

So it would have been better if it didn't flow so well with his body, showing off delicate shoulders and attracting the eyes on his slim waist. The two younger would have let him off with his usual clothes, probably, and it would have been one torture less to worry about. A torture, yes, because it was so easy for one of them to reach under the fluffy skirt, short enough to expose most of his thighs, and loose enough around the hips to allow an access without any constrictions. Which was a real problem in his situation, for a reason he'd rather forget but just couldn't. Oh, yes, there was the fact that he had this stupid toy stuck in him, and the other one around his dick, sure, that was absolutely terrible but it wouldn't have made a difference if he was in a dress or in pants.

His attention was pulled back to the body behind him when deft fingers played with the hem of the skirt, making him tense a little. He was so focused on keeping his mind elsewhere that he didn't realize he was completely missing part of what was happening, and surprises were probably worse than what he was trying to escape. He made a choked up noise in the back of his throat when nails caught on the skin of his thighs, fidgeting slightly in place. "I'm. I'm gonna burn the dinner if you-" He jumped hard and almost fell forward when the now very familiar faint buzzing noise reached his ears just before the explosion of sensations reached his brain.

He was pulled back against Sapnap's chest quickly, an arm tight around his torso to keep him up which he was grateful for, since his quivering legs would probably had sent him straight down to the floor. It took a couple of agonizing seconds before his body got used to the feeling, or at least as used as it could get which was nowhere enough, but at least he could breathe again, twitching hands uselessly grabbing at the boy behind him. He felt fingers grab at the inside of his left thigh and he whimpered, a wounded noise that made the younger groan quietly in answer. The hand was cold compared to his over heated skin, almost soothing if it wasn't for the fact that he was so strung up that the simple touch felt like another form of torture. Like tickling an itch with a feather.

The touch left his skin quick enough, and the buzzing stopped, but it was already too late, and his arousal was through the roof again. He had noticed early enough that each 'session' was leaving him in shambles quicker every time. At first he was able to ignore it a little, not much because there wasn't much you could do to ignore *the vibration in your ass* but, enough to not lose half of his sanity in a matter of seconds. That was where he was at, now. And he knew what it meant, because he could feel it. The begging, pushing against his lips, despair and frustration mixing in a toxic cocktail that melted his stubbornness away.

But once again Dream had stopped before, like he knew exactly when he was about to give in.

At this point the punishment seemed pretty obvious to him, but the knowledge did nothing to alleviate the dread.

Because if he was right, it meant that Dream was actually pushing him into begging for it to happen, instead of begging for it to end. He wanted him to ask without the added stimulus, without having the excuse to be half out of it. He felt his face flush an even darker red, as the realization settled into his stomach like a magma, heavy and burning hot. He tried to look back toward the food, reaching for the pan but stopping midway as he realized how shaky his hand was. There was a quiet huff behind him and Sapnap pulled him back gently, letting him lay against the isle counter while he took care of the meal. Pushing his irritation back, he offered the younger a grateful look, even if he couldn't bring himself to say it. The taller rolled his eyes with a cocky grin but a fond look, before pointedly staring at the food.

"Come sit, Georgie. You look a bit weak on your legs." All trace of gratitude dried out of him at the sound of the tallest's voice, shoulders tensing as he turned his head to look at him. The blonde made a vague gesture toward the chair beside him, encouraging him to follow the request. He pinched his lips, eyes resentful as he thought of everything he wanted to snap in answer to this statement. Because of course he was a bit weak on his legs after being cruelly teased for what felt like half the day at least even if he knew it was way closer to three than it was to twelve. Still, he walked, admittedly unsteadily, toward the dinner table, sitting carefully to Dream's left.

It didn't take long for the blonde to pull his chair closer to his own, close enough that their thighs were pressed together, a line of heat against his side. The younger dropped a hand on his thigh casually as he started playing with his phone, scrolling on reddit without a care for him. But the oldest wasn't stupid, nothing had been casual or careless during the whole day, so he wasn't surprised when his thumb started rubbing his inner thigh in small circles. It was nothing, really, but once against his sense were on high alert almost immediately, latching on the sensation.

He was utterly confused, thought, when the touch didn't go up, didn't press, didn't fasten. It was almost soothing, after a minute, when he slowly came to the conclusion that this was another mind game probably meant to relax him before anything else would happen and, for once, he wouldn't fight it. Not when it was so calming for his nerves, even for a short time. He listened to the noise in the kitchen, barely noticing that Sapnap was putting the meal away instead of serving it, but he couldn't really get himself to wonder about it. "What- what's next, then?" His voice was a bit

wobbly as he wondered what they could ask of him now. He honestly wasn't sure if he would be able to do anything more, but he had to push through if he wanted the punishment to come to an end.

"Now you take a break. You did a lot today, uh?" He forcefully ignored the discreet snark about what happened before Dream came back home, knowing very well that this was a big part of what was implied in this. He glanced at him with suspicion in his eyes, not sure if he really believed in a break. "A.. break? So I do nothing?" The blonde grinned darkly and one of his hand fished something out of the front pocket of his hoodie, laying the small object delicately in front of him. He shook a little when he finally noticed that this was probably the controller. It was very simple, a small button you could press for different levels of vibration. He pursed his lips, making no attempt to take it, staring at it bitterly for a moment before switching his eyes toward the blonde.

"I'm giving you a choice here, babe. You can take the controller, go to your room or the bathroom, or wherever you want, and take care of yourself right away." The words were enough to pull a gasp out of his lungs, his stomach tightening as fire licked at his skin again. He forced himself to calm down, because there was no way it could be that easy. "Or you can give me the controller, and we'll take care of you. Maybe now. Maybe in two hours. Maybe tomorrow. You don't know, and I won't guarantee anything." A full body shiver, either of want or of horror, shook him, hands grabbing at the skirt to ground himself. It couldn't be the end of what he had to say, he just had to calm down, wait for the rest and take a clear, conscious decision that he would chose in a logical manner.

As if.

Dream smiled at him cheerfully, tilting his head and keeping his mouth shut. He wasn't saying more. He wasn't sweetening any deal or giving a consequence related to the other. Just that. "You- what, that's it? That's it? Either I go now, by myself, or wait for you for a nondescript time and-" "I know what I said, George." "But- but what if I go now? What if I take the controller? What will happen?" The blonde raised an eyebrow, shrugging a should noncommittally, "Well, you're probably gonna go jerk off in your room with the lights off and your favorite dil-" "Dream!" "What, you asked, didn't you?" "That's not what I meant!" Dream shifted the hand that was still on his thigh to grab at it, pressure light but possessive. "I said what I said, George. No trap. No trick. You either take the controller and go by yourself. Or you give me the controller and you give us complete control of what will happen to you."

It should honestly have been an easy answer. It should have been, but with the way Dream's fingers dug into his skin as he said those words, voice dripping thick like honey, he just couldn't bear the thought of going alone in his room, getting an orgasm that surely wouldn't felt satisfying after such a day. Still, even without the fact that he didn't want to end it like that, he should still have chosen it from the sheer terror he felt at the idea of giving up any semblance of control of what would happen to him during the next hours. Not knowing if he'd get any relief until it actually happened. He glanced toward the kitchen, noticing how Sapnap was laying against the counter, staring at him with heavy lidded eyes, the smirk on his face a clear show that he thought they had won. It was outraging how they thought he'd chose the second option, and it hurt even more to realize that even with how absurd it was, he was still hesitating strongly.

He reached for the controller, curling his fingers delicately around the piece of plastic as if it was to explode at any second. He stared at it for a long minute before bringing it close to his torso, eyes flickering toward the blonde, whose expression was darkening slightly, only to brighten right up as he extended his arm forward, closed fist hovering above his expectant open palm. It took few seconds to open his fingers, as if his body was against his choice, but he ignored the way everything screamed at him to keep the damn controller and go hide in a corner until he was sane

again. But he didn't listen, letting the small object drop into the younger's hand.

Dream threw the controller at Sapnap, who caught it seamlessly, the youngest absolutely beaming in satisfaction. The tallest grabbed at his other leg and used his hold to shift him toward him, keeping his thighs spread as he dropped on his knees, smirking up at him. "Wise decision, beautiful." He barely had time to realize that it was, once again, a test, one that he visibly passed, before the toy was activated again, making him cant his hips forward, back arching as he tried, unsuccessfully, to get away from the pleasure sparking through his vein. Sitting was actually the worse, he decided, legs fighting against the hold to press together. The blonde didn't allow him, fitting himself between his knees to keep him from doing it.

He felt a body behind him, felt hands run from his shoulders to his chest, glancing toward Sapnap who was slightly bending to get his face close to him, snickering quietly. "It would be a good time to do what I told you to, earlier." He felt his face redden even more and he closed his eyes in embarrassment, shaking his head.

"If you lift your dress all pretty and tell him to be gentle-"

Sapnap laughed a bit more frankly, one hand stopping at his hip, gathering a bunch of material in his fist in a way that made the skirt ride up higher, uncovering a creamy thigh without actually showing too much. "Come on, doll, help yourself a little here..." He glanced down to see the controller still in the youngest hand, just in time to see him switch to a higher setting. Heat burst through his vein wildly, dragging him toward a desperation he had yet to attain. His own hands went to grab at the skirt almost by reflex, more for the need to squeeze than to listen to the youngest's advice. It didn't seem like a bad idea either, he was a bit more convinced now that his body could barely stay still.

He glanced at the blonde, who was merely looking, hands still on his thighs but not moving higher, just waiting. He had to bite down on his tongue to not beg right there, unsure of why exactly he was still trying when he literally gave up any chance he had of having it easy. He rolled his head back, thumping it against the youngest's shoulder as he pressed teasing kisses along his jaw. "Stop being difficult, Georgie, you gave up already, you *submitted* already, why are you trying to keep a facade? Just do what I tell you to, don't you want us to be nicer with you?"

That made him force out a laugh, brittle and high pitched "As if you'd be nicer to me." Dream snorted, grin very much approving of his statement. "Probably not nicer than now, but surely nicer than I could be." He mentioned lightly, thumbing at the frilly edge of his dress. He didn't need more to understand what was implied, and the thought of the punishment getting worse was enough to make him bunch up his dress a bit more, hesitating when the material reached the top of his thighs. "Come on baby, we already know what you got under there. Why are you so scared of showing us?" The small brunette flinched, gritting his teeth as he tried to ignore the rising tide of embarrassment that rolled over him. He knew they already saw, but it didn't mean he enjoyed being the one showing off to them.

He turned his head to the side to not catch any eyes, closing his own eyes for good measure as his shaky hands finally grabbed firmly at the fluffy dress, pulling it up and resting his closed fist against his chest. "Fuck.." the blonde's voice was somehow rough, a lot rougher than it had been only few seconds earlier. Of course the view was doing it for him, he was an absolute sucker for his humiliation. "You're really ruining your new panties, huh."

Fucking panties.

Sapnap had helped him dress after his shower, hands gentle but full of bad intents as he tied the ribbon back, pulled the stockings until they fit around the meat of his thighs. George had barely

reacted when he had grabbed the last article, but he recoiled when he noticed what it was. It was already too late, thought, firm fingers dragging the underwear over his legs, pulling it up his hips. He had pushed at it at first, trying to take it off, half out of shyness, half out of outrage. But a warning glare from Dream was enough to make him stop fighting. He had gritted his teeth as the two younger had admired the way the lingerie clung to him perfectly. It was, after all, specially selected for him. He had to admit that, like the dress, it didn't feel too bad. It was actually made for someone with a cock, without losing the somewhat delicate look of it. It fit snugly over his thin hips, lace stretched over the curve of his ass, twin ribbons criss-crossing on each side to keep the garment together.

If he wasn't the one in it, he would have found them cute. Too bad he was too spiteful to fully appreciate them.

“Dream, don't be mean to George, he's being good isn't he?”

The blonde eyed the youngest before switching back to him, dark amber watching him thoughtfully. “But it took him hours to be good, Sappnap.” The smaller boy clenched his fingers harder around the skirt, thighs shaking as the buzzing finally stopped, leaving him panting, promises and apologies and pleas stuck right behind his teeth. Dream didn't move from his spot, still looking at him. He was about to try to say something when the younger brunette pressed himself closer from behind the chair, head resting on top of his. “And you loved every second of it, Dreamie.” There was no denying it, that was for sure. The taller only grinned smugly before bending down and pressing his lips right against the head of his cock, through the thin material of the panties. He licked at the wetness seeping shamelessly, still staring up at them.

Sappnap groaned right as he moaned, but it was all gone within the next second, the blonde pushing himself up, leaving the oldest to stare at him with wide shattered eyes. He didn't protest, thought, didn't fight the decision, only falling back onto his chair like a puppet with his strings cut off, trying to breathe deeply in and out, without much success. The youngest took a moment to make sure he was okay before following Dream out of the kitchen, glancing toward the controller that was left on the table. He switched his eyes toward it, staring at it for a moment. It would be so easy, to just push a hand in his underwear, take off the ring and get himself off right there, right now. But that wasn't what he had decided, was it?

He pushed himself on his feet, grabbing the inoffensive looking object and following the two others, surprised and unsurprised to see them slink in Dream's bedroom. He was a bit more hesitant to go in, but he knew that was what was expected of him. He closed the door behind him and walked to the bed, where the tallest was sitting, watching him with an almost bored look. His eyes weren't that indifferent, thought, burning with an intensity he didn't often see. Sappnap was also on the bed, sitting by the headboard, observing them with knowing eyes. He licked his lips, one hand gripped tight in the dress, the other offering the controller back to the blonde. “You... you forgot this.” Dream smiled, accepting the offering but tossing it quickly toward the youngest, not even paying attention to if he caught it or not.

“I didn't. But thank you for bringing it, George.” The brunette flushed, squirming a little. That wasn't what he expected, and he wasn't sure what he was supposed to do to get in his good grace, now.

Oh, of course he knew what he had to do. No one was stupid enough to not know, at this point.

But it was so hard to say when he was fully conscious of his actions! Or mostly conscious of his actions, at least. He couldn't even pretend he was still fully sane at this point, his physical need slowly but surely eroding his common sense and his logic. “Can you...” he stopped himself,

shaking his head. That was not the way to ask, certainly. "I really need you guys to touch me. Please." He asked softly, voice strained as he forced the words out. He knew it wasn't his usual kind of begging, but he usually was way over his head, body aflame and bruises all over when he was finally ready to plead for release. As opposite of now, where he could almost be considered calm, overwhelmed but by something way deeper than superficial sensations. The need was there, more subtle but persistent in a way that broke him little by little, instead of the completely shattered way he was pushed into when Dream wanted him to beg.

There was a moment where he thought it wasn't enough, that he didn't do it right, eyes growing wide with a touch of panic. "I- Dream, plea-" He choked on his words when he was pulled forward, strong hands slipping under the dress, pushing at the panties. It was all so sudden that he couldn't do anything beside melting against the blonde's torso, squirming in his lap as he tried to stay as still as he could, desperate to not anger the taller boy.

The feeling of fingers pressing against the base of the toy shook him to his core, the noise leaving his lips one he never made before. He could barely feel anything else than pure pleasure as skillful fingers tugged the ring off, surprising him even more. He for sure wouldn't complain, thought, quite the opposite at this point. He couldn't hang on the strands of his confusion when the digits came back to circle his cock, the blonde's hand working him over quick and efficient. He choked on his breath, disconcerted and weirdly terrified as he felt himself tip so close to the edge so quickly. It made no sense, absolutely no sense that Dream would suddenly let him have this, it had to be a test or something, it had to be some kind of trap- "Fuck- fuck Dream stop I'm going to- I'm gonna-" It was a fight already lost, thought, and he felt the coil in his stomach get so tight it almost hurt, and then-

And then Dream pulled the toy out, leaving him empty, right as his cock twitched hard. He couldn't stop it, but he could barely handle the sensation when he took away his other hand, leaving his dick just as he came.

The orgasm sure was there, but it was so terribly unsatisfying that he whined raggedly, his body quacking in the blonde's arm. If he thought he had been close to insanity before, it was actually nothing compared to the state of his mind now. His skin still felt too tight, his body surging with burst of warmth that he never associated with completion. "No, nonono- Why, why I did everything, I did-" His eyes were tearing up, he knew they were but he ignored it, hands grabbing at the taller's shoulders.

There was no words answering him, but the reason was pretty clear when he felt slick fingers push into him, his hole clenching and sending painful pleasure through him. It was an unusual sensation, the way he was getting overstimulated without the usual satisfaction that made him melt under any touch. Instead, he tensed even more, hips rolling down without his consent and pulling a loud moan out of him. His body was still unsatisfied, still seeking more pleasure, even if he was not even completely back from his previous orgasm, not even close to be able to come again. It was driving him crazy, the dual sensation of needing more, so much more, but feeling it way too much.

"Was that not enough Georgie? Look at you, you're literally riding my fingers just after you came. You're so needy, aren't you?" The fingers toyed with him for what felt like hours, switching from two to three, to two again. He was more than ready for anything, at this point, and they all knew that. He could see Sapnap, when he opened his eyes, still sitting at the head of the bed, a hand wrapped around his cock and stroking lazily.

Dream shifted under him, getting his attention back on him, and he shuddered when he saw him undoing his pants, freeing his cock with a sigh of relief. He shuffled back to make sure his knees were steady on the bed, pulling him close so his ass was right above his crotch. The blonde pulled

at the panties until they couldn't go lower, material digging a little into the meat of his thighs, but he couldn't even feel it with the raging inferno right under his skin. The tallest looked up at him with hooded eyes, smirking as he slipped his hands over his ass, spreading him open but not pulling him down. "So, George... from what I've heard, Sapnap suggested you said something to me, mmh?" He frowned a little, confused, eyes looking toward the younger who rolled his eyes at him. With his free hand, he made a vague gesture like he was lifting a skirt and...

"If you lift your dress all pretty and tell him to be gentle-"

If he could burst on the spot, he probably would have decided to do that instead. But at this point, he was already ruined, wasn't he? He was already lost anyway, pride and shame and all these things forcefully pushed down, so why no? He straightened up a little, making sure he was stable enough before he grabbed at the skirt, lifting it again but this time keeping his eyes on the blonde's face, trying to see his reaction. He took a shaky breath in, shifting a little in a shyness he didn't think he could still possess after all that "Please be gentle?" He muttered half heartedly, eyes growing wide when the blonde grinned dangerously at him. "Not a chance!"

He didn't even have time to react before he was pulled down on the tallest's cock, not a hint of sympathy as Dream roughly thrust up at the same time. The direct hit to his already oversensitive prostate was enough to send him reeling, muscles turning to jelly as the burn of the stretch fought with the pleasure for what sensation would be the strongest. "Fuck-! Dream, fuck wait-" And wait he certainly didn't. He could hear Sapnap snorts behind the blonde, clearly amused by the fact that George still thought he had any chance of asking anything from them.

He was pretty sure that if he hadn't already come, he would have been a goner instantly. He didn't know if it was some sort of reward for enduring all these hours of teasing, or if it was only part of the punishment because it felt as terrible as it felt good, but Dream was fucking into him exactly how he liked it. It still felt absolutely torturous, nerve endings burning with every thrust, his insides still sporadically clenching around him when it felt just a tad too much. He could only hang on for the ride, at that point, and hope he wouldn't go absolutely crazy by the end of it. Which was very likely, at this point.

There was a shuffling noise on their side and he was pulled away from the blonde, moaning plaintively when his cock slipped out, ignoring the lightly breathless laughs it got him. He was confused for a moment, unsure of what to do, but it didn't last long as he was pushed on all four, Dream taking back his place behind him and guiding himself back in right as Sapnap caught his jaw with a hand, clear in his intentions. He didn't protest when he pressed a thumb between his lips to part them before guiding his dick in. He probably wouldn't have protested against anything in the state he was, to be fair.

He felt hands follow his arms, not really paying much attention as his focus was already scattered and divided between them two. He only registered what was happening when a hand circled his wrist, pulling it backward, in parallel with his back, leaving him to balance himself with only one hand. It wasn't as easy, but it was fine, until the second hand circled his bicep and pulled.

Even if he could faintly think about how sore his shoulders would be the day after, he still let the blonde pull him by his arms, the full weight of his upper body only kept up by the firm hold Dream had on his arms. He could already feel the strain, another added layer mixing with the pain-pleasure coursing through him.

He really had no control anymore. Not of what was happening, not of his body, not even of his position. He was relying entirely on the two younger boys.

As nice of an introspection that was, it didn't mean it was any easier for him. Dream wasn't being

more gentle in any sense of the word, using his arms as leverage to pull him harder against himself with each thrust into him. His back was arched in a way that made it harder for him to hit directly against his prostate, which was almost great with how overstimulated he was, but the heavy drag against it still was more than enough to torture him. And Sapnap wasn't that nice either, forcing him down his cock until tears started running freely on his cheeks, throat fluttering around the tip as he tried to not gag and choke around him.

When he felt the tightness in his lower stomach, he couldn't deny being slightly surprised. He honestly hadn't felt the change in his body, the usual twinge of pleasure-pain switching back to only pleasure. It still felt too much, still felt like he was oversensitive and it was only growing stronger. He heard Sapnap groan loudly, only realizing that he had started to moan around the cock in his mouth, sending vibrations along the sensitive erection. But he couldn't even try to stay quiet anymore, everything was just too much.

He jerked forward as Dream rammed into him, accelerating his rhythm into something punishing, something that in no way helped the raging inferno in his stomach. His moans rose in volume and quantity, body shaking heavily. From the noise he could hear, the blonde was chasing after his own pleasure by now, and Sapnap was incredibly close if he could judge by the way he was twitching on his tongue, fingers twisted in his hair, barely careful enough to not rip off the silky strands.

"I'm gonna cum, Georgie, just a warning-" the youngest choked out, as if he wouldn't be able to tell. It was still nice to get a warning, thought, his voice allowing him to drag his focus more onto him. With few shorter thrusts the taller brunette pulled at his hair to keep him firmly in place, moaning roughly as his dick pulsed, cum coating the back of his tongue and forcing him to swallow as he didn't exactly want to choke.

However, he did have to let go quite quickly as he felt Dream pound into him in a new angle that pressed all his right buttons, using the fact that he was now free to pull him backward a little more. Sapnap took the opportunity to shuffle closer, letting the oldest lay his head on his shoulder as he reached and curled his fingers around his cock. The feeling zapped through his spine and he clenched around Dream, wrenching a heady moan from him. It all started to feel too much again, but it just kept growing with each stroke, with each thrust. The blonde released his arms to pull at his hips, pressing himself deep inside as he groaned loudly.

He would never admit that the feeling of the taller's cock pulsing inside him, the slick and warm sensation of him coming inside, was almost enough to throw him over the edge. But it still was Sapnap's hand, careful and insistent, that dragged him through hell, his second orgasm pulled out of him with the force of an earthquake. He panted heavily against the youngest's shoulders, nails digging through the shirt he was wearing, eyes unfocused as he struggled to come down from his high.

"Hope you learned your lesson, Georgie. Be thankful that I didn't make you wait until tomorrow." He whined softly against Sapnap, closing his eyes and trying to forget how completely destroyed he felt, physically and mentally. He still nodded, just to make sure Dream wouldn't try to convince him to be nice in a way that would make him lose his mind for good.

And for sure he would be nice.

At least until the next challenge.

Obsession - Attention

Chapter Summary

It was no secret that Dream liked attention. From his viewers to his best friends, he just never could get enough. And when he wanted it, and didn't have it, well... no one could deny that he certainly knew how to get it.

Chapter Notes

Well this was not what I was trying to write, I'll be honest. So this is technically part 1 out of 2, but they can be read apart. Well will be able to be read apart, because the second part is not yet written but.. yeah. Hope you like it!

Kinktober day 18; Power bottom
Characters involved; Dream & Sapnap

This didn't go as planned but to be honest I'm not really mad about it. I hope you like it, thank you for reading and don't hesitate to leave a comment if you feel like it!

It was fun, he thought. To see their eyes darken when he walked around the house barely dressed, reds and purples on his uncovered chest like trophies for them to admire. Hair constantly tousled as if he just got out of bed, lips always a bit reddened, either from bad habits or from the rough kisses they couldn't help but give him when he passed by. It was easy to play with them, especially when he realized that they didn't know. They seemed to think it was just him in his natural habitat, being lazy and running around half naked, sitting leisurely on the couch in gray sweatpants with no underwear, friendly touching that went just a bit too low, a bit too far, but never enough to be called out on it.

It was fair, thought, because he'd been acting like that since the first day they stepped in his house and decided to stay. Of course it wasn't every day, that would be suspicious because he had told them that sometimes he spent days in his stupid flannel pajamas because he doesn't feel like doing laundry or that he often wear his hair in a messy bun because he needed them out of his face.

But in between those normal days, he did what he could to tease them just because he wanted to. And it really is so, so easy. And it was especially gratifying when they snapped and grabbed at him, murmuring insults and praises against his skin as they pressed a new set of marks into his hips, his shoulders, as if it would do anything else than encourage him to be worse.

Making them tick was one of his greatest pleasure, and finding out what exactly would make them stare a second too long, or stop in their tracks as they got distracted by whatever he was doing. It was a power trip like he never had, to have those two prideful men wrapped around his fingers, eyes full of desire and mouth full of promises as soon as he cocked his hips just so, inviting smile

on his lips and hair pushed back with a careless hand. “*Simps*” he would call them teasingly, when they stumbled upon themselves to try and please him.

And Dream was a confident man with little to no shame to his name. He was a sucker for attention, and never thought of hiding it, but he was not someone who absolutely needed for the attention to be given to him. If he wanted it, he could *take it*. He could do playful, he could do discreet, he could reel them in without working too hard.

But he could also walk right up to a door, burst in the room and ignoring the yelp of his friend as he took advantage of his height to straddle the younger boy, firm hands on his shoulders to keep him down as he rolled his hips against him, grinning deviously at the punched out groan it got him. He could easily fish the phone out of his fingers and drop it somewhere on the bed so it wouldn't keep his focus away from him. He could knock away the hands pawing at his hips with a sharp smack, and Sapnap would let go, arms reaching up so he could grab at his headboard instead.

And it was as easy as that.

Easy as his hands ran along the soft, sensitive skin along his ribs, the brunet's shirt bunched up around his arms so it wouldn't be in his way. He could feel the muscles tense and shake under the tip of his fingers as he tried so hard to stay still. One of his hands reached up to caress a red cheek, his thumb resting over parted lips, smiling sweetly as he felt the rushed intake of breath. The need to move was burning low in his stomach, but he was ignoring it in favor of making the best out of it. He could feel the younger's cock twitch inside him when his thumb pressed in his mouth just a little.

Easy still as he rolled his hips in a small circle, his own thighs quivering as the burst of warmth and pleasure. Sapnap was panting heavily, knuckles white from where they were gripping at the headboard. He could see his torso rising with each shuddered breath, skin raised with goosebumps under the pad of his fingers. He had made him wait for almost fifteen minutes already, at first just to enjoy the feeling of fullness, then just because he could. His friend had been very patient, very good for him, and maybe he did deserve a bit more than what he was giving him.

He readjusted his position, shuddering at the pressure inside him, the rolling wave of heat that burst from his lower back to the tip of his fingers, and lowered his upper body to bring his face close to the younger one, voice cajoling “Want me to move, Sap?” He asked as if it wasn't already more than obvious, the redness on the brunet's face spreading nicely along his neck, fading into his upper chest as he tried so hard to not move without his permission. He smiled gently down at him, lips brushing along his cheek. “Come on pretty boy, use your words.”

And it was cruel, certainly, to ask that from him as he could barely breathe properly, mouth full of nonsensical noises. He gave him a moment, watching the struggle in his eyes as his jaw clenched,

lips finally parting to maybe let out some form of coherency. He didn't give him the chance to get his tongue to work, thought, and rolled his body in a way that made his body take him deeper, punching a throaty moan from the brunet as he himself stifled an appreciative noise of his own. Even if it did stop his measly attempt at speaking, it was visibly more than enough to prompt a very clear and loud stream of swears. He caught his lips in a brief kiss to stop the endless tirade of curses, laughing airily as he broke the contact.

He was surprised that Sapnap didn't yet snap and tried to take control, the younger rarely letting have it this easy, but he wasn't unhappy about it. It would only make it harder on him, and he probably knew that and wasn't in a mood to be teased for hours on end, which was actually pretty great considering the blonde also didn't feel like fighting him. "You're being really good, just need that one more thing and I'll let you have it." He offered, tone mellow but with an edge of impatience that he couldn't hide. The brunet whined low in his throat, hazy eyes trying to focus on his face as he licked his lips, trying to get his vocal chords to work. "M-move, ride me, come on--"

He could have been a prick and asked him to be polite, or tease him a bit longer because he liked it when he got desperate. But he didn't walked in with the intention to be a bitch, to make him work for it. He came in wanting attention, wanting to be wanted, and he already had that. All the attention that Sapnap's unfocused mind could conjure, he had it on him. He could feel his eyes as he straightened, bending slightly backward and balancing himself by grabbing at the younger's thighs. He could see so easily that his gaze was following every movement, every ripple of muscles as he oh-so-slowly lifted his hips, shivering at the drag of his cock inside him.

He had all his attention and probably some more as he let gravity work in his favor, dropping back down on his dick without difficulty. It tore few encouraging sounds from his friend, the hands on the headboard twitching with the obvious need to grab at him instead, but he kept them there, obedient in his need for him. It spurred him on, somehow, to see him like this. He spread his knees apart a bit more around the smaller's hips for stability, fingers digging slightly in the meat of his legs as he rolled his hips generously, friction and pressure bundled up in a way that made them both moan in delight. The rush of heat shooting up his spine was enough to make him throw away any last shreds of patience and delicacy, his thighs tensing both with the effort and the pleasure as he finally did as he was asked, body rising and falling back steadily.

He really loved the control that riding brought him, but also despised the way it asked so much out of him. The pleasure rushing through him was making his legs shake, his chest heaving with the stuttered breath he was taking. He knew that the angle he chose would be a double-edged sword, offering the best view possible to the brunet, but also tilting his hips in such a way that his cock was aligned perfectly to push and press against his prostate at every downward motion. And while he didn't want to ask Sapnap for help, he also knew he couldn't exactly go like that for hours.

It was only fair, he guessed, as the younger seemed to be barely hanging there, biting at his lips with his eyes scrunched close, not even bothering to try and hide how much he was enjoying it. His hands were flexing over the headboard, tensing and relaxing with each new burst of pleasure. The blonde could definitely relate, as his own fingers were starting to leave bruises over the brunet's

thighs with how he was grabbing at them, nails digging when the lust became to oppressing.

He was glad the other didn't mind the flickers of pain through the bliss.

His head lolled backward as his muscles suddenly failed him, making him drop harder on his cock, his own moan barely loud enough to be heard over Sapnap's loud groan. "Fuck, Dream!" He ground again him harder, his body shaking, his insides clenching around the cock filling him. He choked on the noise threatening to leave his throat when the younger couldn't help but thrust up into him, making heat flare bright in his lower stomach. "Sap- touch me, c'mon you can touch me now-" He didn't even have to wait a full second before there was a hand around his dick, trembling fingers almost clumsy in their haste to curl around him. Another hand landed on his hip, light when he lifted himself up again, and heavy as he was pulled down harshly.

The coil in his lower belly seemed to tighten even more as the brunet greedily ground up into him, the hand on his cock twisting deliciously, pulling him closer and closer to his orgasm with a practiced efficiency. The rhythm got slightly thrown off when he felt himself twitch and tense, rolling his hips in tight circle, eagerly chasing his own pleasure. He arched sharply as the hand on his hip slid to grab at his asscheek firmly, nails digging in, the slight pain just enough to make him lose himself. He came all over Sapnap's hand, breathy moans falling from his parted lips as both hands got back on his hips to force him up and down the still hard cock inside him.

He was about to protest, his whole body tensed and shaking with the careless way he was thrusting into him, but he was wordless, and by the time he could get himself together again, the brunet was pushing in deep and stilling in a very telling way. He didn't even need to feel the sticky warmth inside him to know that he was coming, the look on his face and the way his muscles had locked up under him a clear indicator of what was happening. The shaky moan was pretty telling too, as was the look of pure bliss on his face.

There was a long moment of silence, only broken by their panting breath, until Sapnap started laughing uncontrollably, startling him enough that he almost fell off of him. "Wha-" The brunet pawed at the bed, finally retrieving the cellphone that had been swatted out of his hands, showing the screen to him. It took him few seconds to understand, but he finally realized that the boy had been on a call when he had barged on him. He grinned lazily, fetching the device and bringing it to his ear.

"Enjoyed the show, Georgie?"

Obsession - Attention pt.2

Chapter Summary

After getting his attention from Sapnap, and the realization that George was on the phone during the whole thing, it would be easy to see why Dream was happy. After all, he did get the promise of more to come but...

but why did George decide to drop everything and go lock himself in his computer room instead of giving him what he deserved?

Chapter Notes

So this is the part two of the previous chapter, I thought it would be shorter but hey, inspiration and all, am I right?

Kinktober, day 19; thighs fucking, power bottom
Characters involded; Dream & George & Sapnap

took more time than expected, as usual, but I think this is a nice one. I hope so, at least? Hope you enjoy, and as usual, please leave a comment if you feel like it!

He was not pouting.

He was simply hanging out by himself, in his room, with his door closed and his cat laying on his chest as he scrolled through his phone with a scowl on his face, eyebrows drawn tight together. His twitter feed was boring, reddit had nothing interesting, it was a chill day on the smp so he had no one to bother, and worst of all, George was back from his shopping trip and made a direct beeline for his recording room to work on a code he was suddenly inspired for.

But he was not pouting!

It wasn't like he was impatiently waiting for his friend to come back home after that little phone call where he had been promised a good fucking when the older man would be back. He hadn't planned on that, to be fair, but it was amusing, and the brunet was more than welcome to get on it as soon as he passed the door. The hour and a half that went by between the end of the call and the moment he came back had been enough to calm him down, visibly, and he wasn't really happy about it.

Still not pouting, thought.

Just mildly annoyed, at most. He just had *expectations* and didn't particularly enjoyed them not being fulfilled. He could understand the sudden burst of creativity, he was also this way when the cogs in his head started turning when it came to a new idea. He wouldn't usually be bothered by it, except for the fact that not only had they previously decided that this would be a free day, which meant no one was supposed to actually work on anything, but he also had been left in the dust, without even a kiss or a mention of what was supposed to happen. Basically ignored. And if anything, he hated being ignored.

He was totally pouting.

If he was pouting any more, he would be sitting in front of the recording room with his arms crossed over his chest, his cheeks puffed out as he whined and hit the floor with his feet. But he wasn't a child, and would not throw a tantrum like this. He would calmly wait, like a grown man, and maybe have a nice discussion later about how *some people* needed to pay a bit more attention to what they did and promised and skipped over without a word-

The soft noise of his door opening stopped his cringy thoughts. He glanced up quickly from the screen he had forgotten about while drowning in his own childish temper, tilting his head as Sappnap stepped in his room with an eyebrow arched and a mocking smirk on his face. The burst of irritation was immediate, and there was nothing he could do against the words pushing out of his mouth at the sight. "You're lucky you're pretty because I feel like punching you so much when you look at me like this." The younger only laughed in answer, moving closer and patting his knees with so much condescension that he had the knee-jerk reflex of smacking his hand away.

Of course the smaller didn't take offence in it, taking back his hand to himself without losing that god awful smugness. "George left the door open when he went back in ten minutes ago." Was his only answer, shrugging without a care in the world. It could have been an innocent comment, if it was not for the fact that the brunet knew very well how irked the blonde was about the whole thing. Also, it was common knowledge that the door was only left open when it was okay to go in, which meant that either George was done, or was getting annoyed by something that didn't work and needed a breather.

Which meant that now, he was allowed to go take what was rightfully his. The youngest snorted when he saw the change of expression on his face, but he didn't bother cursing at him, even if he felt like it. He had more urgent matters on his hands, starting -and finishing- with a certain Brit. He pushed himself out of the bed with a renewed energy, ignoring Sappnap as he followed him closely behind.

The oldest didn't look any kind of surprised when he pushed the door even more open, but he did

glance toward the youngest questioningly. It was very brief, but just long enough that he could feel a conversation layering the look in their eyes. Maybe they had talked when George had opened the door. Maybe Sapnap had told him that he was getting antsy, and maybe George had decided against closing the door for the sole purpose of him being able to get what he wanted.

He took a minute to stare at them, the almost nervous way the oldest was tapping on his computer desk, and the relaxed shoulders of the youngest who clearly look satisfied with himself in a way he only was when he was doing something good for him. A slow smirk stretched his lips as his brain made the needed connections, and he lifted a hand to press it against Sapnap's cheek, thumb running along his jawline. "So eager to be good to me, huh?" The youngest flushed lightly under the praise, grinning at him with such a proud look that he couldn't help but snort quietly. Of course he would be smug about it.

He dropped his hand to turn fully toward the oldest, who was still lazily stretched over his chair, but with a stiffness in his shoulders that meant he knew he did something that displeased the blonde. And he was right to be nervous, he thought, because he was not particularly happy with him indeed. He tilted his head, eyes narrowing toward the sitting boy. "Total opposite of you, mmh?" He watched as the brunet exchanged a look with the youngest, eyes flashing in annoyance. He grinned good naturally, taking a step toward the oldest. Warm brown snapped back to him at his approach, his lips twisting slightly in a worried curve.

He crossed the distance between them calmly, stopping right in front of the older man and bending at the waist to hover him, pressing a hand to his cheek like he did with Sapnap. George tensed even more, and once again he was right to think so, because his fingers gripped at the angle of his jaw tightly, keeping his face in place. At least he was smart enough to not fight the hold, staying still to avoid any unnecessary pain. "I clearly remember that *you* were the one deciding that today would be a free day." The brunet shrugged uneasily, dropping his hands on his thighs and rubbing at the material, probably trying to alleviate his restlessness. "And I remember what you told me on the phone, too. So... why are you in here, exactly?"

The oldest pinched his lips lightly and turned his eyes away from him, knowing fully that he technically was in the wrong. He still tried to defend his case "I just had the code in mind, I was worried about forgetting it so it needed to be done now." He huffed and tugged his head in a way that forced his eyes to come back to him. "Yeah. But you could have told me, I don't know, that you had flash and wanted to code. But you left me in the dust without even a hello." His lips twitched downward, and he could see the guilt that flashed on his face almost automatically, a sympathetic response to him being disappointed. How nice it was to see that he trained his boys well enough that they instinctively felt bad when they objectively did nothing wrong.

Except from making him the slightest bit unhappy.

He smiled lightly at that, moving his hand to tap his cheek twice with a little more force than

necessary before straightening back up, ignoring the look of disbelief on the older's face. "Get up. You want to make it up to me, right?" He didn't even wait for an answer, turning on his heels and strutting out of the recording room, grabbing Sapnap's hand on the way, making sure he was also following. He guided them to his own room, pushing the youngest gently to make him sit on the bed before turning to George, who had stopped at the door, eyes flickering between them with a hint of worry and a lot of unease. He rolled his eyes and waved toward the bed, watching him as he dropped heavily beside the other brunet.

Standing in front of his two friends, he tilted his head, observing them. They were staring right back, eyes focused on him and him only.

Exactly what he wanted.

The corner of his lips lifted up in a smirk as he shrugged off his hoodie, shaking his head to get his hair out of his face as he dropped the discarded clothe on the floor. He glanced toward the oldest for a quick second, catching his eyes shortly before carefully shifting his gaze away, making sure to keep his attention entirely on the youngest boy. "Let's start with you, baby. You did good, so I guess you do deserve a reward, hmm?" He snorted quietly when Sapnap nodded quickly, eyes briefly going toward the smaller brunet with a hint of victory and self-satisfaction flashing in them. "Eyes on me, Sap." It barely had the time to finish the sentence before the stark black switched back to him.

He knew what he was doing very well, when he snapped the elastic band he kept around his wrist at all time. If there was one thing he was especially good at, when it came to sex, it was definitely at giving heads. And sure, it wasn't that special, in a way, but he also knew how to use this fact to play with them.

Force of habits was something used in many fashion. Could be used to be more efficient at work, by getting used to the job enough to not have to think about it. Could be used in a more domestic way, like putting one's keys on the table everyday to make sure to not lose them. Could also be used in games, like those mlg water they did without thinking twice now that they did it so many times that it was an afterthought more than anything. Could also be used in this situation, with little things done so often that they just had to remind them of something very particular.

Like the way their eyes immediately snapped up when he rose his hands to pull at his hair, their gaze shifting for something sharper like hunger as he deftly curled the long-ish strands around his fingers, Sapnap's hands twitching on his thighs and George shifting uncomfortably as they both watched him gather the silky locks and twisting them expertly into a messy bun.

Force of habit of seeing him do that everything he was about to give them a blowjob. Sapnap had once told him that he got hard every time they were about to record because he needed his hair up

so they wouldn't bother him while he played. It was a dirty trick that he used more than once to make sure the youngest was distracted when they started a game. And it was a dirty trick he was completely shameless to use when it came to the bedroom.

The youngest was already a bit red in the face when he finally lowered his arms, grinning lecherously at him. He took a step closer to the bed, cooing in delight when the brunet spread his legs to make place for him. He shook his head a little and waved his hands around a little, motioning to both of them even if he kept his eyes on the youngest. "Clothes off." He almost laughed out loud at the way they both started wrestling their shirt off, not even wasting a second to think about it, but only rolled his eyes and kept him comments to himself, pulling his shirt off but keeping his sweatpants for now. In the few seconds it took him to do so, Sapnap was already naked and patiently waiting as the oldest struggled a bit more to push his skinny jeans off his legs.

He barely allowed him to finish stepping out of them before he pushed him back to the bed without any gentleness, hands rough as he made sure to position him the way he wanted him to be, knees bent at the edge of the bed with his back flat on the mattress. He gave him a warning glare, very clear in his demand for him to not move or do anything he wasn't allowed to, before throwing a leg over him, sitting on his thighs with his back to him. He stretched a hand toward Sapnap, who immediately stumbled closer to him, shameless in his excitement.

He could feel the way George was lightly squirming under him, visibly not sure what to do with the situation at hand, but didn't try fight him off or to get more. It was honestly almost disappointing, but he knew the older was still trying to make it up to him somehow, so he really wasn't about to complain. His hands found the youngest's hips, pulling him right where he needed him to be, grinning up at him while he shuffled back, smile sharpening into a smirk when he heard the older man hiss behind him as his still covered ass was pressed right against his cock.

His full attention then went back to Sapnap, who was looking at him with so much intensity that he could feel it like a caress over his skin, making him shiver in appreciation. "Let's take care of you, pretty boy." He purred hands sliding from his hips down his thighs, the tip of his fingers barely pressing into the skin. Finally breaking the eye contact, he nosed at the faint outline of his hipbone, sliding his lips along the curve of his lower stomach. He could feel the tremor of the muscles under his touch, half ticklish reflexes and half anticipation. He smiled as his cheek brushed against his erection, turning his head to finally press his lips right against the base of it. The sounds of a sharp intake of air made him glance up, catching the glazed eyes of the youngest as he parted his lips, warm breath washing over the sensitive skin.

In any other situation, he would have taken his sweet time with this. Would have teased him long and slow before even putting his lips onto him, would have dragged nails and teeth against his thighs to see red and purple blooming under his touch. But he had been a good boy, and good boy deserved nice rewards to show them that they did well. And to be fair, he would be taking his sweet time with the pitiful, mostly ignored man laying under him as for now, so it wasn't as if he was losing anything.

He still was delicate as he ran his mouth along the underside of his cock, slowly but not terribly so. He didn't waste too much time, thought, more than ready to show his appreciation to the younger brunet. He was still staring at him through his eyelashes as he stuck out his tongue, using it to guide him right between his lips. He took a moment to lavish the sensitive tip with attention, humming quietly when a hand laid on his head, not pulling nor pushing, just a grounding point for the boy standing up. He didn't need much encouragements to move further down, jaw loosening as he took him in smoothly, barely needing any time to work his throat open on his dick, resisting the urge to smile as Sapnap's fingers tensed on his hands, pulling lightly at the tied strands.

The best part about giving heads was that he didn't need much focus to do it. It was not automatic in any way, and he did get a lot of pleasure in doing so, but he got into a kind of headspace that allowed him to enjoy and think at the same time. So it was easy for him to do two very different thing at a time, which was optimal since he kind of had two persons to play with. He pushed himself up his knees a little, making sure to not move too fast and accidentally make himself choke around the erection stuffing his mouth, and made use of his hands, which had been pressed useless on the younger's hips. He grabbed at his sweatpants, lowering them mid-thigh, before sitting back down over his legs, fingers grasping blindly behind himself until he could wrap them around George's cock. The sound he made was beautiful, strained and relieved at the same time. Relief that would not last long, he thought as he simply shifted until it was nestled right between his asscheeks, the tip barely brushing against his tailbone.

There was a choked up noise of disappointment as the oldest realized this was nothing more than a new kind of torture, as the weight on his legs kept him from moving much by himself. Also, even if he did decide to be nice to the older and grind against him, it wouldn't do much for him as the position didn't allow much friction. But hey, at least he had a good view, which was positive, right? Or negative, since he wouldn't be able to do anything about it. At least not until he allowed it to happen.

But now that this deed was done, he could go back to focusing solely on Sapnap, who, with a non-verbal authorization from him, had started to oh-so-carefully fuck his throat, little moans spilling out of his lips like a waterfall. It was at time like this that he could fully appreciate the pleasure he was giving to his friend, even if he couldn't fully watch his facial expression, he could still hear him, feel how his body responded to it, to the way he sometime tightened his lips around him just so he would stutter on his way in, the haste of getting back into the warmth of his mouth too strong to resist. His hands, being free again, started roaming around, fingertips pressing hard right under his ass, sliding along the slight curve of his hips, nails lightly scratching at the bump of his hip bones.

The bitter taste at the back of his tongue was a tell-tale sign that it was almost time to stop. He knew the youngest had a very strong weakness when it came to being given oral, which was mostly why he basically only did it for him when he wanted to reward him. He grabbed onto his hips tightly, clear in his demand, and the shorter boy stopped right away, whining but still obeying. He took over, bobbing his head slowly, making sure to not push him too much but still unwilling to cease his activities, especially when he wasn't done teasing the Brit.

He using his grip on Sapnap's hips to stabilize himself as he arched his back, rolling his hips carefully, satisfied when he heard the sharp gasp behind him. There really was barely any friction between their skin, but he could still feel his cock twitch against him ass, could feel the way the bed sheet shifted under his knees like someone was pulling on it, could feel the tensing of the older's thighs under him.

Getting back his focus on the task in hand was harder than he anticipated, the switch between the torturous teasing and the rewarding pleasure a bit hard to follow, but he knew he couldn't do one without the other. George's punishment was both the absence of attention and the sight of him pleasing the youngest without an ounce of fight. He probably wouldn't need to do it for too long, thought, seeing how the oldest was already shaking under him, and the younger's cock was twitching on his tongue, the fingers in his hair starting to pull some strands loose from his bun.

He lightly smacked the outside of Sapnap's thigh, making him jump in surprise, before he pulled back, licking his lips as he straightened his back, lifting his hips to grind just a bit more directly against the boy under him. The action pulled a weak moan out of him, and it was enough for now. He pushed himself up, chuckling quietly as the youngest stumbled back a little, watching him with big eyes. He pressed a hand against his cheek and dropped a chaste kiss over his lips before turned back toward the older, finally discarding his pants on the floor. "Someone still didn't apologize." He mentioned in a monotone voice, looking at the brunet on the bed with something like indifference. It was almost pitiful how quick the oldest jumped on the apology, words clumsy in his mouth with his haste. He shushed him with a hand before he could ask for forgiveness, thought. "I don't want you to say sorry just because you were prompted to do so."

He pushed at the smaller man until he could comfortably kneel on the bed between his legs, arms on each side of the Brit's hips. He glanced behind his shoulders and smirked when he saw where the youngest's eyes were angled, shifting and pressing his thighs together. "Wanna fuck my thighs, Sap?" The brunet behind him made a noise that was definitely positive, and hands grabbed onto his hips. He slapped at them, ignoring the wounded sound. "Grab the lube first, idiot." He rolled his eyes at the sheepish laugh of the youngest, ignoring him for the time being as he turned his face back to the nervous looking Brit. "Dream-" "Nope." He popped the P with a touch of mockery, lowering his chest until his face was right over his neglected dick.

He pressed his face against the inside of his thigh, looking at him from under his lashes. "Are you learning your lesson, Georgie?" The brunet nodded quickly, clearly ready to agree to basically anything if it ended this little torture session. He hadn't even done much, but he knew that, similar to him, George had a hard time with being ignored. "Well then, what was the lesson, mmh?" There was a second of surprised silence, then the oldest cleared his throat, unsure of what kind of trap this could be. "Don't... ignore you?" He arched an eyebrow, which was well enough to make the older understand that it was not enough. "Don't go straight to my room without saying a thing?"

There was a quiet noise behind him, a clicking of some sort, and he tensed a little as Sapnap's slick

fingers pressed between his thighs, rubbing the gel over his skin to make it nice and slippery. He kept his eyes firmly on George, thought, still trying to get him to either understand the lesson properly, or at least understand that he was being an idiot. "And...?" "And... and.." "C'mon George. If you don't get why you're being punished, what's the point?" The older groaned in irritation, trying his best to not wriggle too much under him, but his patience was wearing thin.

He shuddered when the warmth of the youngest's cock finally pressed between his thighs, high enough that the tip brushed against his own erection at the first thrust. For sure it wouldn't be enough to even bring him close to something, but it was still a nice feeling. He squeezed his legs tighter together, pulling a pleased hiss from the boy behind him. He turned his head a little to nip at the sensitive skin, making George jump under the sting. "Not to put any pressure on you, Gogy, but I swear if you don't get it right before Sapnap cum, you won't get to cum at all." The breathless chuckle of the younger wasn't loud enough to hide the whiny gasp of the older.

Deciding that maybe encouragement was what the Brith needed, he dipped his head to gently nose at the underside of his cock, humming in delight at the way his thighs jumped beside him, erection twitching wildly under the slightest of touch. He could see the way his chest rose, his whole body tensed with the need for more. He backed up, noting with a sadistic pleasure the way he was trembling with the effort to not grab at him. Trying so hard even if he didn't know if it would be rewarded in any way. The older's voice was shaky when he finally spoke again. "Don't... don't work when we set a lazy day?" Well, this was not part of the lesson he had in mind, but he wasn't totally wrong about that either. "Good point, but still not exactly there. There's one thing you di-"

He choked on his words, almost faceplanting on the older's belly, as fingers crept along his lower belly, brushing against his cock. He hadn't forgot about the boy behind him, but he sure did forget that he was also more than turned on, and did little to appease himself up until now. Not sensing any protest, the youngest wrapped his hands around him, pulling a moan from his throat. That was not exactly part of the plan, but he couldn't really say that he didn't enjoy it. It was a bit harder to focus on being mean, thought, but he gritted his teeth and pushed a bit more. "One thing you didn't mention yet, sweetheart. Gotta get that one if you want anything from me."

He couldn't say if it was to make his mind go awry and keep him from thinking, or to encourage some sort of flash of genius by sheer need, but he still decided to drop closer to his crotch, puffing air just above the tip of his cock, wicked tongue flicking at the slit. He had to say he was impressed by his self-control, even if the choked up cry was far from controlled, he still barely moved his hips. He could feel how his feet were digging in the mattress thought, how his fingers were pulling at the sheet with a desperation that almost made him feel bad. "C'mon Georgie, you know what you did." His voice was so low that it was almost a whisper, but he knew the brunet could still hear him.

He nuzzled against his lower stomach, panting a little from the pleasure he could feel rising with every twists of Sapnap's fingers around him. The younger was visibly pretty unconcerned by what would happen to the oldest if he was to actually come before he guessed right, fucking his thighs faster when he felt like it. There was a rumble over him and he heard the now very strained voice

of the Brit trying to articulate something. “D-don’t- don’t make promise-” He grinned a little, mouthing at the skin right under his navel, sucking a mark into the pale flesh. His mind was starting to get blurry, his voice getting caught in his throat as the taller brunet flicked his fingers along the tip of his cock, rubbing at his most sensitive spots. “Don’t make promise and not keep them-?”

He laughed, high and brittle, moving a little to lick a broad stripe along his dick, making the oldest jump and thrust up uncontrollably, his breath getting caught somewhere between his chest and his mouth. Sapnap grumbled a little behind him, like it somehow affected him that he finally got it right, but he didn’t say anything, too close to his own completion to really be unhappy anyway.

He finally got his mouth around the older’s cock right when Sapnap’s hips stuttered, the hand on his hips tightening as the one around his cock slackened slightly. The mix of cum and lube staining his thighs made him feel incredibly dirty, and not necessarily in a good way, but he couldn’t bring himself to mind more than half a second as the fingers around him regained some energy. He did his best to keep up with his task as he swallowed around the tip of the cock currently sitting on his tongue, pulling a ragged groan from the boy under him. He moaned weakly in return, shifting on his knees as the pleasure kept building, almost choking around him when Sapnap made use of his free hand, thumbing at the very sensitive skin of his perineum, setting him even more aflame.

It should have been a surprise that Sapnap’s hands were able to bring him so quickly to the edge of his orgasm, but it really wasn’t. What was surprising was the dedication he had to make him come as fast as he could, which was rare in itself. It was actually very rare that he allowed it to happen but, for once, it went along pretty well with his plan, so he couldn’t be mad about it. He let the pleasure wash over him without fighting it, letting go of the cock in his mouth and ignoring the protests of the older man. He bit into the Brit’s hipbone as he came, moaning around the skin between his teeth, thighs shaking with the force of it.

“Dream- Dream come on-” He huffed quietly at the whiny request, releasing his hold onto his skin and pushing himself back with trembling arms. He took a second to observe the boy laying under him, still keeping his hands to himself, still waiting for him, still trying to be good. He smiled fondly at him before pushing himself back firmly, getting onto his feet. There was a noise of confusion from the Brit that made him smile even more, but the fondness was gone this time, replaced with mischief. “I feel disgusting, I’m going to take another shower.” The sharp, surprised laugh of Sapnap was quieter than the loud wail of outrage from George. “W-What? A sho- what about me!?”

He lifted an eyebrow, tilting his head and looking at him like he didn’t understand what he was talking about. “What about you?” The Brit sputtered, offended. “I said- I learned the lesson, I understood- I did- what about me?” He repeated, wild eyes looking between him and Sapnap. He snorted, shrugging a shoulder nonchalantly. “Well, you do what you want at this point, Georgie.” “You said-” “I said that if you didn’t get the lesson, you wouldn’t get to cum. I never said that if you did I’d be the one to do it.”

As the older realized what he was saying, he both became even more enraged while his shoulders dropped in a resigned fashion. Then his eyes quickly shifted to the youngest, who jumped and cowered behind the tallest. He rolled his eyes at him and, true to his words, simply left for the shower he mentioned, ignoring the screams of terror from Sapnap and the yells of anger from George.

They could solve this themselves. He got what he wanted, and that's all that mattered to him.

3some - creature AU pt.2

Chapter Summary

Living with a demon and a walker had it's good days.

This was not one of them.

Or was it?

Chapter Notes

First of all, happy new year everyone! I hope you spent time with your family, either in person or on the phone (stay safe guys, no time to party).

Second, I did a part 2 of that AU because well, I really loved it, and I was inspired. So here it is! If you didn't read the first part (which is chapter 12) I'd really advise to do so, because a lot of the background is over there.

kinktober, day 20: creatures, double p, clones? (somehow)
characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & George

So as usual i hope you enjoy reading this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it, and please comment if you feel like it!

George didn't consider himself to be stupid. He didn't think of himself as particularly smart, or clever, or anything like that, really, but at least not downright dumb. What he did consider himself, thought, was to be a horrible decision taker, which made him look like an idiot most of the time, and think of himself as one all of the time. He had a list, clear and concise, noted in a neat handwriting in the small notebook he had hidden in one of his desk drawers. He might had been out of his mind with exhaustion and probably still high on Sapnap's pheromones when he wrote it, but he still kept it, because it made sense to him. He would read it sometimes just to remind himself that he needed to make better decisions, and that he needed to stop being so fucking naive toward his two roommates.

1. Agreeing to live with Dream.

First, and probably worst decision. It basically was the source of the rest of the list, so he considered it major. And it was also pretty evident. Dream was a co-walker, a predator that stalked him with the intent to take his place in the world. He had agreed to let him stay even if he was fully aware of how it could have ended, if Dream hadn't decided that his pitiful life was so sad and lonely that he needed company from the creature that wanted to initially kill him.

2. Deciding to find a bigger place.

He hadn't needed that. It was mainly for Dream's sake, which was really stupid, because the walker wasn't really helping with anything except providing the stuff he wanted. Didn't pay rent or food or electricity, but bought a huge TV and the latest consoles, a gaming computer that he really didn't need for what he was using it for, a couch that was so comfortable that you basically melted in as soon as you sat. He also pitched in for the wifi, but just because he had wanted a better one, and George couldn't afford it. So moving to a bigger place? Not even close to be what he needed, nor wanted. And also, it brought problem number three.

3. Agreeing to have a demon as a roommate.

Sapnap wasn't that bad, if he had to say it. Okay, no need to lie to himself, he was pretty terrible, but not for the reasons one would usually think. He really had no problem about the fact that he was a demon, not even that he was a damn lust demon, but he couldn't get over how Dream and him built such a strong connection so fast. And he wasn't jealous! Or at least barely jealous. Anyway they spent more time acting like two quarrelling brothers than anything else, so he couldn't exactly be unhappy about that. But the fact that Dream now had a teammate when it came to annoy and bully him.. that was a problem.

4. Being an adult and talk about problems.

Yes. The whole lust demon period of the month thing. That problem. If he just had shut his mouth when Sapnap had skipped on their movie marathon, nothing would have had happened. But he did, and since he did, of course Dream would want to barge into it without any kind of finesse, because for some sort of weird reasoning that he definitely did not want to analyze, the walker couldn't bear the fact that George was sometimes upset about things. So when George was upset, he took upon himself to find solutions, and to find them now. Which was usually nice, even if he did went overboard more than half of the time, but wasn't so nice when it meant jumping at the face of a demon to demands explanations.

5. ~~Agreeing to have a lust demon as a roommate.~~ Leaving conversations before they are done.

See decision three, but with a twist. And he knew that he couldn't kick Sapnap out just because he was who he was, and he had learned to appreciate the little shit during those few first months, but it was still a bad decision nonetheless. He didn't regret that he let him stay, because it would have been atrocious of him to reject his presence for something he couldn't control, but he should have thought about it more carefully. Or at least realized how stupid it was to leave the conversation when Dream looked so damn pleased about this information. Thus why the correction was added,

because it would have ended very differently if he hadn't left. Or at least he liked to think so.

6. Thinking that it would be a one time thing.

That one was the last, and obviously not a decision in itself. But the sentence was more than enough to remind him why, exactly, he had written it.

It honestly had been a joyful few days of absolutely refusing to see anyone, to the point where he slept at a friend's place, shaking with anxiety when he mumbled about how his shower was broken and he had been asked to find a place for a week. Running away had always been his first answer, followed right up by hiding, and in that moment, it felt like he had no other choice, as he was in complete denial of what had happened.

He should honestly have known better than to think his personal stalker wouldn't be able to find him.

They had been studying with a classmate when his friend had left to go meet with his girlfriend, telling them to continue without him. He had merely shrugged and wished him a good evening, returning to his own work without a worry. He should have been worried, thought, because the second the door closed behind him, the other student had him pinned against the couch they were sitting on, a hand reaching for his own face.

He watched with absolute horror as the human traits melted off the white porcelain of a very well known mask, barely daring to breathe. It hadn't been the first time he'd seen it, but it had been a really, really long time since the last time it happened. And to be fair? It was kind of very troubling to see, especially when you knew the person usually wearing that face.

And it was probably worse this time, since he also knew the creature under the mask.

And was trying to hide from him.

The crude smile had a menacing curve to it, somehow, the mask expressive in a way that he never really understood. They had stared at each other in silence for a long moment, before there was a shift in the walker's appearance, a wave that pulled at his limbs until they reached their usual size, a shadow over his face still mostly hidden by the mask, a change of shade in his hair as they lost some of their darker tones, growing longer in a way that made George look away uneasily. The transformations weren't noisy, but it felt weirdly distressing to watch a human body change in such

a way.

Then he pulled the mask away and stormy, amber (green green green) eyes stared at him from above. “Get your shit, we’re going home.” The tone was awfully neutral, but left no place for debate or protest. They both stayed still for a moment, one waiting to see if the other would say something, and said other trying to come up with something to say. But nothing happened, and soon enough they were both out of the apartment, a small note left on the counter to thank George’s temporary host of his generosity and all the belongings he had brought safely packed in his bag.

The drive home had been so, so awkward, the silence heavy and filled with negativity, George curled on himself in the passenger seat while Dream worked tense fingers around the steering wheel.

They hadn’t talked about it.

Sapnap wasn’t there when he got home, and after making sure he was not going to run away again, Dream locked himself in his room. The following day, George was welcomed like he always was before that fateful weekend, Sapnap having made breakfast for him as Dream was puttering around, the tension from the previous day entirely drained out of his system as he joked and offered George to drive him to school.

So he followed their lead and they didn’t talk about it, acting like nothing ever happened. And it was fine by him! It was a bit weird, and he was always a bit more careful, but it was fine. It was all dandy until a month passed, and things started to become weird again. Of course it would, because Sapnap couldn’t exactly control the way his body worked, and it had to happen, but he was trying to ignore it so hard that when it dropped on him, it was already too late.

Waking up with the demon’s tongue in his mouth after this whole month of careful ignorance of what happened had been quite a shock, he had to admit. There was absolutely no hesitation either, no holding back of anything in the way Sapnap grabbed at him, hungry and rough, looking so damn pleased with himself when he saw the dazed look on the human’s face.

It had been so naive of him to think he would be out of the wood just because the two creatures decided to humor him in his need to hide from the situation. Of course they wouldn’t let him run when it came down to the root of it. Why would they do? They didn’t exactly care for his denial. The walker knew him enough to actually *be* him, and the demon could literally smell how okay he was with it. Stupid things like morality and social opinion didn’t affect them.

So it had happened again.

And again, the following month.

And the month after.

The routine of spending almost three full days in bed with his roommates, followed by a month of complete denial about it, started getting annoying after the third month. At least for Dream, who now didn't care about mention it anywhere and anytime, even if George still couldn't look at them in the eyes for hours after any comment, and Sapnap just basically didn't care about fake-hiding it anymore, since Dream wasn't either.

And it wasn't just the talking. It was the fleeting touches, too. The two creatures had suddenly started to get a lot more handsy with him. Nothing purposefully sexual, thought. But he had to admit that it'd been a long time since the last time he really was intimate with someone outside of the monthly demon-sex weekend, as they now dubbed it, and sometimes even just a hand on his hips or a pat on his head was enough to make him flare up. He didn't know if the walker really was aware of it, but the demon certainly was, eyeing him with hunger, a crooked smirk on his lips every time it happened.

And still, with the shreds of innocence left in him, he had thought with certainty that out of those bouts of pheromone filled days, nothing out of the ordinary would happen to him.

Just another thing that he would have to write down in his notebook.



His hand was on the handle of the door, eyes staring at it without actually seeing, his whole body frozen in place. He blinked once, twice, his fingers twitching around the cold metal as his brain seemed to reboot. It had been unconscious, a sudden wave of nerve wracking apprehension stopping him from opening the same door he opened time and time again since he moved there. He shuddered, eyes lowering toward the handle like it had the answers to his questions.

Living with two supernaturals might have influenced his intuition somehow, because since he started living with Dream, his sense of wrongness had grown more than double its size, his brain screaming at him to step back, turn on his heels and run the fuck away. Which was very curious, because sure it had happened a few times that his mind decided to screech to a halt and keep him

from doing something, but it had never been around the two others. And there was absolutely no chance that a stranger could have gotten in, either, so this was weird.

But while his head was trying to get him to leave, it didn't feel as urgent as it did when a man had offered him a drink at a club. Or that time when he was hesitating to take a shortcut through the park during the night. If there was any danger, it wasn't that bad. Which made absolutely no sense to him. But he knew his senses went haywire when the demon started leaking pheromones, or when Dream started fidgeting with his mask, so maybe one of them was doing something his brain caught onto before he could even see it.

Anyway, he didn't really have anywhere else to go. And he knew for a fact that Dream was staying home all day, so if anything happened, the walker would be there to help him. Right?

He pushed the door open, stepping in the apartment and, once again, instantly stilling, a hand keeping the door open as his body refused to let him close it. He had to take a deep breath to calm his nerves before his fingers slowly release their hold, letting the door close quietly behind him. He dropped his bag on the floor and slipped his shoes off, careful to not make any noise. The apartment was eerily still, no one in sight and no noise to indicate that someone actually there. It wouldn't be too surprising if Dream decided to take a nap, but it felt different than the usual warm, calm silence of their home.

Most lights were on, a sign that Sapnap was probably there, since he was the one always forgetting to close them behind him, but beside that, nothing. He exhaled shakily, still on edge with how his brain was playing trick. The shadows looked deeper than usual, like the light had a hard time reaching in the corners, covering parts of the wall and the floor in a thick blanket of darkness. He licked his lips nervously, taking a shaky step toward the living room, peeking around the corner. No sign of life there. He stared at the pitch black shadow projected by the small shelf on the wall, shakily reaching up and pressing his fingers against the darkness. He scoffed at himself when he felt nothing different, the wall cold and slightly rough under his fingerpads.

Of course it wouldn't feel any different. What was he thinking exactly?

Shaking himself out of his stupor, he walked toward his room, still confused about the lack of sounds. "Dream?" He called out, wincing as his voice rang around the apartment, so loud in comparison to the heavy silence. "Sapnap?" He added in a lower tone, not quite at talking level but almost. No one answered, still. He huffed, wariness slowly ebbing away as irritation seeped in. Ignoring his own room, he knocked at the closed door of Dream's one, the closest to his. No answer. He caught the handle and pressed against it, but it didn't budge. The door was locked.

Okay. Probably napping in that case. Nothing to worry about. He turned tried Sapnap's one, with the same result. Which was very strange, considering that the demon was really not the type to

nap. He pinched his lips, eyebrows furrowing in both worry and annoyance.

Something was definitely weird, and he didn't like it one bit.

A chill ran down his spine and he turned toward the small corridor leading to the main door, brain suddenly empty of all thought beside blaring alarms, but nothing was in his vision. He shook his head again, pinching his arm in hopes the pain would push him out of that weird mental state he was in, and gave up searching for his friends, deciding to retreat into the comfort of his room.

He almost slammed the door in his haste, fiddling with the lock for a few seconds before remembering that he had decided to not replace it the last time it was broken, since Dream had started to rip the door right off the hinges when he couldn't get in. He pressed his forehead against it, trying to shake the feeling of unease that was still coursing through his blood.

There was a small moment of calm before his mind suddenly reeled, senses lighting up like he was about to have to fight for his life, right as a weird, unnatural popping noise disturbed the quiet of his room. He tried to whip around but found himself unable to do so, hands stuck to where they were still pressed against the door. He glanced at them, a strangled sound dying in his throat as he saw dark, shadow fingers wrapped around his hands in a mockery of a loving handhold, keeping him in place.

Heart beating wildly from the scare and mind divided between alarm and anger, he twisted his head around to look behind him, a sneer on his lips. "Sapnap, what th—" He choked on his words as his eyes fell upon the person behind him.

With how often he preferred to forget how his relation with Dream started, he would never forget those dangerous, predatory eyes the walker had when he was hunting. Before taking the decision to join him instead of killing him, Dream always had those dark, endless eyes that screamed at him to run as far as he could. Only he could see them, at that time, the pits of abyss, inhuman, empty. He had seen them on his own face, as the monster was trying to replicate him, to mock him, torture him with the fact that he would, sooner or later, replace him.

That time was far away, now, and he didn't feel the same kind of terror he did in the past, but he still knew what those eyes meant, even if he didn't know the implications it brought.

The walker was using his powers.

Which was a very strange thing, considering that when he usually did, the mask over his face served as a protection to hide these very obvious supernatural traits. So where was the mask now? And what was the point of using his power if he kept that same face he stole ages ago? That made no sense. And where was Sapnap? The shadow hands were clearly his, he couldn't be mistaken for that, but he wasn't anywhere in sight. He jumped as his hands were pulled higher by his own shadow, up and high until his chest was tightly pressed against the door, balancing himself on his tiptoe to keep the strain in his shoulders bearable. "Dream- what is going on? Where's Sapnap? What are you doing?" His voice had a tint of hysteria, his cheek pressed to the wood as he tried to glance behind himself, more confused than anything at this point. His breath caught in his throat as he heard a chuckle, not from behind him but from his bed, which he couldn't see from his angle.

It was all the more unnerving that he could tell that the owner of that chuckle was in fact, Dream. But Dream was behind him. Dream was behind him and also on the bed and Sapnap was nowhere in sight and-

And Dream was using his powers.

"Did you- did you gave your fucking mask to Sapnap?" Both male laughed at this, slightly different but with the same tonality, the same vocal chords, and similar in a way that made him absolutely unable to know which one was the real one. "What is wrong with you guys? What are you playing at?" Silence answered him, which made him squirm in irritation as he started to understand why his brain was so keen on him leaving before anything could happen.

He jumped and tensed as a hand pressed under his shirt without a warning, sliding along the curve of his spine until it reached the collar, popping out of the material, fingers spreading over his nape in something more possessive than comforting. "Well you see, we were talking for a while, and we realized some things." The one behind him started. There was a quiet shuffle, and barely audible steps toward him coming from his bed. He tried to turn his head again, but the hand on his nape tightened, fingers reaching for the side of his jaw and pressing firmly to keep it on the opposite side. "First thing we realized, is that there's an inexcusable lack of, how to say that without being too crude." There was a dark, condescending cackle from the one he couldn't see, who continued in place of the other. "A lack of sex. We don't get to play with you out of those weekends."

He swallowed thickly, shivering a little at the meaning behind those words. His next breath was a bit shaky, but he ignored it, shifting and slightly wincing at the pull of his arms. "But you don't *need* me out of those weekends." He answered dryly, looking up to see that the shadows had grown in size, dark fingers elongated into claws that reached past his wrists. "Need? We're not all about need, Georgie. We also *want* things. For fun. For pleasure." The voice had dipped low, caressing in a way that made him tilt his head toward his shoulder, as if he could keep it from entering his ear.

The hold on his arms suddenly slackened as the hand was ripped out of his shirt, making him stumble back into a firm chest, but the reprieve was short as he was spun around, making him

dizzy with the sudden rush of movements. He reached for the taller man to stabilize himself but his wrists were pulled to his back as something latched around his knees, making him buckle and fall, leaving him kneeling in front of one of his friend. Looking up, he finally could take in the sight of the two identical males in front of him, both dressed in very similar fashion, both with eyes that would make any sane person run away.

It was probably fair to say that George could not be considered sane anymore.

“See, George.” The closest one started, slowly crouching to get down to his level. His fingers slipped under his chin to make sure he wouldn’t look away, but the small brunet probably wouldn’t have anyway, unable to tear his gaze away from the man in front of him. “We were talking, yeah? And one of us knows things, you know? Knows things that you’re trying to keep hidden, little things and little desires that you keep for yourself instead of sharing with us.” His face was probably burning at this point, but he couldn’t really tell with the warmth that was starting to envelop his whole body, his lips parting unconsciously as his breath became a bit more uneven. “I don’t-” “Don’t lie to us.” His eyes shifted to the second man, still standing tall above them, his hands comfortably crossed over his chest, posture lax and easy.

It was so unnerving to not know. They both acted so much like each other, even without being completely identical, in a way that made him impossible to guess which one was who. He knew it was mostly because of the mask, the damn mask that he knew contained information about the face a walker would borrow, for them to insert themselves easily into the life of their victim.

“Eyes on me George.” His eyes flickered back obediently toward the blonde right in front of him, keeping his mouth shut. “You kept things from us even as you knew you were discovered.” The hand under his chin shifted to cup his cheek, his thumb following the graceful curve of his cheekbone. “Your human mind is annoying, Georgie. We know you want us, and still you keep yourself away. So scared. So selfish.” He made a noise of protest but he was quickly silenced when two fingers pressed against his pulse, a clear warning.

The fact that it just made him warmer proved that there was definitely something wrong with him.

“So we came up with a, ah, small game. To help you warm up to us, you see?” He didn’t see, no. Wasn’t he warm enough already? They really didn’t have to make it harder for him. Still, he didn’t say anything, only blinking up at him and waiting for the follow up. The blonde smiled pleasantly, tilting his head. He felt a small tug at his wrists, a sharper presence around them like the hold tightened, pulling him down until he was sitting on his legs instead of kneeling up. The second man also crouched, almost draped over the closest one’s back, and smirked at him. “We’re gonna play a guessing game, Georgie. Because I know you have wanted me for longer, and I want to prove that I can claim you better.”

If his face could burst on the spot, it probably would. His eyes went round and he stared at the man for a few seconds, completely thrown by the sudden statement. The other snorted and rolled his eyes, pressing his fingers on his cheek, thumb sliding down to caress his bottom lip, getting his attention back to him. “Don’t listen to him. For sure you know that I am the real one. After all, I’ve known you for the longest. I’ve been watching you for so long, I know how to make you mine.”

A guessing game.

A fucking guessing game.

And in more way than just swearing at the game, apparently, because fucking was clearly intended in that situation.

“What- no, how is that- how is that fair-” He sputtered weakly, pulling at his wrists as if it would help anything. It wasn’t fair, what would happen if he was wrong? What would happen if he was right? And most of all, how dare they use his weird attraction to the walker against him like that?

And it wasn’t a surprise for him that they knew. Of course they did, from the first time Sapnap outed him while mentioning the tension between them. It wasn’t like he could hide it from him, and it wasn’t like he could make Dream forget what had been said. But he had been careful to hide it as much as possible, and after a couple of months, he couldn’t even deny that they were now mostly equal in his desires, and the demon had to know that.

He also kept forgetting that they didn’t care for that type of stuff like humans usually did. The walker was the first one in his life, Sapnap had mentioned once, and so it made sense for him that he had unequal attraction for them. He didn’t mind. More than that, he literally did not care. He could feel how George wanted him now, which was all that mattered to him.

But still! They couldn’t ask that from him. Could they?

Like they felt his unease about it, they were quick to shut it down. “Stop thinking, George.” “Play the game, stop thinking and play it. We don’t care about the results, we only care about what lead to them.” He whined quietly, lowering his eyes for a second, still hesitant. But they were done with their reassurances, and done waiting for him to make his mind.

It was surprisingly easy to let his lips fall open as a mouth pressed against him, bold tongue pressing into him without a hint of patience. He would have thought that the lack of pheromones

being forced into his body would make him less receptive, or more careful, but it actually felt so natural to tilt his head back, his shoulders losing their tension as the man in front of him shifted to kneel in front of him, hands hooking in the crook of his knees to pull him over his thighs. His biceps flexed as his first reflex was to try and throw his arms around the other man, but the hold around his wrists held tight.

A hand third hand latched onto his hair and forcefully pulled him away from the kiss he was in the middle of, leaving him panting and confused until his head was turned sideways, another pair of lips catching his own in a kiss that was as ardent, but a bit slower, deeper. He moaned quietly, hands twitching in his back, the warmth spreading through his body and starting to grow in intensity. Nothing like the sudden inferno of the pheromones, but probably worse as he could feel himself get dragged down into madness, instead of forcefully being pushed into it in a matter of seconds.

He sighed as a hand made its way along his thigh, starting at the knee to get at his hips, fingertips sliding under the hem of his shirt to rub at the patch of skin right above his jeans. It was nothing, really, barely any touch compared to what he was used to, but it was enough to make him shudder, eyes closing as he started to focus on their hands instead of trying to keep up with reality.

He was tossed out of his new found serenity quick enough, thought, as the other pair of hands grabbed at his shirt, lifting it and breaking the kiss he had been enjoying until then. There was a double noise of protest that made the other man grin without any hint of apology. The shirt slide off his arms without a problem, slipping through the shadow grip like it didn't exist. Which was technically the case, but he didn't really want to think about how all that magic worked, not with his brain already half mush.

Hands were suddenly all over him, making him jump in surprise. One sliding along his back, curling into the hair on the back of his skull to bring him back against the lips of the one he was currently sitting on, another pushing in the back of his pants with a hint of possessiveness, a third one lightly scratching at his skin until it reached for a nipple, the thumb lightly toying with it in an almost absentminded manner, the fourth following the discreet trail of hair low on his stomach until it reached the button of his pants, popping it open without hesitation.

It probably would have been more than overwhelming if the trio wasn't already used to each other in such ways. It was still a lot, in a very short amount of time, and being the sole focus of two men that were irritatingly good with their hands, and mouths, and everything else, was still a lot to handle. And the fact that he could only sit there and take it, legs spread and without any support, hands stuck behind his back, it just made it worst.

The kiss was broken again by the third party, but this time he was not pulled in another one right away. He stared into the voided out eyes questioningly, waiting for what was to come, but the two others exchanged a glance, one nodding while the other was rolling his eyes in frustration. Their

hands were still on his skin, heavy in their presence but useless in their lack of movements.

Then they left him, pulling a whine out of him before he could even try and stop it, but contrary to his worries, there was no mocking laugh or degrading smirk. They seemed single minded as they shuffled around, hands reaching and grabbing and pulling until he was pressed against a chest, legs curled around a waist, arms around him to keep him from falling off as he was lifted up. He gasped and pressed his face against his neck, uncomfortable about the fact that he couldn't grab at him to keep himself up.

Even if there was honestly very little chance that he would be dropped. Ripping a door off its hinges probably requested more strength than keeping him up.

Or he could actually be in Sappnap's arms, and the demon's brute force was almost equal to the walker's one. So no risk on that side either.

He was carefully deposited on the bed, the hold around his wrists snapping in half as his arms were pulled up, forcing him down on the bed, hands stuck to the pillows with a weight that felt real without actually being real. He blinked up at the twin-like men, eyes dropping as he caught a glint, like a reflection of light over something shiny. He was taken aback when one of them pulled a small glass container, a thick, very familiar looking fluid filling it. The reddish orange color of it was very obvious. The razor sharp smirks they gave him were almost terrifying. "We had to work hard to get this out of the production period." One of them mentioned with a lilt to their tone.

The implication almost made him drool, images of the demon being teased and fucked until he produced enough pheromones to fill the container flashing behind his eyelids. He must have made a noise because they cooed mockingly at him, shuffling on the bed until they were on both side of him. "But see, doll, we really needed it because we have a very special treat for you tonight." Hands were back on him, unzipping his pants and pulling them down, getting rid of his socks and then taking care of his underwear, leaving him bare under their eyes. He shivered, pressing his thighs together, still a bit too level minded to not feel self conscious. But he didn't get to hide, apparently, and he jumped as two new shadow hands seemed to reach out of his bed to grab at his legs, the inky darkness a stark contrast over the milky white of his thighs.

He whimpered, strangely even more turned out at the thought of being completely helpless, biting his lips as hands started trailing slowly over him, goosebumps following every touch. "Since we are playing a guessing game, we didn't want you to have a way of knowing with the way we fucked you, you know? We both have certain weaknesses that you could catch on, so to make it fair..." There was a moment of silence, and George could not understand for the life of him where they were trying to get to. He flickered his eyes from one to the other, obviously confused, until the one on his right snorted and grinned down at him lecherously. "To make it fair, we decided that the only way to go was to go both at the same time."

There was a silence, a small moment where they left him time to think and wrap his mind around what had just been said. When he finally caught up, after a few reboot and denial, he couldn't decide what reaction to have. Of course he was scared, absolutely horrified at the idea, his brain blaring alarms again and trying to make him back down. But his body flared up, and he had no way of hiding how his cock twitched at the idea, the redness of his face spreading down his neck and reaching the top of his torso, thighs shaking as he tried to close them down once again at the wave of torturous want that washed over him.

“You want it, Georgie? You want us both to make you feel good, to fill you up together?” The purr in his voice was maddening, and he fought himself for another few seconds, refusing to acknowledge his desire for such thing. They didn't seem to mind, thought, looking at each other again before one of them nodded, the other one smirking in delight before dropping his eyes back on him. He was very deliberate as he opened the glass container, dipping his fingers into it. “Don't worry Georgie, we made it just the right concentration to let you enjoy it without losing it.”

Bold assumption from them, considering he was already losing it at this point.

A fleeting touch to his cock made him moan pitifully, eyes falling onto the man on his left, who was shifting to lower himself over him, fingers trailing along the sensitive skin of his erection as he caught his lips in a rough kiss, drinking in his moans as another hand reached between his spread thighs, a slick finger pushing in without a warning.

The effect of the demon pheromones was almost immediate, but in a much tamer way than he was used to. The hot rush through his vein was barely felt as he was already engulfed by the warmth growing into a fire. He was also already so turned on that the burst of sensitiveness wasn't so shocking, merely added to the receptivity he already had. He could, however, very distinctively feel the way his muscles turned to jelly, relaxing slowly but surely.

He could still feel everything very clearly, but could also feel how easy it was for one finger to switch to two, then three, in a matter of few minutes. He knew the other man was carefully avoiding his prostate, probably to not overwhelm him, or to not make him come before they could get into him. Which was also probably why the hand on his dick barely brushed against him, thumbing at the base and lazily toying with the tip, but nothing that would really bring him close to anything.

A loud moan was ripped from him when a fourth finger was tentatively pushed inside him, his eyes widening at the feeling. Of course he had understood the implications of them 'going at the same time' but it was very different to actually *feel* those implications. He instinctively tried to reach for them, whining high and breathless when he was cruelly reminded that he was not allowed to touch them. The lips that were now attached to his neck curved in a smirk before teeth sunk in the skin,

making him yelp and arch, the pain only adding to the pleasure at this point. “You like that, Georgie? You like it when he bites you? You’re squeezing my fingers so hard when he does it.”

A tongue lapped at the teeth marks imprinted on his throat before seeking another spot to claim, lips moving against him as he whispered for only his ears to catch. “Like it when I mark you up, angel? When I put my claim on you, when I show off that you’re mine?” He shuddered hard at this, panting heavily, trying to find words to answer, only to throw his head back and cry out helplessly as the fingers inside him finally curved up, pressing against his prostate in a way that made his thighs quake, stomach jumping as he unconsciously pushed his hips down, seeking more.

It seemed to be what the other needed to deem him ready, pulling his fingers out, ignoring the desperate cry of the human. He was pulled up, shadows giving in and leaving him free, at least for a little while. He flipped position with the one that was leaving bites all over his skin, the man laying under him as he was pulled over, laying chest to chest with him. He couldn’t help but roll his hips as the feeling of his cock so nicely pressed between them, but was quickly stopped by hands on his hips. He whined but let himself be guided, turning his head and watching in light confusion as the man kneeling behind him pressed normal looking gel on his fingers, instead of the brightly colored fluid produced by the demon. “Don’t want one of us to lose it while we’re fucking you, Georgie.”

Fair.

He dropped his head onto the chest in front of him as he felt a cock starting to breach him, uselessly slowly, hands pulling him down until he was seated right up to the base. He shared a breathless groan with the creature under him, shivering at the lack of stimulation. It was very strange, to be waiting when there was absolutely no pain or discomfort, his whole body shivering with anticipation. He sucked in a breath when he felt the pressure of a second dick against his hole, tensing as much as his jellied muscles allowed him to.

And then nothing.

Nothing?

He turned his head again, eyebrows scrunching in confusion, body so ready that he could barely handle himself. “What-” “Well, Georgie. I know we take a lot of things from you without asking, but I think this is a good moment to wait for your approval.” The short brunet stayed completely still for a long minute, only snapping out of it as the men under him hissed in impatience, rolling his hips against him just so, his cock dragging heavy inside him. He keened trying to move in turn, but the feeling of the shadow restrains grabbed at his legs and hips, forcing his thighs to spread wide enough that he had absolutely no way of grinding down.

“No, no no- come on, I- yes, you can- please, do it-” A cruel chuckle was all that answered him, the pressure against him growing for a quick second but relenting before it could slide in. “I can what, Georgie?” He whined, hands grabbing at the pillow on each side of the man under him, trying to get pity from him but seeing the sickening pleasure he was getting from the whole thing. He growled irritably, snapping his eyes back at the other one. “Fuck me. You can fuck me.” “Oh? But I’m already fucking you, ain’t I?” If he had the strength to punch him, he would. But it would in now way be satisfying in this situation, and he just couldn’t. Wait. Anymore. “Both, I need both of you to fuck me, please, Dream, I can’t-”

His voice cut into a strangled scream as the second cock finally pushed inside him, pain flashing up his spine in a way that made him arch, shaking with the intensity of it. A hand grabbed at his head and pulled it backward, fingers slipping between his parted lips and pressing in deep, a shocking sweetness coating them in a very familiar way. He didn’t even need to be told to suck at them greedily, the fluid acting fast and erasing the sharp edge of the pain, smoothing it down until it was merely a buzz under his skin.

As soon as they felt him relax again, there was no stopping it. He was lost between the rolls and snaps of hips, the careful thrusts quickly losing any kind of gentleness as his voice rose around the fingers still stuffed down his mouth.

It was a completely new feeling, a bit too much and a bit not enough, so much pleasure that it went way past normal sensitivity, pushing him into oversensitiveness before he even got close to his orgasm.

The man under him chased the hands that were on him, cupping his cheeks and bringing him close to his face, their breath mingling together. “Who am I, baby? Say my name, c’mon, moan for me.” George whined, low and broken, lips chasing after his but being denied. “Guessing time, pretty, tell me, I know you know, tell me-” The brunet moaned, almost sobbing, hands grabbing at the blonde strands and pulling. “Sa- Sapnap, sapnap- fuck- please, please kiss-” The man groaned and caught his lips in a harsh kiss, full of teeth and tongue with little to no finesse. The kiss was momentarily broken as the blonde kneeling reached out pressing his hand against the other one’s forehead, and George could barely see through the tears in his eyes it was easy to guess what was happening as the color faded from white porcelain, the contour of the mask clear over tanned skin before it was ripped away.

Sapnap reached out again, grabbing at him and pulling him right back against his lips, Dream dropping the mask without a care as he littered the back of the small brunet with dark bruises and bite marks.

It was unclear who came first, the chain reaction too quick to really allow any strong evidence. The

blonde had pulled the smaller body down over their cock, grinding up into him until the human started shaking, thighs quaking in their shadow bindings as his insides clamped hard around them. The mix of Sapnap's shaky moan, George's shattered wail and Dream's satisfied groan filled the room, the two creatures remorselessly filling him with their cum as the human painted the demon's stomach with his own.

Dream muttered small nothings into the smaller man ear as they carefully pulled out of him, hands petting his shaking body, massaging lightly the muscles of his thighs and arms from the strain of being pulled at by the shadow hands. They let the silence settle in for a while, making sure the human was okay after all this, Sapnap stumbling out of the bed to get wipes, Dream collecting the brunet against him to keep him warm. They weren't exactly the best at aftercare, since their absence of actual humanity made it hard for them to understand what kind of needs the actual human could have, but they did what they could.

When they were finally clean and settled into Dream's bed, since George's bed sheets were now in the laundry, Sapnap decided to take his chance. "So... how did you guess?" The walker snorted, rolling his eyes, as the human hummed quietly, opening his eyes to look at the demon. "Sap... I knew as soon as you called me doll. You both call me georgie sometimes, but only you give me pet names like that." The walker laughed at that, shoulders shaking as he poked the demon's forehead with a delighted smile. "You owe me three weeks of blowjob, Sappy nappy. I told you you'd fuck up." The demon whined in distress, hiding his face in the neck of the human.

"George, it's your fault, you're giving him half of those blowjobs!"

"Wha-!"

3some - skirt sunday

Chapter Summary

Sapnap is an uncomfortable young man with a different opinion in clothes than some others.

Dream and George are just some incredible friends.

And then it got both better and worse.

Chapter Notes

Fuck gender roles and gendering clothes. Boys in skirts? Yes please. Girls in skirts? Yes please. Non-binary people in skirts? Also a big ass yes. Everything in between and then some more in skirts? Banger

Kinktober, day 21; boys in skirts, lingerie, rimming
characters involved; Sapnap & George & Dream

took quite a bit to write that one, my head is getting pulled in all directions with the sudden burst of inspiration I got so it made it very hard to focus on this project, hope you'll still like it, and, as usual, please comment if you feel like it!

It had started a while ago, before the first discussion about moving together, before the first time they actually hinted about more than friendship, before they even blew up on youtube. It started when Sapnap was still a teen, shy and uncomfortable with himself, eyes wide and trusting when they video called him. It started when George was still too anxious to stream with his facecam on but wouldn't think twice before facetimeing with them, half naked in bed with his hair all over the place and his eyes still bleary from sleep. It started before Dream decided to show his face to the youngest, his presence only a voice and a laugh out of their speakers, but still calming and reassuring in a way that no one in their life had made them feel.

It had happened when Sapnap had called them, teary eyed and red in the cheeks, shakily telling them about things like clothing preferences, judgment and mockery. He hadn't even thought twice before confessing it to them, because he trusted them so implicitly that he knew they wouldn't reject him for that. And they didn't. They let him talk, shushed him and chatted calmly and quietly until the youngest fell asleep, exhausted.

And so Dream had decided to make a tradition for him, to make him feel better about himself, and

also because why not? It looked like fun.

And so they started Skirt Sundays.

As the name indicated, every sunday was a skirt day. At first it was mainly to support the youngest, to make him feel accepted and comfortable. George would video call them from his room, his door locked to not be questioned by his parents, skirt swishing as he paced around the room. Sapnap would be laughing, sometimes showing off his new addition to his clothes collection, sometimes keeping the camera above his waist if it was a bad day. Dream would send a picture of the skirt he had stolen from one of his sisters, uncaring as he walked around his house in full view of his family, the offended screams of said sister following him when he ran back up to his room with the snacks he went to grab.

They kept on doing it, and they never missed a sunday.

Sapnap was 17 when he started trying to go out in public with his favorite skirt on. Dream had been going out for a while with the skirts he had started to buy, absolutely careless about opinions. He had also started sending them pictures of his chosen outfits. George could still remember the sputters of Sapnap when he went out partying on a sunday, dressed in a high waisted mini-skirt and a crop top showing off his freckled arms. He had been the star of the party, apparently, no one daring to tell him anything with the amount of confidence he exuded. George, on his part, had barely agreed to go out of his room on these days, but agreed to go in public to support the youngest.

George was 23 when he realized that he wasn't exactly unaffected by the pictures he continuously received of Sapnap showing off his new skirts, thighs peeking under the flowing material. And Dream, that stupid blonde boy who had recently decided to expand his wardrobe, matching loose shirts with tight leather skirts. It had been a fleeting thought before, that maybe he shouldn't be staring that much at those pictures he received almost daily now, but it was something he couldn't control. He didn't mention it, but did start to be a bit more daring with his own pictures, swapping leggings for thigh-highs, blushing at the drooling emojis he received in answer.

Dream had only realized his attraction for the two others when George did. It wasn't shocking, since it had always been there, somewhere in the corner of his mind. He didn't change much, really, when he decided to just accept it and go with it. His compliments switched from "you look good" and "nice choice" to "fuck you're pretty" and "that's hot". Not that he didn't think that

before, he just hadn't let himself say those things, and now seeing the flushed face of Sapnap when he was complimented so directly, or the slightly panicked but clearly pleased look of George, he knew he was right to so.

It was on his 19th birthday that Sapnap started planning to move out of his house. He didn't have any problem with his family, but he needed his space, and more than that, he needed his friends. Moving to Dream should honestly have been more difficult than it had been. Talking about it had been easy, planning had been easy, moving had been easy, telling George had been surprisingly easy. The oldest had told them he was sorry that he couldn't help, but there was absolutely nothing negative in his reaction.

What he didn't know was that the two others were also planning things behind his back.

Around three months later, Dream dragged Sapnap to the airport with the excuse of driving one of his mom's friends to her place. They had stopped for a quick breakfast, grabbed a coffee on the way and waited in the station, the youngest already bored out of his mind. He didn't know why the blonde had insisted that he come with him, when he could have stayed at home and played some video games, but he could understand not wanting to wait all alone. He wasn't listening but the flight they were waiting for must have been called, since the older got up and pulled him toward the arrival exit.

The surprise on the young brunet's face when he caught sight of his second best friend in the crowd was priceless, Dream making sure to take as many pictures as he could while the texan ran at the Brit, grabbing him in a bone breaking hug.

And now, almost a week later, was their first Sunday together.

Sapnap was honestly doubtful about this Sunday. He had woken up early enough, took his shower and started rummaging through his drawers as per usual, before stopping in his tracks. Sure, they had still done their tradition when he moved here. Dream even had him choose his outfit a few times, and they were still over the phone talking to George, the Brit on his side of the planet, but maybe it would be different now. He really hoped it wouldn't change anything, but his brain got stuck on the fact that he might, in a very near future, see the smaller brunet in a skirt, right in front of him.

Which was a problem.

Dream and Sapnap had danced around each other for a long two weeks before deciding that they didn't actually want to keep their hands away from each other. Sapnap was pretty sure he wouldn't be able to keep the act up for that long when it came to the oldest. And something told him that Dream would have as much of a hard time as him to try and resist, especially since, unlike him, the blonde boy was completely certain that the Brit was in fact also attracted to them. He wasn't so sure about that himself, but if the tallest wanted to hit a wall, it was his own choice.

He finally chose a casual skirt, a straight circle skirt in a soft, dove grey color, nothing too fancy and eye grabbing. He didn't know if they would stay in or go out, but in any case, he wanted to feel as comfortable as possible, and this was the best alternative. He quickly got dressed, pulling a white sweater over his head, before heading to the kitchen without any more hesitation. The clanking made him look up, snorting as he saw Dream piling up pans on the counter. "Stress cooking?" He asked when the boy lifted distressed eyes toward him, clearly as nervous as he was but even less subtle than him. "It's not-" "It's fine. I kinda am too, to be honest." The conversation dropped into a slight silence before Dream opened the fridge to start grabbing the food.

Sapnap went to sit at the central island, looking at him work around the kitchen with ease, and he took a moment to finally allow himself to take a look at the older man's choice of skirt. He couldn't help but whistle, making Dream drop the wooden spoon he had just grabbed, surprised. He should have known that the blonde would go for something showy, both because he basically had only that, but also because he liked to dress to impress, and he clearly wanted to impress the new boy in the house. The short, black denim skirt was almost skin tight, showing off miles of lightly tanned legs. "Going right for the kill, huh?" The blonde relaxed at the comment, lips curling into something a bit more confident, a bit more cocky. "Yeah, you like it?" They both grinned at each other, eyes warming up with something a bit less innocent.

The moment was cut short when they heard a door opening and closing softly, quiet steps coming closer. They had both stopped breathing, exchanging a glance before staring at the corner of the corridor linking the bedrooms and the rest of the floor.

When George finally emerged, still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, his first reaction was to stop at the edge of the kitchen, staring confusedly at the amount of food piled up, not yet cooking but visibly about to. "Are you making breakfast for an army?" He asked, raising an eyebrow as he turned toward the two other boys. When he realized they were both staring at him, almost gawking, he took a step back, clearly defensive. "What?" Sapnap was the first to snap out of his

daze, jumping up his chair in a way that made the two other boys recoil in surprise. “Nothing! Nothing at all. Dream is stress cooking.”

The blonde whirled toward him, offended by the way he was using him to change the subject. “I am not!” George snorted, shuffling toward the island to sit beside where Sapnap was standing, laying his cheek on his palm as he eyed Dream with a mischievous look. “So you are cooking for an army.” The taller flailed wordlessly before groaning, turning his back on them and sorting the food to bring the quantity down to something a bit more fitting for three people. Rolling his eyes, the youngest turned back toward the Brit who had tilted his head toward him, shamelessly dragging his gaze all over him. Sapnap heard himself make some sort of noise, a bit questioning and a bit confused, and the lazy smile that spread on the oldest’s face almost made him choke on his spit. “You look good today Sapnap.”

He could feel his face flush a little, still not really used to being complimented, especially not by the smaller brunet, and finally dared to take a look at what he was wearing.

He probably shouldn’t have.

They often had said that red was George’s color, and he could only agree now, seeing the carmine tulle skirt flowing around the pale, exposed thighs of his friend. His thin, elegant legs were showcased by the long black socks stopping a few inches above his knees, leaving more than enough uncovered skin to make Sapnap stare just a bit longer than strictly necessary. The quiet huff made him snap back into reality and he almost tripped over himself, bouncing back on his chair and forcing his eyes to stay on the blonde boy. “Y-you’re pre- you- you don’t look too bad either.” He stuttered, catching the attention of Dream who lifted an eyebrow in mild concern, glancing quickly toward the Brit who smiled as if nothing was wrong.

The blonde shrugged before getting back to the pan containing the pancakes he had finally decided upon, while the older brunet tilted his head toward the youngest, an easy grin on his face. “So, did you guys plan anything for today?” Sapnap shook his head, making sure to keep his eyes toward his friend’s face to not be tempted to glance down, making a vague gesture toward the other male. “Dream and I weren’t sure if, well, we didn’t know if you’d be comfortable...” The oldest snorted derisively, watching as the current cook danced around trying to grab plates while making sure the food wasn’t sticking to the pan. “It’s been a while since I’ve been uncomfortable going out dressed like this, Sapnap. Moving to America won’t change that.”

“You’re going out dressed like *that* ?” Was the instantaneous answer given to the statement, and the smaller man whipped his head around in surprise, blinking at the youngest questioningly. Dream also turned toward him, two plates stacked with pancakes in hand, arching an eyebrow. The Brit voice was careful when he spoke, clearly disoriented by the question. “What do you mean, like that? In a skirt? Did you think I was lying when I told you I was going out-” “No! No I mean, you were- it wasn’t-” The texan huffed and grabbed him by the wrist to pull him off of the chair, ignoring his yelp of surprise, and pushed him away from the island so the blonde could see him fully. “Like this! Dream, you know what I mean, don’t you? It’s not the...” Sapnap let his tone fall to silence when he caught the sudden change in the air.

He could see how the green of Dream’s eyes had taken on a darker shade as he roamed them shamelessly over the smaller frame of their friend, and the way George’s cheeks were slowly turning red under the intensity of his gaze, but not backing up.

Maybe Dream had a point with this attraction stuff.

There was a long moment of tense silence before the plates were slowly set on the island, the quiet clinking loud enough to make both Sapnap and George jump a little. The youngest still had his hand on his friend’s wrist, but the hold was loose as they watched the tallest round the counter, coming to a stop in front of them. The Brit looked like he had forgotten how to breathe for a minute, clearly waiting for something to happen, for the tension to drop, for anything. But it only seemed to crank up as Dream crowded him, a hand reaching out to tug lightly at the tulle of his skirt, rubbing the material between his fingers as he looked at the oldest with hooded eyes. “Pretty sure you never went out with a skirt this short, no.” His voice was heavy, and did nothing to break the weird atmosphere that was brewing around them.

He felt more than saw George twitch slightly, his eyes dropping to see where the blonde’s fingers were brushing along the edge of the skirt, barely skimming against the skin of his thighs. Trying to regain some sort of balance, the smaller brunet scoffed, rolling his eyes as he defiantly took a step closer, almost pressing himself against his chest. “You’re one to talk.” He shot back, hooking a finger under the hem of the denim skirt. He pulled and let the stretchy jeans snap back against his thigh, keeping his chin high to show that he was not going to let him get away with it. “You always dress with the shortest, tightest skirt out there.”

Sapnap was the one who let out a surprised laugh, making the older jump and instinctively step back, but two hands latched on his hips and kept him close to the blonde boy. The younger brunet grinned as he moved to stand behind the smaller man, dropping his chin over his shoulder as he plastered himself all over his back shamelessly. “But Georgie, you know that Dream likes to show off. You’re not usually the type that wants attention, not that type of attention at least.” He slipped

a hand along the length of the skirt, playing with the hem like Dream did a few seconds before. “So what changed? Who’s attention are you trying to get right now?”

The answer was more than obvious, and they all knew it very well, but George was not a very direct person, and it was always both fun and annoying to try and pull complete answers from him. So instead of waiting for it, or nudging him toward the right one, Dream immediately grabbed the opportunity with both hands. “Well, we know for sure that you weren’t that much of a show off last Sunday. So what could have changed?” The smirk was so thick in his voice that even Sapnap wanted to scoff at it. He kept his comments to himself, thought, knowing very well that the blonde had a way to get what he wanted, and in a much more efficient manner than himself. “Oh, maybe the fact that it’s our first Sunday all together?”

The silence was answer enough, and it simmered for a moment, the narrowing of George’s eyes pretty telling about the way he was mulling over the situation. Sapnap wasn’t sure what kind of thought process he went through, though, when instead of defending himself like he would usually do, the Brit surged forward, grabbing the tallest man by the collar of his shirt to bring him down to his level, ignoring the surprised squeak of the tallest. “Probably why you put on your clubbing skirt, uh Dream? At least Sapnap had the decency to go for something casual. But no, not you. Of course not, because as much as you’re accusing me of trying to catch some eyes, you’re also doing the same, aren’t you?” It could have shut Dream right up, but the blonde eyes lightened up with fire and he pressed even closer, close enough that he was almost squished between the two other males. “Well, did it work?”

Sapnap was honestly glad he wasn’t part of the conversation. As much as he liked the little fight of will his friends had, he wasn’t much of a words man. He was a great listener, and a problem solver, but he wasn’t the in between, he wasn’t the communication and the talking. So being left out of this thing did not bother him, as he could instead drink in the micro reactions coming from the smaller brunet. The way he could feel his lungs expand against his chest, the slightest change in it a good indicator of the turmoil going on inside his pretty head. The way he was starting to shiver, goosebumps raising under the fingertips that were brushing along the skin of his thigh in a manner so discreet that it could almost seem accidental. He couldn’t see his face that much, from his angle, but he could see the way his ears had turned red. So before George could even try to respond, Sapnap was already well aware of the answer.

“It definitely did.” He trailed lazily, making the older boy jump a little at the sound of his voice, his lips still so close to his ear that even with his lower tone it had to sound quite loud. “It worked as well for you as it did for us.” He added, sneaking an arm around the smaller’s waist, pressing a hand to his lower stomach, making sure that he couldn’t get away. He felt the hitch in his breath, the shudder in his muscles, and his lips stretched in a knowing grin as he exchanged a glance with the blonde.

“We lasted two weeks before jumping at each other. But I knew we wouldn’t stand a chance when we would see you.” He heard the quiet gasp, saw the green eyes flicker toward the brunet’s face in a way that made him aware of the blush spreading on the Brit’s skin. Dream lifted one of his hands to press it to his face, smiling widely. “But even if we could keep our hands to ourselves, you wouldn’t want that, would you? Sapnap may be in denial-” “Hey!” “But I’m not stupid. You also want this, don’t you?”

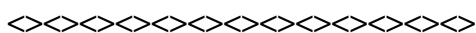
And there it was. Even if they guessed right, even if George was not pushing them away, not rejecting their touch or denying their words, in the end he still needed to say it. They wouldn’t take it for granted, wouldn’t assume even if it was so blatant. And knowing how bad the smaller brunet was with actually confirming anything... “I do.”

Oh.

That was certainly not what he was expecting.

Dream didn’t expect it either, apparently, because his face went from smug to shocked in a quarter of second, and that’s all it took for George to switch this whole thing on them. Using the hold he still had on the tallest’s shirt, he pulled him down closer, pushing himself on the ball of his feet to catch his lips in a brutal kiss, not leaving him any chance for a come back. Sapnap’s hands twitched from where they were placed, eager to participate, but conscious of their surroundings enough to back off slightly, pulling a disgruntled brunet with him. The blonde didn’t try to reach out, looking at them with blown eyes and a look of awe on his face. “Fuck breakfast.” Stated George with a hint of breathlessness, eyes blown and lips reddened.

Needless to say, they both agreed without a second to waste.



He had never exactly tried to imagine what would happen in a situation like this. He hadn’t really let himself think about it, to be honest, but he could guess that if he had to say, he probably wouldn’t have guessed it like that.

He would probably have imagined Dream, with his cockiness and confidence, but also his understanding and patience, to guide them how he wanted, to make demands and to take like he usually did. He would have imagined George a bit shy, like he usually was, unsure but eager, careful and observant in a way that would let him learn so quickly that by the end of it, he would be able to have them both under his thumb. He would have imagined himself somewhere in the middle, giving as good as he was receiving, making sure that the blonde wouldn't overstep, making sure the brunet wouldn't feel overwhelmed.

But he wouldn't have imagined this.

Wouldn't have imagined the way George, with sure hands and surer attitude, pushed Dream on the bed, a hand between his shoulder blades to keep him down as he rolled the denim skirt over his ass, murmuring filth between his teeth. Nor would he have imagined how the brunet looked over his shoulder after situating himself between the blonde's legs, the Brit's pretty thighs on display as he spread them, the translucent tulle overlay hinting at what looked like lacy boyshorts under his skirt. "C'mon Sapnap," He had said, smirking at him. "Don't leave me hanging."

He couldn't have imagined the sound Dream made as George lowered his underwear, dipping his head without any hesitation as his hands spread the blonde open, leaving him enough space to trace the rim with his tongue.

But it was way better than anything he could have thought about. The tallest was gripping at a pillow with all his might, sounds he was not used to hearing him make pouring out of his lips, back arching as he tried desperately to push his ass toward the older man. Sapnap had taken few too long seconds to retrieve the lube, almost dropping it in his haste before he was taking his place back between the other brunet, hands shaking as he reverently flipped the deep red skirt up, admiring the soft cotton stretched over the curve of the Brit's ass, the lacy trim a nice touch that made the image even prettier. He would have taken his time, if George hadn't pushed his hips back, obviously impatient.

He was careful when he slid the garment off, grinning as he purposefully flung it toward Dream's face, snorting at the deep groan that answered him. He knew the blonde had something for pretty things, on himself for sure, but even more on others, especially when these others were his two best friends. He could almost feel the way George rolled his eyes at their antics, even if he couldn't see his face. Running a hand over the hem of the sock still encasing his legs, he slid a knee between his thighs to spread them a bit more, almost purring with the way his back arched beautifully with the movement. "So pretty, Georgie." He murmured, fingers dragging up against the inside of his thigh, admiring the shiver that made the skin rise under his touch. "You look good when you're too busy eating out Dream to snark at me." He teased, taking his hand back momentarily.

His fingers were dutifully slick when he reached for him again, clean hand grabbing onto his hip to

keep him still as he rubbed a wet knuckle against his hole, pleased when he felt him shake with eagerness. There's a noise following, but he honestly wouldn't be able to tell if it was from Dream or George. *Not yet, but soon.* He let his knuckle sink in just slightly, eyebrows raising at the lack of resistance. Curious, he unfolded his fingers, pressing one against his rim, watching as it sank in with barely any need for him to push. It was easy to guess as of why, and he certainly didn't need to question it, but what would be the fun in that? "What is this? Did you decide to have a little fun this morning?"

He really was just mocking for the sake of it, because when it came to the reality of it, he could just feel himself burn even hotter at the idea of the smaller brunet taking care of himself when they were both close by, trying to stay quiet and, probably, thinking about them while doing so.

A whiny sound was his only answer, followed by a breathless grunt from the taller man who pushed his face into the pillow aggressively, shaking under whatever George was giving him. He couldn't really see what was happening, but he still got to enjoy the view of what he could actually see, which was a good part of it. He was tempted to pull and push at them, to see their face, the expressions they made, but he wouldn't, not yet at least. He still had a very, very good view, eyes drifting back down toward the Brit's ass, observing attentively as he pressed a second finger in, sighing quietly at the way the oldest tried to push against his digits, trying to take them deeper.

It was easy as breathing for him to curve his fingers, and even if he didn't know the weaknesses and particularity of the oldest's body yet, he still was more than used to do this kind of thing with the blonde and could count on that experience to make it as easy as possible for both of them. Or as hard as he wanted, if he felt like it. Which was especially tempting, when he saw how good the older looked like this, thighs quivering as each push and press inside him, socks starting to bunch around his knees from the constant shifting on the bed, skirt and shirt in disarray showing off a good portion of his smooth, milky skin. He was very tempted to sink his teeth into one of his cheeks, to mark him up to his heart's content, but he wasn't sure how well it would be received. He did, however, dip his head to press his lips over his tailbone, sucking at the skin and smirking when his hips jumped, pressing back both toward his mouth and his fingers. He took the opportunity to add a third digits, shivering in delight at the low, muffled moan that it pulled from the other brunet.

"Fuck! George, please-" Dream's voice startled him, making him straighten up to see the blonde panting, writhing on the bed helplessly. His legs were tense, feet digging in the bed as he was trying to get a better leverage to push himself against the older brunet but pathetically failing to do so. The Brit had shifted in a way that made him unable to see one of his hands, which made him wonder if it was the reason for the blonde's sudden reaction. Not that it mattered much to him, in that exact moment. He bent to bring his face closer to the smaller man's head, curling his fingers and rubbing until he felt the boy under him twitch and shudder, voice becoming clear as he turned his face to the side, trying to look at him. "Can I fuck you, Georgie?" He murmured in a low voice, watching him closely as his rosy cheeks took on a darker shade, groaning as he felt him tighten around his fingers. "I... yeah, yeah you can. But- just a second-"

The next minute was spent shuffling around, Dream laughing deliriously as he was pushed around to lay on his back instead, legs spread shamelessly as George rolled his eyes, shutting him up quickly as he licked a stripe up his cock. "Oh fuck- okay yeah, that's-" the blonde's voice shuddered out in a moan as George grabbed the lube the other brunet had in hand, slicking his fingers before giving it back to him. There was nothing left to be said, he guessed, staying a bit on the side for a short moment just to be able to see the way Dream arched as George pressed his fingers inside him, lips sliding up his dick before wrapping around the head. He would have gladly watched all along, stayed on the side with his cock in hand, but he couldn't leave the oldest hanging. Watching from afar would have to be a story for another time.

There was something absurde in the way he pushed George's skirt back up, hands lingering over the material as he, once again, took a moment to admire the way the deep red contrasted with the pale white, eyes falling back to the similar colored mark he had sucked onto his lower back. Red really was a good color on the Brit, he thought absent mindedly as his fingers trailed back down on each side of his thighs just to see him shiver before taking his hands back, grabbing at the lube impatiently. He hastily pushed his underwear down, grabbing at his skirt and pulling the material between his teeth to keep it out of the way as he squeezed some slick on his cock, quickly wrapping his hand around himself to make sure to be properly covered.

It was a test of will to not fuck into him immediately, knowing that he was more than likely gone as soon as he would be. He caught green eyes when he lifted his, the unfiltered pleasure glazing them making him grin. He could see how Dream was staring at him, visibly just waiting for him to finally get on with it, probably hoping it would change the pace of whatever was happening to him. Which was fair, in a sense, because George was able to focus on taking it slow and nice only because he wasn't making him lose his mind like he was supposed to. Or at least that was what Dream's frown was telling him. But as much as it was fun to have this kind of power, he didn't feel like abusing it right now.

With a steady grip on the Brit's hip, he pressed forward, hissing around the skirt still caught between his teeth. There was a muffled groan followed by a whine, and he looked up to see that George had turned his face toward him again, eyes glassy with need and lips shiny with saliva. He barely had the time to admire the view before Dream's hands reached down to grab at the older's hair, pulling lightly and trying to guide him back toward his cock, which he did without complaining. He threw a glare toward the blonde who only answered with a pleased smirk.

It started up a *friendly* competition between the two of them to see who could grab the Brit's attention. Dream had an advantage, seeing that he would require his attention more easily by the mere fact that he was facing him, but they both knew that he didn't necessarily got it when the brunet's mouth stopped its ministrations when he snapped his hips a bit more forcefully forward, pushing a ragged noise out of the smaller man's throat. It was only a question of minutes before the poor Brit was overwhelmed, the blonde's hips rocking under him, both to try and get his fingers deeper in and to thrust up in his mouth, not allowing him any breaks. He was not any better, though, pressing his hand under his stomach to make him curve up, making it easier for him to rub harder against his prostate, slick fingers reaching lower to tease at his cock mercilessly.

He could feel it when the smaller brunet started losing it, the noises still muffled by the dick between his lips but taking on a higher pitch, mixing with the increasingly loud moans of the blonde who was now a bit less careful to how hard he was pulling at the Brit's hair, fingers tight around the locks he was grabbing onto. It didn't seem to deter the oldest, who was definitely sloppier as his body started falling apart but didn't let it stop him. It was almost a shock to see that Dream was the first one to snap, voice catching on an airy moan as he bucked up, urgently trying to pull the brunet's head away to no avail. He saw green eyes open in awe, body shaking as he came between George's lips, muttering broken curses and breathless praises.

He was barely patient enough to wait for the older to get his face away from the blonde's spent cock before he snapped his hips forward, way harder than he previously did. He had been careful to not cause his friend to actually choke when moving inside him, but now that this was out of the way, he had no reason to keep it softer. He could see George's hands instinctively grab at Dream's thighs, his voice cracking as he yelped from the sudden increase of the strength in his thrusts. It was visibly welcomed, though, as the brunet tried to rock his hips back into him, clearly more than enthusiastic about it. He finally released the skirt that was still in his mouth, groaning as he wrapped his hand firmly around the leaking cock of the Brit, feeling him tense and clench around him deliciously.

He gritted his teeth at the surge of sensations, trying his best to push down the waves of heat burning through him, but it was a bit hard to do when the oldest kept on making those fantastic sounds, bitten off and broken in a way that made it clear that he was very close. But he was also being dragged forcefully toward the edge, the pleasure growing quick and unrelenting. It was a bit selfish of him, maybe, but he couldn't bring himself to focus as his thrusts became sharper, each ending with a grind of his hips, trying to get deeper even if he knew he couldn't really. It was probably lucky for him that it seemed to do it for George, the brunet shaking and digging his nails helplessly into Dream's skin as he bucked back, grinding right back as they both chased their pleasure mindlessly.

He was actually the first to let go, rhythm faltering as he rolled his hips in smaller circles, grabbing the older by the back of his shirt to pull him up a little, making sure that he was at the right angle to grind right against his prostate, making sure to keep his hand firm around his cock even as he was barely able to think anymore, body bursting with pleasure. He felt the mattress dip closer to him, and his hand was pushed away as a bigger one took its place, making the Brit whine desperately. It was a question of seconds after that before George was shaking apart, sending bolts of oversensitiveness as he tensed and tightened around him, groaning quietly as he came all over Dream's hand.

It took him a solid minute to come back to himself, gently pulling out of the other boy before lifting him to lay against his chest. The blonde tried to readjust his skirt but gave up after a few seconds, too lazy to struggle with the rolled material, kneeling in front of them with a blinding smile. "So..... I'd say this was a pretty good skirt Sunday." George huffed but his lips were quirked up in a grin, shifting to snuggle closer to him, reaching out to pull Dream closer.

“I’d say so too.”

3some - flowers

Chapter Summary

There was clearly a good reasons behind those.

Mysterious admirer?

Creepy stalker?

Soon-to-be lover?

He didn't really want to know, actually. They were pretty, and they smelled good. It was enough of a reason to keep them.

Chapter Notes

So this is a sex pollen fic. Did I say it clearly enough? Just to make sure, sex pollen more often than not indicate at least a slight dubcon. It doesn't look much like dubcon, because I try to not do that, but if you are uncomfortable with altered state of mind or drug(ish) related content, proceed carefully. Please stay safe when you read!

Kintober, day 22; sex pollen (altered state of mind, slight exhibitionism, fantasies/dreams)

Characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound & Sapnap

So this took a while, but it's also quite long. I wish I could gift a chapter to someone, because some people asked for this to happen, and here's my gift for them. So there! I hope you enjoy, even if it is longer than usual, and if you want to, please leave a comment!

Flowers.

Nothing special about that, one could say, except from the fact that they were laid on his front porch, or should he say on *their* front porch, a cute little tag tied neatly to the paper wrapped around the stems. He was on his way out to get some groceries, so whoever had put the flowers there didn't ring or knock, just left them and went on their way. He stared at them suspiciously for a moment before crouching to tug gently on the tag, trying to see what was written on there. Maybe it was from someone they knew? Maybe it was for Dream, since he had a lot of admirers even in the people who knew him without knowing about his online persona. Maybe it was for Sapnap, also, since he was known around the neighborhood for being an incorrigible flirt, even if he didn't mean any of it. But the pretty silvery tag did not spell their name.

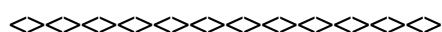
To the cute englishman it said, the curling letters dragged in neat, fancy calligraphy.

He blinked, trying to make sense of the words. Of course his first thought was to wonder who the hell that englishman was, before he realized that there was only one person who could be differentiated for being an 'englishman' in this house, and that person was him. He hummed thoughtfully, fingers closing delicately around the stems and lifting the gift to observe the flowers. He knew few of them, lavender and white roses easy to recognize. There were some cute little flowers shaped like bells that he could swear were lilies of the valley, as they were a non-pixelated version of the ones he could see in minecraft. Some other white flowers were put sparsely in the bouquet, shaped like small starfish, and a few bigger one that looked like tulips but weirdly colored, pale white with blue-ish -or was it purple- around the edge and in the center.

It was a beautiful assortment, he couldn't deny, but it was weird. It seemed carefully put together, almost artistic, and didn't look amateur in any way. He was not an expert on flowers, but he could have bet that those wouldn't be considered cheap. Well he couldn't be so sure, but he at least knew that at least roses were a certain amount in themselves, not considering the one he didn't know about which meant that they were certainly less common. He glanced around, as if someone would suddenly jump from behind a car and scream at him that it was a joke, and stepped back into the house. He made a beeline for the kitchen to grab a pitcher, since he had no vase, filling it with water and bringing it to his room, where it would be safely put away from Patches. He didn't want her to be sick because she decided to munch on them.

He undid the small satin ribbon, carefully unwrapping the stems before putting the bouquet into the water, fingers feather-light as he caressed the velvety petals. The scent coming from the flower was close to heavenly, sweet but in a very natural, peaceful way. It was weird, still, but he couldn't really get himself to mind all that much. Maybe someone would try to talk with him and mention the gift as a way to be recognized, or maybe it was just a nice thought from someone that he helped in some sort of way.

After a final glance and a small shrug, he went about his day, mentally noting that he had to buy a vase. It might be a one time thing, but he guessed it could be somewhat useful in other circumstances too.



He would have forgotten about it, this whole flower thing, if Sapnap hadn't came in with a new bouquet in hand, eyes full of confusion as he glanced toward the barely aging plants sitting on his bedside table. His friends hadn't questioned it when they saw it, probably assuming that he bought them on a fling or something like that, but now it was more than evident that it wasn't the case. The younger brunet stared at him for a long minute, as if trying to understand the situation without actually asking, before he stepped closer to the bed, fingers loosening around the stems as he held the bouquet toward him.

"I honestly don't know, Sap. I thought it was a one time thing." He sighed, reaching out to grab the offered flowers. Same assortment, same tag with the curly calligraphy. It was probably safe to assume that the person giving him the flowers still didn't try and reach out to him, nor did they seem to be stalking him, since they didn't yet know of his name. It was still weird, but he couldn't really complain. He smiled slightly as he played with the petals, bringing the bouquet closer to his face to catch the sweet perfume that was almost absent from the older flowers now. The youngest snorted, rolling his eyes "Are you being courted like a fair maiden now? White flowers for purity or some shit?" George stuck his tongue out to him, carefully laying the flowers on his bed and getting up, wanting to get rid of the older bouquet to use the vase for the fresh one. "Shut up Crapnap. You're just jealous 'cause I'm getting flowers and you don't."

It could have been a harsh blow if he didn't already know that the younger wouldn't mind. His friends weren't really the type to enjoy flowers, and even if he could say that he wasn't either, it would have been a lie. He wouldn't ask for them, nor buy them himself, but he sure wouldn't complain if he received some. But once again, the problem came from the provenance of those plants. Why did no one come to say it was from them yet? It was just very weird.

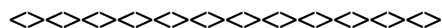
Dream poked his head above the back of the couch, curiosity written on his features as he watched the oldest throw away the slightly withered flowers and fill the vase back up. "What's up?" Sapnap ditched him to go sit with the blonde, shrugging carelessly. "New batch of flowers for the maiden." The tallest frowned lightly, a contrite look taking over his face. George raised an eyebrow, clutching at the vase defensively. "I'm making sure Patches can't eat them, don't worry." He mumbled, shifting uncomfortably. The blonde shook his head but didn't lighten up. "I'm not worried about *that* ." He said, lips pinched tight. "I just... who is it from?" The oldest shrugged, making a vague movement of his hands. "No idea, there's no signature. They don't even know my name."

Dream kept quiet for a good three seconds before insisting again on a subject he was already tired of. "So you don't know who is it from, and you still accept them?" The Brit laid the half-full vase on the counter, turning on his heels to be able to stare at the blonde, who was stubbornly staring at his phone, not even bothering to hide the irritation on his face. "They are left anonymously, Dream. The flowers are pretty, they smell good, and they don't look that cheap. I'm not gonna let a gift rot on the porch just because I don't know where it's coming from." He crossed his arms as the tallest glanced toward him, eyes stormy in a way that he didn't often see. "Wouldn't that be a very good reason to *not* accept a gift?" George stiffened, eyes narrowing sharply and arms uncrossing, grabbing at the vase a bit too quickly, almost spilling the water. "Well if it was the case, maybe you should throw out all the gifts you receive from *fans* , why don't you? You also don't know them. What about my fan mail? Or Sap's?" "They don't know where we *live* , George!"

Sapnap cleared his throat, making both of them snap their eyes toward him. He looked a bit uncomfortable, but also very fed up with their antics. "That person already knows where we live, Dream, it won't change a thing if George takes the flowers or not. Stop being a bitch about it. And obviously they don't know *who* he is. So I doubt we're being doxxed or whatever." The blonde looked like he wanted to retort, but he slumped back down into the couch, sulking. George nodded gratefully toward the youngest, who gave him a thumb up before turning back toward the tv screen,

returning to whatever he was watching before.

It was damning how he felt the constricting knot of guilt in the pit of his stomach when he gently placed the new flowers into the vase.



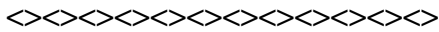
They were coming back home from a short trip to Dream's parents when the next bouquet showed up. It has been almost two weeks since the last one, and they mostly forgot about it after George threw the other away, when the flowers started drying up in a brownish color. It had only been a few days, thought, but he really thought it wouldn't happen again. He saw the blonde's shoulders rise as his mood soured, saw the roll of eyes from the youngest, and sighed from his spot beside the car. They didn't say a word, George making sure to be the first on the porch to grab the flowers, unlocking the door himself to go put them away in his room.

The sweet smell had not yet been completely erased from his room. It was subtle but there, seeped into his pillow cases, clinging to his curtains. He couldn't complain; the smell was heavenly. It took him a minute to get the vase ready and place the stems in, and when he was done, he stayed in front of the bouquet, staring at it, trying to think. He really liked them, if he was to be honest, and he didn't care much for where they were coming from, even if he probably should. At this point, almost a month in, he was pretty sure the person was not giving them out to be somehow recognized, or to buy his affection. He also knew they were hand-delivered, because there was no trace of an address on them, not even the name of the flower shop it came from. It was both very suspicious and very confusing. But the fact was that he didn't have any way to know.

The weird thing was the way the flowers were dropped without any care of the time of the day, or if they were in and out, so the person was probably not worried about being found out. The fact that they didn't was probably just a coincidence. If it happened again, there was a chance to find out who it was. But he didn't exactly feel like standing at the window like a dumbass for hours on end, nor did he want to install cameras for something as trivial as that.

Shaking his head, he turned to get out of his room. There was nothing to be done beside appreciating the gifts, he guessed. The only one who seemed bothered by the presents was Dream, and he still didn't understand why he felt so offended by the flowers. He was always making sure to close his door, to keep the cat from getting to them, and now also to keep the blonde from seeing what caused him clear irritation.

It was a conscious decision to ignore the subject and not mention it, and they all agreed to it without speaking about it. So he pushed back the thought about it, and joined his friends in the living room, focusing on the gaming night they had planned instead.



Heat was licking at his skin, pleasure like champagne bubbles in his blood.

He couldn't see a thing, ears feeling like they were stuffed full of cotton, head swimming in a delirious state of need. He could feel fleeting touches, light as feathers, all over him. Following the lines of his ribs, curling along the bones of his hips, pushing at the inside of his thighs. He felt heavy, limbs full of lead, at the mercy of the hands running on his burning skin. He could hear himself faintly, moans and shuddering breaths reaching his muddled brain without making him feel the embarrassment he usually did when he was being vocal.

He wasn't fully aware of what was going on, but the sudden pressure and the feeling of fullness inside him, coupled with the spike of pleasure surrounding his cock, was enough to snap him back into place, ears popping with a sudden rush of noises and-

Waking up had never been this intense.

He barely had time to realize he was out of his sleeping state before he started writhing on the bed in discomfort, body burning up by the inside. His shirt was grossly sticking to his skin, his forehead damp as he turned his head, seeking the freshness of his pillow. His teeth sank into his bottom lip as he turned on his side, barely trying to resist the urge as his hands dropped to his sweatpants, pushing them down hastily. He choked on a high pitched noise as he curled his fingers around his erection, pressing his face against the cotton of his pillowcase, trying to cool himself down a little, without much success.

He was already half mindless as he started stroking himself, trying to copy the pace swirling in his head from the remnants of his dream, body shuddering heavily. He gritted his teeth, breathing heavily but willing himself to be quiet, not wanting to attract the attention of his friends if they were still awake for some reasons.

It took him only a couple of strokes before he was coming all over his hand, feeling strangely dissatisfied even if it took the edge off. He stayed still for a moment, panting, confused, sleep still pulling at his brain.

That was new.

He never had woken up like this. It sure wasn't his first dream like that, but he never woke up in such a state that he had to take care of it right away, before he could even open his eyes properly. It never had been as rough, as consuming. He was still kinda shocked by how affected he had been, the dream not even that clear in his head. He could vaguely remember the feeling of hands, but it was sparse, light, barely there. Nothing that would make it that desperate, usually.

And he was still so tired, the warmth around him and the comfort of his mattress still trying to put him back to sleep. He clumsily grabbed some tissue to clean himself up at the best of his current capacity, not even bothering pulling back his pants, just kicking them off completely and curling on himself, deciding that anything worth thinking could be pushed back to the day after.

He did not think about it the day after.



The flowers hadn't stopped coming. They weren't really regular, sometimes once a week, sometimes once every two weeks. His whole room smelled spectacular, thought, he had to admit. They still didn't find who was giving the flowers, and the person still didn't know his name, and he just had given up on finding out, because he just didn't think it was important at this point. They would show themselves one day, he was pretty sure, so he didn't think he needed to worry about it that much.

Dream was more and more bitter about the flowers, though, even if he did respect their non-verbal agreement to not mention them. After a while, even Sapnap started acting weird when he was getting a new bouquet, and he felt like it was digging a pit between him and his friends, one that he couldn't understand, and that they decided not to talk about. It made him feel somewhat isolated, and he spent much more time in his room. It was no way to resolve the situation, and he knew that, but they were all too stubborn to break the wall and stomp on their pride to make it better.

They were still acting normally most of the time, mind you, streaming and playing around and making jokes. It only happened for a couple of days after every reception of the flowers.

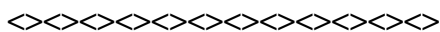
The other problem, the one he was having most difficulties with, was the sudden abundance of sex dreams he was having. And that was one situation he would absolutely not discuss with his friends, and there was no solution for it either. He was also very prompt to get horny out of nowhere, really, and it was mildly annoying. He felt like he went straight back to puberty, hormones all over the place and a mind full of stuff he wasn't used to think of. Which was obviously not the case anymore, but it still felt like it.

He had thought of getting laid, of course. But even if he was less of an introvert than both Sapnap and Dream, he still didn't feel too comfortable with going out to hook up with a stranger. Also, even if he wasn't as big as Dream on the popularity scale, there was always a risk of being recognized, since his face was all over youtube. Didn't want to find someone who would want to take advantage of that, and risking his and his friends career sure wasn't something he wanted, libido be damned.

And he knew. He knew whose hands he was feeling on his body when he was asleep, knew who his mind was choosing to focus on when his skin was burning, and he was pretty sure he couldn't just go out and find someone and be satisfied when those hands were so close by, so attainable if he kicked himself out of his comfort zone and went for it.

Because even if he couldn't see wicked honey eyes and hungry midnight ones, he knew those fingers, knew those hands, from the fact that they brushed against him everyday, even though it was in a way friendlier manner than in his dreams.

And the pit grew deeper.



Hands were pulling at his hair, throat bared to the searing mouth pressed on it, back arched, body aching and seeking for the phantom pleasure it was receiving. His senses were muffled, sounds drowned and far away, sensations too light, disconnected from the actions around him. He could barely breathe, a hand replacing lips and stroking at his pulse, thumb pressing until he was light headed, still too weak to protest or fight back.

Not that he wanted to fight back.

Something at the back of his mind screamed at him that it wasn't real, that it wasn't happening, but everything felt too good, even if not enough. He didn't care about the reality of it, only the fleeting touches, the pit of fire in his lower stomach, the incredible friction he could feel against his cock. The sensation quickly took over, his lips opening on a louder moan than he expected, feeling closer than any sound he could decipher up until now.

His body was moving by itself, and he was still mainly unaware. He could feel the difference between the dream and the reality, but it was such a fine line, eyes still closed, unable to really leave the dream. His thighs squeezed around the pillow he had unconsciously curled around earlier that night. He whimpered, the noise reaching his ears with clarity again, but still not enough to fully wake him up.

There was a pressure between his legs, and even while he still couldn't see, there was a brief flash like someone over him, pressing a knee against his crotch, and he wanted nothing more than to rub against it, against him, as hands still brushed over his oversensitive body. There was a voice in his ear, but it sounded muffled, far away, echoing weirdly. The words were distorted, but it sounded soft, it sounded encouraging and dirty, praising and reassuring but making him twist with the heat hidden behind unknown words.

His hips ground down, pulling him back from his dream a little, pleasure shooting through his bloodstream. If he was any more conscious, he would have realized the pillow was too soft, too squishy to really be the thigh he was dreaming of, but he was too out of it to pay attention to it. His body was thrown in a weird mix of tense and relaxed, muscle jellied by sleep but twitchy, stiffening when waves of need rushed through him, making his hips jerk against the pillow again.

Something had changed, he couldn't exactly pinpoint what, but he sure felt that the position he was in was not the one he had previously thought. He could feel himself sit up, his back now pressed to a chest as he ground helplessly against someone's thigh. His hands were hooked into something, something that he would guess was a shirt, grabbing at the shirt of the one sitting in front of him. Another voice, a bit deeper, a bit more demanding, piercing through the veil surrounding his brain, hands on his hips pressing him harder against the leg between his, encouraging him to go faster. He followed the movement, feeling the pleasure rising under his skin like an inferno. The voice kept going, clearer and clearer through his ears as he felt his muscles tense with his upcoming orgasm-

“George, c'mon!”

He woke up with a start, lurching in his bed and stuffing part of his fist in his mouth to cut off the moan threatening to leave him, his cock twitching within the confine of his pajama pants. He could feel the slick warmth of his cum slowly seeping into the material, clinging to his skin, his whole body trembling in the aftermath. He took a second to try and shake the confusion and the sleepiness out of his head, turning his eyes toward the door that was thankfully still closed. “Wh-what?” He croaked out, trying to not sound as wrecked as he felt. There was a small silence before the voice, Dream, came back to him. “You okay man? You're not sick, are you?” The brunet slowly started to push back at his blanket, groggily pushing himself to sit down, rubbing at his face and glancing toward his phone. “M'fine, was just sleeping. What's up?” “Well we decided to record today? In like an hour? So I thought you would want to eat before, you know.”

He groaned quietly, dropping his phone and pushing him off his bed. “I, yeah. I guess so. I'll be down in a few, I need to take a shower.” There was an answering hum, and then steps in the corridor as the blonde went away. He sighed, pushing his hair back from his face. It was becoming ridiculous, the two others would get suspicious if he kept washing his sheets so many times per week. He tried to do it while they were gone, but it was pretty rare that it happened that both of them left without him.

He scoffed lightly, stretching, shivering at the feeling of his shirt brushing against his skin. He had been weirdly sensitive for about a week and a half now, his clothes all too rough for him, having to wear soft hoodies and worn sweatpants to not feel all kind of wrong. He had thought of a cold, as it was one of his usual symptoms, but nothing had followed, and he was still in the same situation. He felt warm all the time, also, but his temperature stayed unchanged, which was a bit weird, but not too special. Could have been the fact that he couldn't handle most of his own shirt and had to wear warmer clothes, since they were softer.

Going through his routine had become a bother, too. He was often more tired, his movement sluggish and his muscles heavy. He would have guessed it had to do with the fact that he was constantly dreaming and woke up pretty often due to the content of those dreams, but it was sometimes more than that. More than lazy, he felt lethargic. He was also stuck in a weird place where he wanted more contact with his friends, but didn't dare to do so with the wicked ways his mind was working against him every night. So he longed to step close, to hug, to cuddle, but went against it. It honestly made him a bit sad, but he tried to ignore it. He couldn't give into it. He already had enough problems.

And he didn't know what to do with them.



They had recorded for three hours already, and he was tired, but Sapnap had asked them if they wanted to stay for his stream. He was speedrunning, meaning that George could jump on twitch and watch on his PC, out of the recording room and comfortably tucked in the much less esthetic but much more comfortable chair that was in front of his bedroom computer desk.

He was zoning out a little, listening as they started bickering for one thing or another. He was warm again, a bit more than before, his eyes dropping a little. He wasn't that tired, just cozy, curled up in his gaming chair, soft hoodie and soft pants, air smelling so sweet that he could almost taste it. The warmth slowly spread in a lazy wave, making his fingers feel strangely numb as it reached the tip of them. He pressed the back of his head against his chair, eyes still on the starry sight of his computer, ignoring the voices chatting in the background. The two others must have felt that he wasn't in the mood for talking too much, and were making sure to fill the silence by themselves, and he was grateful for it. His head felt stuffed full of cotton, and even if he could hear them talk, he couldn't for the life of him understand the words.

He was barely aware of it when he started shifting on his chair, readjusting his body, his hands slowly creeping up his legs to rest on his knees. He could feel his heartbeat cranking up for some reasons, which was weird since he was basically barely awake. He could almost feel the way his

blood was pumped through his body, his toes feet and hands tingling like they fell asleep. He shifted again, twisting his head to the side, trying to press his face to the cool material of his seat. He could feel the small strands of hair starting to stick to his forehead, the way his body heated up. It was not uncomfortable, though, so he didn't bother moving more than the strict minimum. He could feel his headphones press into his cheek, displaced from their former position over his ear by the turning of his head.

It wasn't a conscious decision to shift again, slightly rubbing his thighs together, his hands curling into his pants. The warm voice in his ear, still clear but meaningless in his current state, reminded him of the way he could hear them in his dreams. Closer than usual, but still without any sense to him, even if he knew that if he *listened* instead of *heard*, he would be able to make out the words. But he couldn't bring himself to focus. So he let their voices wash over him, the playfulness in them only adding to the swirling thoughts in his head.

He felt himself uncurl a little, sliding his feet apart on the chair. It felt better like that, more comfortable, relieving a pressure that he didn't previously notice. His fingers slowly untucked themselves from his pants, palms drifting down his thighs without any goal. It was only natural to drag his fingers along the bulge his pants barely concealed. He released a quiet sigh, reopening his eyes when he realized he had closed them, staring at his computer screen without really seeing it. There was movements on the screen, and he could hear the two others talking, and laughing, and Dream was wheezing, talking to the chat-

Talking to the-

George jumped hard, sending his headphones flying to the floor. He pulled his hands off himself so quick that he almost hit himself in the face, his chair rolling down with the sudden push his legs gave as he straightened them out. His wide eyes caught sight of the way Sapnap's avatar stopped moving while he was fighting the dragon, which caused him to almost immediately die. There was no reaction from the youngest, meaning he probably was not paying attention to his game anymore. Heart beating out of his chest, he lowered his eyes to look at his headphones, breathing quickly.

What the fuck was he about to do?

He was still trying to not freak out when he heard the quick knocking on his door, and barely had time to lift back his legs before the door opened. From the corner of his eyes, he could see the well known death message, and on his doorstep stood Dream, looking mostly worried, but also incredibly confused. "What was that?" He said, glancing toward the floor, than toward him, frowning even more at whatever the look on his face was telling him. He shook his head rubbing a hand over his eyes. "Sorry, sorry. I just, I think I was dozing off. And then- you know, that weird thing when you feel like you fall? Yeah. It made me jump and..." There was a silence, George wringing his fingers together, uneasy as piercing eyes seemed to bore into his soul to see if he was

telling the truth.

He obviously wasn't.

But the blonde let it go, nodding and stepping close, laying a hand on the armrest as he crouched almost right in front of him, reaching and grabbing his headphones. He kept his eyes on him as he slid them on his own head, muttering few words to the youngest who was trying to calm the chat down. The close proximity of his friend made him stiff with anxiety, but the warmth of his arms so close to his body was enough to pull a shiver out of him, skin rising in goosebumps under the sleeves of his hoodie. His lungs seemed to stop working for a moment, his whole body aflame with the need to get closer, to touch, to wrap his legs around him and grind on his lap-

He ripped himself out of his thoughts with a violence that almost made him physically flinch, just in time to see amber eyes narrowing, still solely focused on him. It made him want to writhe, to recoil away from him, but also to uncurl, to spread his legs out and let him *see*. He did nothing of that, forced himself to stay still, eyes lowering to stare at his own knees. There were a couple more words exchanged and then Dream pulled the headphones off, and laid them on the desk. He pushed himself up, taking his hand back, leaving him shuddering with the sudden lack of warmth close to him.

The fingers that sneaked around his jaw, slipping under his chin to raise his face, was a surprise he honestly could have done without, in the situation he was in. It was enough to spread fire over his face, the weird tightness in his cheeks a surefire way to know that he was heavily blushing. He was forced to look into the younger's eyes, whose stare was unwavering, edging toward severity. "I don't know what's up with you George. I don't know if I should be angry or worried about you, and you're not making it easier for me to pick one." He couldn't answer to that, he didn't have answers for him, only more questions. He pressed his lips tightly together, eyebrow scrunching in a frown. Dream visibly didn't like what that expression meant, because he gritted his teeth, fingers tightening for a second before releasing him, like the blonde was convincing himself that this was not the right thing to do.

"I have to go back to the stream, you can go nap if you're that tired. But when Sapnap's done, I'll be back and we will *talk*." He could only nod meekly, trying to not think about how he could still feel the spots where he had been grabbing his jaw, the skin feeling raw and somewhat tingly. With a last glance, Dream took a deep breath and went back to the recording room, closing the door behind him.

George had to bite down on his hoodie when, few guilt laced minutes later, he came all over his hand, fingers pressed tight against the underside of his jaw, trying to somewhat recreate the feeling of his friend's touch. He dropped on his bed right after, and promptly fell asleep, for once his slumber exempt of any visions.

Dream didn't come back to talk.



The next bouquet brought the whole situation to a sudden avalanche.

He had been using his free time to edit a video, half slouched on his bed, tapping listlessly at his mouse, his brain going too slow to actually be that productive. He had been trying, really, but his days were passing like he was trudging through molasse, heavy and slow. His mind was forcefully pushed and pulled through very sudden and urgent spikes of lust, usually preceded by a state of relaxation so intense he could forget where he was and what he was doing. He was spending most of his days alone, worried to catch the attention of his friends or, even worse, fall into that weird headspace while they were with him.

So keeping away from them was his best solution for now. Which was mostly okay, if it wasn't for the fact that now every time he was somewhat close to them, it was a total nightmare. The brush of fingers on his skin or the warmth of a body close to his was enough to send lightning along his nerves.

Dream bursting in his room, looking all kind of unhappy, closely followed by Sapnap who was trying to look above his shoulder, was not something he was ready for. His thoughts had already become thick and syrupy, still manageable but for how much time, he wasn't sure. The blonde's hand was wrapped tightly around familiar looking flowers, in a careless hold that threatened to break the stems, something he probably wanted to do.

Not fully conscious of how angry the man was, he laid his computer on his side table, straightening up and reaching out toward the flower to get them. He was confused when he didn't give it to him, lips pinched in a tight line. "You're not getting the damn flowers George. I think it's about damn time you write back and tell them to fucking stop sending you these." He frowned lightly, dropping his hand back to the bed. He didn't really want them to stop. The bouquet was pretty, and it smelled good, and- "Your whole room and yourself included constantly reek of those-" "They don't reek, they smell good!"

There was a silence. It was not the good kind, and even with his foggy brain and his muddled thoughts, he was easily able to recognize that fact. His eyes widened lightly and he tried to backtrack, only to be cut off by the ice cold voice of the blonde. "Really, that's all you have to say about this? *They smell good*?" Dream was visibly about to snap, and he knew it. It didn't mean he knew how to calm him down, not in that situation, not with that very clear lack of brain activity. "I-I'm so-"

He jumped when the blonde threw the flowers on the floor, watching in horror as white, pure petals scattered around. He was too shocked to react immediately, and it left enough time for Dream to step closer to him, towering menacingly over him. “Why!? Why do you care so much for those? You’ve been weird since you started receiving them, you’re not talking to us, you fucking chose to isolate yourself rather than leave them out there! What kind of fucking idiot are you?” He gritted his teeth in return, eyebrows furrowing as irritation tried valiantly to replace whatever numbness was trying to spread through his headspace. “You made me isolate myself, are you kidding me? You were being a bitch about it!” “Yeah, because we don’t know where it’s coming from! It could be a stalker! It could be anyone!”

He felt like they already had this conversation so many times. It was exhausting, and he was already losing the battle against himself. His short lived irritation was already dimming down, and he sighed, pressing his hands against his eyes and rubbing them. “I just like the flowers, Dream. They smell good and they are pretty and no one gives me things like that.” He muttered tiredly, curling a little on himself. He knew it was mostly his fault, and it was probably very dumb on his part to constantly accept something that was honestly quite suspicious, if he was to be honest. But he liked the flowers, their delicate, pure petals, and the sweet, so so sweet perfume that enveloped his senses like a blanket.

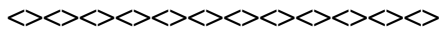
Something shifted in the air as the blonde tilted his head, his eyes piercing as they roamed over his face. He couldn’t even start to think about what kind of expression he was making, nor what his face looked like when he was in such a floaty state. But he could see the way the honey tinted eyes ran over his features, confusion mixed with something he couldn’t really comprehend. Then there was a hand on his cheek, a thumb barely brushing at the heated skin under his eyes, and he couldn’t help but nuzzle into it, the skin almost fresh compared to his own. There was a mumble over his head, and another voice answering, but he couldn’t care much about it, couldn’t really understand what was going on. Then a push on his shoulder and he was laying down, hands scrambling around to reach for the blankets.

The inferno started low in his belly, but waves of heat kept growing faster and stronger, and he didn’t know what to do with himself. He was vaguely aware of movements around him, someone pushing him around until he was settled under his blanket instead of laying over it. A voice with a tone of reassurance, barely loud enough to breach the rush of blood hindering his hearing, kept him in his bubble of comfort. He wasn’t tired per say, but the warmth was pushing him down and down.

And then the lights were off, and he was left alone.

Fifteen minutes later he was sobbing in his pillow, tears and drool wetting the material of it as he pressed his fingers deep inside himself, his mind full of images from his previous dreams, and ears full of the voices he really needed to hear. His body full of pleasure but also full of needs that were so far from being satisfied.

And still after all that, after he fell asleep, his body still shivering and his sheets still filthy, his dreams were plagued by sweet perfume and phantom hands.



The following day was awkward, to say the least. For some reason, his weird behavior from the day before made his friends think he was sick or something, and they were trying to baby him because of it. They had been exceptionally nice, making sure he had a good breakfast, pampering him uselessly and following him around trying to get him to rest. Apparently, the red of his face had made them think he was probably feverish, and they were right, just not with the same context. The fact that he had been half mindless was probably part of it too, but he sure wouldn't bring the subject up.

They forced him back to bed when Dream had to stream, making sure he had water and snacks and was buried under his blanket. He had rolled his eyes at them, but smiled gratefully. Those two could be idiots most of the time, but he couldn't really take away the fact that they were attentive with him. Even through the strain he had put on their relation with those damn flowers. Dream had been right, the day before, he had been the one isolating himself. He knew it started with the bouquets, but it sure wasn't the only reason. The dreams, the headspace he found himself in almost daily now.. He couldn't exactly talk about it with them, it was way too humiliating. And weird.

And he would probably have to admit that they were the main protagonists of those damn fantasies he kept having.

He shook his head, grabbing his phone and opening the blonde's stream, trying to at least keep himself updated with what was happening. He was speedrunning again, chatting with his chat, his voice teasing and gleeful, his laugh sunny bright. Sapnap joined soon after, tone casual but cocky, an edge of mockery that made his skin tingle in the weirdest way. He kept his eyes on the screen, following the yellow avatar of his friend running around, screen shifting from time to time when he gave up a run.

He barely had time to recognize what was happening before his eyelids got heavier, the voice coming from his phone lulling him back into that comfortable headspace. For a moment, he just enjoyed it, this complete lack of care for anything else than the voice of his friends. His senses were dulled and sharpened at the same time. His eyes couldn't focus, but the colors were bright and clear. His ears were full of cotton, couldn't catch words, but the voices were loud and smooth. His fingers were numb, clumsy, but his skin felt raw as he rubbed his legs against the softness of his blanket. His nose was full of this heady, sweet smell, his tongue coated with it like it was honey.

As much as this all felt overwhelming, he couldn't really say he hated it. It was just a lot, and it was only starting. He knew it now, knew he couldn't really stop it, knew where it would lead him.

What he wasn't aware of was that the curling heat in his lower stomach would take a sharp turn, need clawing at him so fast he was dizzy with it. He panted quietly, eyes wide, dropping his phone for a minute before whining, the voices suddenly too far from him. He grabbed the small device, almost desperately bringing it back toward him. His brain finally caught few words from it, now that it was so close he was basically pressing it against his ear.

"Our Georgie has been receiving flowers for weeks now-" His eyes turned toward the flower barely starting to wither, looking at the pale petals, reaching out to grab at the vase absent-mindedly. "Yeah, and Dream has been acting like a jealous boyfriend since then-" "What? Whaaaat? Shut up, man, you're talking out of your ass!" He blinked at the bouquet, brain only catching the tone, that tone he knew all too well. That tone that spoke of hidden truth and defensiveness, the way he spoke when they were trying to make him admit something that they already knew was true.

He turned in his bed, trying to make sense of the words, of the voice. He knew there was something important there, knew that it was something he should think about. There was no way for him to do that, though, his mind refusing to do much more than just taking in the words. But he knew what jealousy meant, and his brain was enough to make him see what it implied. Or maybe it was just his fantasies taking over again. He couldn't be sure, at this point, everything felt foggy, heavy and hot.

His phone turned off and he whimpered, fingers pressing buttons without much success. If he had half a brain left, he would have realized that it was probably dead, since he did not charge it the night before, but at that moment it just meant that the quiet was enveloping him, leaving him cold and shaky.

He groaned as he pushed himself in a sitting position, bleary eyes swiping the room until they fell on the door. He dropped the vase still in his hand, not even realizing the water seeping in his bed sheets, forcing himself to get out of his bed, ignoring the lead in his limbs. All he could think about was the fact that he was barely two doors away from his friends, could hear them if he reached one of their recording rooms, could probably just sit there and enjoy without bothering them.

It was obviously not a good decision, but he was not exactly the best at good decisions in his life in general, and even less when he was in that state.

He went for the door almost blindly, not certain of which room he was reaching for, not really caring for it either. He would be happy with any of them, would be happy to see whichever, to hear them talk, maybe sit close and press against them, just for some contact, just to stifle that need for contact burning under his skin.

He pushed the door open, greeted by the glorious sight of Sapnap laughing at whatever caused the blonde to die on his stream, half spread out on the small couch he had insisted on having in his recording room. He had headphones on, as usual, and probably didn't hear him open the door, but his eyes flashed open when he closed it, and he turned, smiling brightly, but his face took on a shocked expression when he looked at him properly. "George? You alright?"

It should have been surprising that this was enough to make him completely fall back down into his headspace, but it really wasn't. The youngest yelped in surprise as he crossed the room quickly, brain empty as he threw a leg over the brunet's body, sitting on his lap and pressing himself against his chest, whining softly. Sapnap was quick to stutter some sort of excuse through his mic before disconnecting it, throwing the headphones on the floor. "George, you okay? What's going on? What are- oh-" The younger brunet's face took on a charming red tone, eyes wide as he watched him, hands hovering just above his back, close enough that he could feel their warmth when he curved his back.

He closed his eyes, pressing his face against the clothed chest of his friend, just seeking more contact, more closeness. He couldn't really resist it anymore, and for some reason, it seemed to appease the constant burn under his skin, to slow down the crawling of fire ants through his blood. Still, it didn't feel enough. It was just natural for him to shift, hands feebly grabbing at his shirt and pulling himself higher, forcing the younger to bend his head back as he pressed his nose against his throat, moaning in pure relief when Sapnap's hands finally made contact with his back.

It was dizzying, how much he could feel it, how the pressure felt so different from his dreams, the heaviness behind it only accentuated by the other brunet's hesitation, a preview of how his touch could really feel on him.

It wasn't enough.

He whined, high and breathy, close to his friend's ear, feeling how he tensed under him, his fingers digging into the muscles of his back, pulling another noise from him. He pressed his mouth against the column of his neck, mouth watering at the idea of tasting his skin, of sucking on the blank canvas of his throat, of biting down, marring the untainted paleness of it. A swipe of his tongue had the boy under him shivering, his voice raising against, questioning and confused, but he couldn't focus on it. Could only think about the slight saltiness of his flesh, about the vibration under his lips as they grazed his adam's apple. The hands on his back moved, grabbing his hips and he jerked lightly, pressing his hips forward and sighing in delight as he rubbed himself against the younger's equally hard cock.

The voice stopped momentarily to let out a hiss, and his hips were grabbed much more forcefully, only sending him spiralling down deeper into his headspace. It felt so much more intense than his

fantasies, so much better but so much slower, why was it so slow? At least now, as opposed to when he was sleeping, he could move much more freely, even if he felt heavy, his hands clumsier than usual when he slid them down before pushing them under the shirt his friend was wearing. The skin felt so warm under his palms, soft and textured in a way that fantasy Sapnap never had been. The small scar from his fall from a tree, the light bumps of his ribs, the budding of his nipples, the smattering of hair across his upper chest.

He would have explored so much more, if two hands hadn't grabbed him by under his arms, forcefully pulling him back into a sitting position, still settled on the youngest's lap but no longer able to lay against him. He whined, dazed eyes surveying the panting boy under him, face red and pupils blown, fingers twitching as if he wanted to get them right back where they previously were. And he also wanted it, so badly, but something was in the way. He turned his head languidly, eyeing the hand still gripping his arm before flicking up to settle on a very familiar face.

He could see his lips moving, and could hear his voice, the pace of his words fast and demanding, but the meaning completely lost to him. He did notice the blush painting the bridge of his nose and the tip of his ears, could see the confused anger dirtying the honey of his eyes, but he could only think about how happy he was that both of them were there now, both of them could take care of him, take away the pit of lava boiling in his body. Something flashed on the blonde's face and his tone went a little lighter, a little less demanding and a bit more requesting, the fury fading into something else that he couldn't comprehend at the moment.

He twisted a little into his grip and the fingers released him immediately. He grabbed one of his wrists, bringing the hand to his face to nuzzle into it, looking up at him through his eyelashes. He pressed a kiss against the palm before running his lips up his fingers, mind full of all the fantasies he had about them, about their hands on him, their fingers in him, their touch light and teasing instead of satisfying. He wanted it now, he wanted the reality of it instead of the fiction of his mind. His tongue peeked out to taste at the rougher skin of his finger tips, whining when his thumb slipped between his lips, pressing down on his tongue as the hand curled under his chin.

Words flew over his head again, but the voice was heated, a grind at the edge of it that made him groan quietly in want. He felt the youngest shift under him, and he instinctively tightened his legs around him to prevent him from moving away. Sapnap's hands reached for him, grabbing at his hips and lifting him a little from his body, just enough that he could sit up properly before letting him take his place back. Some words were exchanged but he couldn't even try to find the will to understand, and then the hand was pulled away from his face, and he tried to not feel disappointed by the sudden lack of contact. It didn't last long, as two hands grabbed each side of his face, raising it so he was staring into searching amber eyes.

There was a moment of nothingness, but he let it happen, hands slowly reaching up to loosely curl around around his upper arms, not pushing nor pulling, just an encouraging touch that seemed to do the trick.

He was expecting a flurry of movement, harsh hands and harsher mouths, but it didn't go that way. He was gently pulled closer to Sapnap's body, allowing him to be fully pressed against him once again, making him sigh in pleasure. He pressed his forehead against his shoulder, hands circling around him to reach his back, pulling impatiently at his shirt to press his fingers against his skin. It wasn't long before he felt fingers creeping under his own hoodie, almost tickling him in their lightness, brushing over his flat stomach, curving along his sides, sliding until a thumb testingly rubbed against one of his nipples, sending sparks of electricity through his body.

Warmth pressed against his back, slightly chapped lips running along his nape. It felt so real, so very real. So different and better, and he didn't want it to stop. Two more hands settled over the dip of his hips, firm but not in a way that would keep him from moving if he wanted to. He whined low in his throat, rubbing his cheek against the material of Sapnap's shirt, careful to not dislodge the mouth sliding against his neck until it reached his ear. *Pretty* it murmured, the word so painfully understandable in the mess of his brain, his mind reeling at clarity of it. It sent a thrill through him, that the voices finally made any kind of sense, piercing through the fog and lighting up his nerves.

There was a small laugh, a nonsensical muttering, and he was pulled back from his position, hands pulling at his hoodie and taking it off, leaving him bare chested, shivering in the relative coolness of the recording room. It did nothing to help with the inferno spreading through him, the relief he had found in the close contact slowly seeping away, leaving him needy and panting. He dipped his head quickly, lips swallowing the noise of surprise from the youngest as he caught him in a sloppy kiss, all heat and no finesse, which didn't seem to deter either of them in any way.

Taking it slow was not an option after that.

There were teeth at the base of his neck, unyielding as they marked him up in a way that spoke of a too long wait, a yearning that had been unattended for too long. Sapnap tilted his head, taking full control of the kiss, pulling him closer, seemingly set on the idea of trying to devour him. The mood switched up a notch, fingers pressing into his skin, dipping under the worn sweatpants, lips and teeth mixing it up, sucking on his neck, biting at his bottom lip. He couldn't even try to give as much as he was receiving, his whole body shaking, skin aflame as he shifted, pressing his hips closer to the younger's ones, trying to grind onto him without much luck, the hands in his pants keeping him from moving too much.

His head was swimming again, his body totally out of control. He could feel the way his knees were moving, shifting between trying to spread more and tightening around the youngest's legs. His arms were weak, shaky, fingers clawing at the brunet's back, digging bitten nails into his skin without much effect. There was a few seconds where he felt like he could be floating away, vertigo making his vision spin, just before his entire being seemed to hyperfocus on the fingers dipping lower into his pants, bypassing his underwear to grab at his thighs, the touch firm and very real. The way he twisted in their arms was unconscious, back arching and pressing against the body behind him, hips tilting forward toward the hands taking a hold on him.

A groan pulled at his attention, clear in a way he wasn't used to, brown eyes flickering up to catch midnight ones, the burning heat in them licking at his skin. He heard a murmur against his nape, something he didn't understand, but the way Sapnap nodded lightly in answer made him guess the words weren't meant for him anyway. The haze around his brain only brought him deeper down when a pair of hands pushed under the waistband of both his pants and boxer, grabbing at his ass without an ounce of hesitation. He jerked in surprise and delight, dropping his head and pressing his face against the neck of the younger brunet, dropping messy open mouthed kisses along the skin.

The fingers around his thighs slid out quickly, his whine quickly drowned in a quiet sigh as they grabbed at his arms roughly, pulling at him until he was mostly laying back against the blonde's chest, allowing him to push at his clothes, lowering both pants and underwear mid-thigh. Glazed eyes dropped to follow the course of those hands, and it felt even more real to actually be able to see what was happening. His fantasies were always a mess of sensations he could barely feel, of mystery clouding his mind, of blindness and guesses. But this time he could feel it oh so clearly, and see it so vividly, when long fingers curled around his cock, the other hand sliding along his torso to rest just over his heart.

He couldn't help but stare, even if he felt like he should be ashamed of doing so. He was panting, the fire in his body almost painful in its intensity. He couldn't help but roll his hips up, trying to fuck into the fist around him, whining high and breathy when it followed the movement instead of meeting it. It felt so good, but it didn't feel nearly enough, once again. Waiting was something he couldn't handle, even if in his state, he couldn't exactly push it, could only hope for it, only try to show how much he needed with his body, since his brain was out of the equation. Lips brushed against his ear, words escaping him but the tone was a clear indicator of what was said, what was asked. He nodded, because whatever could be asked from him at this point would result in something positive. He just wanted more, needed more, no matter what was offered.

And he instinctively knew he could trust them, anyway.

He whined brokenly when the hand around him disappeared, eyes wide as he was pushed back against the youngest, the warmth against his back going away. Did he do wrong? Did he misunderstood the feeling behind the voice he had used? Lips caught his own, interrupting the wave of discomfort that had rushed through him, bringing him back toward something more enjoyable. Hands shifted from his ass to his hips, massaging into the tensed muscles of his thighs before sliding up, warming him up right back.

Bringing his own hands back between the two of them, he pressed them down, wiggling his fingers under the too-tight waistband of his jeans, ignoring the amused laugh that got lost around his tongue. Another hand joined his own, helping him by popping open the damn button and lowering the annoying zipper, leaving him much more space to press his hands into. He was rewarded with a low moan as fingers blindly reached at the hardness he found there, rubbing against it delicately. It felt so good to be able to reach back to someone, to give something right back, to finally act upon his need instead of letting it happen in a way that was more tortuous than helpful. A muted sound

behind him almost distracted him, but his single minded brain didn't let him divide his attention.

He shifted to leave a bit more space between their hips, cutting the kiss abruptly to see what he was doing, shamelessly staring as he clumsily pushed at the clothes covering his friends, barely enough to be able to wrap his hand properly around the length of his dick, mouth watering at the thought of getting down on him. And he surely would have done it without an ounce of shame if it wasn't for the sudden press right between his shoulder blades, pushing him down in a way that forced him to let go of him to not faceplant right against his chest as they were both lowered, half laying against the arm of the couch in a similar fashion that when he had came in and decided that listening was not enough anymore.

He would have whined in protest if it wasn't for the fingers sliding down his naked back until they reached the swell of his ass, taking a hold of a cheek to spread him out. He glanced up at Sapnap who grinned at him, face flushed in such a pretty way that he found himself hypnotized for a minute. He reached a hand up to cup his cheek, marveling at the heat radiating from the reddened skin, sighing as the younger tilted his head to catch his thumb between his lips, a spark of mischievousness flashing in his eyes as he sucked on the digit.

The sight only enhanced the sudden rush of pleasure when a slick finger pressed inside him without a warning, making him jump and choke on a squeak. He didn't lose a second, pushing his hips back and trying to take it deeper as soon as it breached him, forcing the blonde to press a firm hand against his lower back to keep him still. It pressed his cock between their bodies, another layer of sensation that made him reel. Sapnap released his thumb to carefully close his teeth around the shell of his ear, forcefully grabbing back his attention. He huffed, grabbing at his shoulders to somehow ground himself into reality, still half scared that he'd wake up from a very realistic fantasy. Lips grazed against his earlobe, a gravelly voice that he could easily recognize, with a dark undertone like he had imagined so often, but softer, in a way that felt so much more appropriate for what he knew of his friend.

His mind zeroed on the push and press of a second digit inside him, unfurling a new kind of molten pleasure that felt like molasse, slow and heavy, through his veins. His throat was starting to feel raw with the amount of noises that were forced out of him, but he couldn't even try to shut up. He shook, closing his eyes for a moment as he could feel how the digits were catching at his insides, dragging smoothly against his walls, spreading in a way that could have felt uncomfortable if he wasn't so deeply gone. He could barely feel any stretch at this point, both because of the haze he was stuck in and the fact that he fingered himself so much in the last few weeks that it was a feeling he was almost used to.

But Dream's fingers were thicker than his own, probably as long but bigger, filling him much more easier than when he was taking care of himself. He tried once again to grind against him, only to be blocked again, and moaned pitifully, back arching as he tried to press himself closer to the youngest, hands scrambling and grabbing at Sapnap's hair, pulling harshly to slot their mouth together, biting meanly at his bottom lip, frustration and need mingling in a dangerous way. The other brunet only sighed in pleasure, fully accepting of the slightly brutal treatment, hands sliding

into his hair and pulling right back, giving as much as he was receiving, nails scratching lightly at his scalp and digging in his nape.

The sharper feeling of a third finger pushing in made him break the kiss, throwing his head back and glancing above his shoulder, catching the sight of the blonde who was looking at him with parted lips and a look that screamed desire. He watched in amazement as those lips moved, voice invading his ears anew and leaving him a mess with how full of warmth it was, a warmth that had nothing to do with sex and need.

And the warmth spread as the soft tone of the taller's voice continued to wash over him, words probably full of compliments and praises, as the fingers left him. He didn't feel the need to complain, thought, hands running over him and shedding him out of his clothes with a gentleness he could barely understand. He choked on a cry when Sapnap's hand squeezed between their bodies, curling around both of their cocks. He didn't rush, thought, and the two youngers exchanged another glance and a short flurry of words, both voices dripping with needs.

Taking advantage of the lack of hands keeping him down, he rolled his hips against Sapnap's, cutting the conversation quite efficiently as the brunet groaned, loud and broken, fingers tightening uncontrollably around them. There was a snort over them and the blonde laid one hand over his hip, not keeping him from moving but a reminder that he could. He didn't exactly consciously decide to obey, because at his point he was much more running on pure instinct than anything brain related, but he felt like it was his best option, and, fortunately, he wasn't left hanging much longer. The renewed pressure against his hole made him quake with pure need, his face pressing against the youngest's shoulder, tempted to bite down just to stifle the need to rush it.

The firm press of Dream's dick inside him, stretching him nice and wide, could have made him cry. Or cry out. Or both. But instead he was almost shocked still with the incredible way it felt, and how his brain suddenly reconnected with his body in such a way that it punched the air out of his lungs and left him voiceless.

The reality of it all crashed into him, a full body shudder shaking him hard and he pressed his forehead harder against the brunet, throat unlocking, a drawn out moan ripped from him as the blonde rolled his hips against him in small movements, letting him get used to the feeling of him inside. He would have been grateful in any other circumstances, would have enjoyed the simple pleasure of being stretched and full, but the way his brain suddenly caught up with his body made everything way too intense to enjoy the simpler things. He cursed, loud and clear, and both of his friends froze for half a second before the taller slipped a hand in his hair, getting a hold to lift his head, exposing his face to the youngest. "Thought we fucked you brainless before even starting, with how quiet you were."

He was almost surprised to hear and understand what was said. But he didn't want to think, didn't want to understand. He growled, looking right into the dark eyes of the texan as he arched his back,

knees firmly planted each side of his hips as he ground back, grinning savagely at the punched out sound Dream made, no regrets visible in his face even as the blonde let go of his hair to pin him against the younger with against his nape. Sapnap laughed breathlessly, rolling his hips up to rub their cocks together, just as the blonde snapped his hips forward, pressing in deep. "Fuck! Fuck, c'mon-" He urged, gripping at the brunet's shirt and panting, aggression still dripping into his voice, tainted with desperation and a need that ran under his skin.

Dream was quick to run his hand along his sweaty back, grabbing both hips now and keeping him still again. "You were so good and quiet, what happened to that?" Sapnap used his free hand to pull his face close to his own, close enough that their breaths were mingling. "Need it too much, Georgie? Couldn't get out of your head, and now that you're getting it, you can't wait?" He couldn't really do anything but nod, because it was probably the closest explanation he could give at that time, and if it helped him get what he wanted, he wouldn't deny it. The blonde cooed behind him, but before he could do anything about it, he felt him move, smooth and nice and so, so good.

The rhythm that he imposed was nothing if not satisfying in the most frustrating way, long and deep thrusts that made him feel each and every inches of him so perfectly, driving him up the wall until his brain was basically melting through his ears once again, but leaving him mostly conscious of what was happening around him. He had tried to rush him a couple of times, but slowly but surely his words had slurred, leaving him a mess of babbled pleas and ragged swears. Sapnap was no better, fingers running along their cocks, trying to make it last but shaking through it, patience slowly trickling down and eroding. He could feel the tension in the body underneath him, the way he had to stop for a couple of seconds to keep his sanity.

He wanted to scream, to cry, to get mad, but he didn't have the strength to do any of that. He could only let it happen, and hang for the ride.

He knew it wasn't possible for Dream to not break at some point, but it was still a big surprise for him when the rhythm faltered. He felt the way the youngest tightened his hand around them, and he probably saw something on the blonde's face that made him realize he could let go, because he was suddenly twisting his wrist in a way that made both of them moan loudly. He pawed at him, pulling on his shirt as if it would change anything, and was so distracted by the rush of pleasure that he didn't realize how the taller readjusted his grip on his hips.

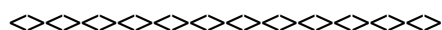
The next snap of his hips had him cry out by the sheer force behind it. He couldn't focus on a particular sensation anymore, the pressure and calculated friction on his dick only enhancing the direct hits against his prostate, and the knot in his belly expanded so quickly that he was dizzy with it. His eyes were wide but unseeing, mind completely frazzled and unable to follow anything anymore. He pressed his lips against the base of Sapnap's neck, muffling the flow of noises escaping him, letting the ones leaving the youngest drown them.

He sobbed dryly as Dream gave few particularly rough thrusts into him, his whole body seizing up in preparation of his release. He couldn't help but bite down hard into the youngest's skin, ignoring the pained complaint from him, which was probably more out of reflex than anything since he felt him also tense against him. He felt Sapnap pulsing against him, warm fluid slicking up the hold he still had around them. It didn't take anything more for him to follow suit, muffling his shout against the younger's neck as he tightened around the blonde. He thought he would faint when Dream didn't stop, fucking him through it and beyond, taking advantage of the way his body tensed in protest.

He couldn't even complain, voice wrecked and throat too busy creating noises he never heard himself make, and he was probably lucky that it didn't continue for too long, his brain barely clinging to consciousness. He should have felt somewhat irritated or annoyed that the blonde didn't bother pulling out before coming, but the feeling of him twitching and filling him with his cum was something he could literally not mind at that moment.

He groaned weakly in discomfort when they started shifting carefully, trying to somehow disentangle themselves from each other without much success. Sapnap used his clean hand to pet at his hair, observing him with curious eyes and a soft smile. "You can nap, if you want. We can talk later." He blinked sleepily at him, and nodded. Surely they would talk about this later, make sure they were all on the same page. Make sure that there wouldn't be any isolation anymore, no walls and no pit between any of them, because even if it did lead them to this, it was a pain they didn't need to live again.

And this time, they did talk about it.



It was about a week later that George opened the door, ready to fetch the mail, and came face to face with one of their neighbors, a nice lady that baked mean cookies and seemed to always have trouble with the old desk computer that was probably as old as he was. She knew he was a computer major, and that he was living with his friends, and he knew that she had seven grand-kids and that she had a collection of knitted butterflies. She was nice, and he tried to be as helpful as he could with her.

And there she was, smiling widely, looking a little surprised but not shocked in any way.

And she had a very, very familiar looking flower arrangement in her hands.

"Oh hello. I was just dropping this for you, actually."

He stared at the plants, trying to get himself together, before flicking his eyes back up at her face, completely confused. “I- hello, what is.. Those are-”

The old lady gave him a sweet smile, pressing the bouquet into his unmoving hands. “I wanted to thank you, young man, since you are always helping me out.” She started, before his eyes shone impishly. “I saw how you looked at your friends and how you looked so happy when you talked about them, and the nice girl at the flower shop helped me choose something that would help bring a bit of romance in your life, yes? Did it work?”

He blinked a few times, lowering his eyes toward the flowers before glancing toward the window, where both Sapnap and Dream were peeking out from behind the curtain with the subtlety of an elephant hiding behind a tree, and smiled softly, his tone warm as he answered honestly “Yeah, yeah I guess it did.”

3some - hoodie

Chapter Summary

A hoodie, a phone and bad ideas, that was all it took for Sapnap to ruin Dream's day.

Chapter Notes

A short one, this time, with not much plot because I was just brainrotting over those damn pictures! Dunno why it ended up with kind of a mostly sapnotfound, but hey, at least I got something out of it!

Kinktober, day 23; exhibitionism, pictures, videos

Character involved; Sapnap & Georgenotfound (+ background Dream)

I'm allowing myself this chapter because the last one was so incredibly long, and I don't know why I'm trying to find reasons because it's my kinktober and it's now february so if I want to do drabble until I'm done I can (but I won't cuz I hate drabbles). Hope you still enjoy it, thank you for reading and, as usual, please leave a comment if you feel like it!

He was such a pretty thing.

He couldn't think of anything beside the beauty that laid under him, pale skin almost glowing in the pale light that barely illuminated the room. He was barely tanner than the white sheets, skin tone more rosy in color but as fair as the cotton gripped tight in his hands. Glazed over eyes peered up at him, pink lips parted around uneven breaths, slick tongue barely showing behind his pearly white teeth.

Sapnap could have spent hours just finding new ways to describe how beautiful the man under him was, but he had more urgent matters at hand, and he was easily reminded of that fact by the shocking darkness of the hoodie covering a good portion of that soft, pale skin. The stark white design on it seemed to be mocking him in a way, but he knew that he had the upper hand in that situation. He grinned lecherously down at the smaller man, hands running down the shaking thighs thrown on each side of him, his eyes narrowing in satisfaction at the shiver that made the body under him tremble gently. His eyes flickered down, appraising the hard cock leaking over the dark material of the hoodie before setting for the place where they were joined.

Slowly, he rolled his hips, watching as his dick smoothly pulled out before sliding right back in, pulling a drawn out moan from the brunet. He glanced away momentarily when the screen of his

phone flashed, only grinning more when he saw the almost constant flow of notifications. He grabbed the Brit's hip with one hand, pulling him closer and angling him in a way that made him sputter deliriously, head rolling on the pillow, eyes wide and unseeing. With his free hand, he grabbed for the small device, ignoring the multitude of messages and calls to open a very specific app. "Dream is going crazy over that pic I sent him earlier. Imagine what he would think if I send him one right now, huh?"

The pic had been mostly innocent, the older boy glaring at the camera with the hoodie making him look so much smaller, fingers covered by the dark material, the hem of the shirt almost long enough to completely hide the shorts he had been wearing. The picture was fine, and Dream had sent a chaotic mix of heart eyed emojis and drooling ones, but it was the message that had followed that made him go haywire.

Gonna make him come all over that stupid smiley face :)

It had been more than enough to make the blonde go crazy, the poor guy stuck at his parents' place for a dinner that he had no care about. He wasn't sure how he got away with that amount of calls and texts, to be honest, as they all knew that Dream's mom wasn't the type to allow that kind of thing at the table. He didn't care anyway, it just made it even funnier to him.

A whine brought him back to the present, and George was looking at him with an expression that was half pleading, half annoyed. He barely took a second to raise his phone and take a picture, ignoring the outraged sound the brunet did. With his red cheeks, glazed over eyes and the way his hair was messed up in a clear fucked out way, he looked debauched. Exactly what he wanted. He sent it to the blonde without thinking about it twice, snorting when the older understood what he was doing, face reddening even more. His fingers detached themselves from the sheets and he brought his hands to his face, hiding behind the large sleeves covering his fingers. "Sapnaaaaap" he whined, shifting by reflex and tensing when it made him sink deeper into him.

The younger licked his lips, eyes wandering anew, noticing that the change in position had pulled the shirt a bit higher, exposing the lower half of his flat stomach. He would usually be more than happy at the sight of more skin, but for now it went against his primary goal. He tutted almost mockingly, releasing his hip to grab at the sleeves, twisting the material and pulling, trapping both wrists into his hold. He ground nastily into him, watching hungrily as his lips fell open, eyes closing as an expression of ecstasy slipped over his features, his back arching and thighs pressing tight around his waist. His smirk fell at the wave of heat that coursed through him at the view, and he took another picture, saving it for himself before sending it to the blonde.

He was tempted to stop showing off to Dream but the temptation was too strong. He knew it would drive him crazy, even if it was also driving him mad with desire. Staying afloat of his own pleasure was something he wasn't that good at doing, usually the first one between them three to lose his mind and give in to his basic desires. He had to admit that he would have a nice bank of pictures

after this, thought, pictures that he could either use to tease the older or for one of those lonely nights when he only had himself and his right hand.

“You’re so hot Georgie, so pretty.” He snapped his hips into him, rewarded with a strangled cry that made him groan in delight. He rocked into him, smooth and slow when he pulled out, harder and quicker when he slid back in, noises falling out of George’s lips like a song he would never get tired to hear. “All those cute sounds just for me.” The brunet forced his eyes to open, looking at him through his lashes, a shine to his eyes that made his head spin. He took a sharp breath and pressed his thumb to the screen to start recording. “That’s right, I might share you with him, and you may be wearing his merch, but right now you’re all mine, aren’t you?”

He didn’t wait for an answer, knowing he wouldn’t get one, pulling his wrists closer to him in a way that allowed the camera to see the expanse of his covered torso, his long, elegant neck that severely lacked the bruises that he would leave sooner or later, and the blissed out expression on his face. The brunet didn’t even hesitate before nodding to agree with his statement, spit slicked lips trembling as he offered a meek “yours-” as an answer, choking on a moan as he pulled on his arms and drove in sharply, driving any spark of rationality out of those eyes of him. “Good boy.” He praised, stopping the recording and saving it once again before sending it, smirking deviously.

He released his wrists, pushing his arms apart. “Keep your hands away from your face, I want to see you.” Both hands obediently went back to the pillow, grabbing it firmly. He dropped the phone momentarily to readjust himself, grabbing at one of his legs to bring it over his shoulder, the new angle making the older cry out again as he drove in, his whole body shuddering so hard that the younger had to take a minute to make sure he didn’t hurt him somehow.

“Sapnap- Sap, please, just-” He silenced him with a short, sweet kiss, rolling his hips to test out the new position, satisfied when a moan was lost against his lips. “Keep your begging for the camera, pretty boy.” The older didn’t even try to protest, knowing that by this point he had absolutely no control over the situation. “Then start recording, idiot.” His eyebrows shot up and his smile grew tenfold, cocky in a way that he rarely was. He grabbed the phone back and pressed the recording as requested.

“Was there something you wanted to say, Georgie?” The smaller man looked right at the small lens of the camera, shyness forgotten as the need took over. “Fuck me, Sap.” He clicked his tongue, slowly shifting his phone, lowering the camera until he had a clear shot of his splayed thighs, of his cock curved along his lower belly, of his hole stretched around his own dick. “But I am, Georgie.” He made a show of sliding out before thrusting in shallowly, a noise of dissatisfaction leaving the man under him. His thighs tensed as he tried to move, but the position barely allowed him any leverage. “Sapnap, please, just- fuck me-” He cackled in delight, his free hand running along the leg that was thrown over his shoulder, fingers sliding dangerously close to his twitching cock. “Just fuck you?”

He grabbed onto his thigh and snapped his hips forward, the noise of skin on skin loud in the silence of the room. There was a sharp intake of air, a breathy moan, and two hands reaching out toward him, fingertips barely peeking out of the sleeves. "Sapnap, please, I need it- stop teasing!" He was almost sobbing, trying so hard to not move too much, trying to get a hold on him, to bring him close. "Hands over your head, pretty." It barely took a second for the oldest to obey, not wanting to give him any reason to punish him. The video was sent, and he started another one right after, not wanting to lose any second of that masterpiece he was currently filming. "You want me to ruin you, Georgie? Want me to make you come all over your hoodie, get it all dirty?" The hasty nod made him laugh meanly, but he didn't ask for more.

He kept his thumb firmly pressed against the screen as he lowered his upper body to grab the smaller boy's lips in a kiss, drinking in the noise he made as he started to move more steadily. He finally dropped the device, barely glancing toward it to make sure he sent the last video before grabbing at him with both hands, pulling him to meet every thrust. He could feel the way George latched onto him, even as he kept his hands over his head as he previously requested, long legs curling around him to pull him closer, teeth sinking into his bottom lip to keep him from breaking the kiss, the body under him arching and shifting to press closer.

It was a bit tricky to slide his hand between their bodies to finally circle his cock, but it was worth it when the older stopped attacking his lips, throwing his head back and moaning loudly. He felt him tighten around him sporadically, making his brain shut with the crushing pleasure that it brought. The older's leg had fallen to his elbow when he had lowered himself, and he brought it back up to his shoulder, forcing his body to fold a little more, the Brit's hips canted up in a way that promised days of soreness that he would complain about without really minding. He could see that the new position was overwhelming the brunet, could feel how his insides were clamping down on him with each thrust, the pressure against his prostate a constant that ravaged him without any chance for a breather. That unrelenting pleasure, mixed with the hand expertly twisting around his cock, left the older completely mindless.

His phone lit up with what was probably the twentieth call from Dream when George arched sharply, fingers clawing at the pillow and throat letting out a string of broken moans, cock twitching in his hand as he spilled all over the hoodie, streaking the smiley face with cum. He groaned loudly at the sight, pulling out of him and ignoring the small whimper that answered his actions, throwing a leg over one of his and curling his fingers around his own dick. George's face was a cute mix of fucked out and confused, but he seemed to catch on pretty quickly, lowering his arms lazily and pushing his hand away. He choked on a noise as he watched him curl his hand around his cock, deft fingers rubbing in all the right spots until he was shaking, coming undone and adding to the mess staining the hoodie.

He was still panting, quivering a little when the oldest moved again, dragging a hand over the bed until he could grab his phone. He blinked confusedly, watching as he saw him unlock the screen, tapping a few times before holding the phone up over him, throwing a lazy grin toward it. He tapped the screen again before throwing the phone down, allowing him to see that he took a picture, his hooded eyes and red skins fully on display, with a clear view of the hoodie, dirtied with drying out cum all over it.

He grinned down at him, muffling a laugh against his lips as his phone lit up again with another call.

3some - cockwarmer

Chapter Summary

When brain goes brrrr, find a distraction.

If no distraction, find friend.

they know you better than you do, anyway.

Chapter Notes

I'm not dead! Got on a forced hiatus because mental health and new computer, so there's that. But I didn't give up (yet?) and worked extra hard to bring something as soon as I could. So here!

Kinktober, day 24; cock-warming, subspace (?), handjob, uh... cum licking?
Characters involved; Dream & Georgenotfound & Sapnap

Hope you enjoy this one, and as usual, please comment if you feel like it!

Dream was restless.

Spread out on his bed, his phone laid beside his hand with it's screen closed, no notification disturbing the loud silence in the room. He was bored, and he had no one to bother, for once. George was out on a walk, like the boring adult that he was, probably filming another dumb tiktok video that would be utterly useless but would still rack up attention like nobody's business just because it was *George*. Sapnap was working on a super secret challenge coding that would change the entire world - or so he said. He strongly doubted it, to be honest, and if he wasn't in his room by the end of the day, asking for help, he'd be exceptionally surprised. The boy had a head full of ideas, but seriously lacked the dedication to the task, especially when he had two best friends who could work the kinks out of his codes so much faster than he could.

But still, until he gave up, Dream had agreed to not barge into his room and disrupt his work. Going on the SMP would be useless, as he was still stuck in that damn prison, and DreamXD wasn't needed if there was no problem or no friends to mess around with. He had messaged Karl, who was filming, and Bad, who was out with his roommate, for a reason he didn't really understand but guessed was about their dogs. Or something. There was also no open VC on the smp to just chill in, which was very rare, but he knew that Tommy had a recording with his usual 1000% funnier crew, and that these days, Ranboo and Tubbo were on private chat most of the time. Not that he would have wanted in, if he believed the recent events he caught up with the compilation videos he liked to watch when he had nothing to do.

Which brought him back to the fact that he, indeed, had nothing to do. But he didn't feel like watching videos. He didn't feel like playing either, because it was boring to do it alone. He would have watched that one series he had started, but he had started it with Sapnap, and it was a rule between them that they couldn't continue it without the other.

Groaning, he flipped on his bed to lay on his stomach, burying his face into the warmth of his pillow. Napping would have been an idea, but it was a bad day for his head, and just the idea of laying down and sleeping had his muscles go all jittery and tensed.

He was annoyed at his own incapacity of being productive in any way when he was alone. He was a grown man! He could do stuff on his own. He always did before his friends moved in with him, did he not? Well, even then alone was a big word, seeing how his mom was often around to help him out with stuff. After George had moved in, she came less often, as he took the role of cooking most of their meals. It had been funny, to see him all flustered as he asked her for books. It was even funnier to think that George often called her to ask her about stuff now, and they often went grocery shopping together.

He would have never thought that between the three of them, George would end up being the one who talked to his mom the most.

He glanced at his phone, wondering if calling someone from his family would help with his boredom. He forgot the idea pretty fast, thought, not wanting to bother someone for such a selfish reason. He didn't have much to say, anyway, since he literally talked with his dad the previous day, and texted his little sister all morning while she complained about not being able to go mess on the smp while he was stuck in an obsidian box.

Sighing, he rolled on the bed again, pushing himself into a sitting position and looking around his room. Maybe he could use the time to clean up a little? It wasn't exactly dirty, but he guessed he could maybe do something anyway, his windows hadn't been cleaned in a while and-

The quiet but distinctive sound of the front door opening and closing made him perk up instantly. All thought of productivity in any way flew out of his mind and he almost flung himself out of his room, shameless as he ran up the stairs and wrapped his arms around a startled Brit who squeaked in surprise. It took him a second, but George returned the hug with one arm, the bag in his hand hindering his ability to embrace him properly. It barely took a few seconds before the brunet started squirming, huffing lightly when the arms around him tightened. "Come on, I wanna take off my jacket and my shoes, let me go."

It was mainly out of self respect that Dream didn't whine when he forced himself to step back,

arms falling uselessly on each side of him as he watched the smaller man shake off his coat, hanging it in the closet. George threw him a curious glance, but didn't comment, toeing off his shoes and bypassing the tall blonde to put his bag on the kitchen counter, digging snacks out of it and sorting them. Dream followed him listlessly, quietly observing from his spot, obviously waiting for him to be done with whatever he was doing. The Brit rolled his eyes and grabbed a few packets of candies and a bag of chips and went to the living room, trailed by the blonde who still hadn't said a thing.

"Do you need anything, Dream?" He shook his head, waiting until the brunet settled on the couch before dropping beside him, not wasting a second before he laid down on his belly, throwing an arm over the smaller man's legs and forcing the other between his back and the back of the couch, trapping him in an awkward hug as he buried his face against his flat stomach. George made a noise of confusion, absentmindedly dumping his snacks on the side table, using one of his hands to gently play with the younger's hair. "It's that kind of day, huh. Mind if I put on a movie or something?"

The sound was kept low, a background sound that he didn't even try to understand, the hand playing with the strands a soothing balm. If he was tired in any way, it would easily have put him to sleep, but instead it was lulling him in a state of calm he rarely felt, especially on days like this where his ADHD kept his mind running and his body fidgeting. Usually the lack of stimuli would have driven him crazy, eyes closed, hands still, sounds too low to really comprehend without focusing. But strangely the fingers twirling locks dragged all his attention toward it, and it felt... good. Felt like he could relax, let go.

But it also made something inside him feel weirdly warm.

He ignored it at first. It was easy to not pay attention when he was being so cozy, everything dark and warm, his cheek pressed against the soft cotton of the smaller man's shirt. He started to run his nails over the textured material covering the couch, nothing that really popped his bubble, just dragging him down under even more.

But then George tugged at his hair just a tiny bit, fingers getting caught in the smallest knot and undoing it gently. But it was enough to make the warmth drop into something slightly more sharp. Slightly more demanding. He breathed low and long, shifting and rubbing his face over the shirt in his face. He could feel how George's stomach contracted at the sensation, hand almost stalling in his hair. "Do you need to move?" The blonde shook his head, pressing his nose against the lower part of his stomach. He almost smiled when he felt the Brit flinch, muscles quivering a little under the sudden touch. "Be nice."

"Dun wanna" was the answer muffled against him, strangely slurred and warm with something he didn't really recognize. Dream sounded like he just woke up, voice thick but without the gravel of unuse, words heavy on his tongue like his mouth just didn't want to work with him. He hummed

slightly, clicking his tongue and sliding his hand from the top of his head to the back of his neck, scratching at the shorter hair with his nails. "I wanna finish that movie, Dream. Can you wait?" The blonde shuffled slightly, repositioning to press his cheek against his thigh, chin almost laying right over his crotch. He peeked up at him from the corner of his eye, but even if he was in position to see, there were barely any thoughts behind that look.

"How long?" He murmured, the Brit shivering again as his breath washed over him, barely enough to be felt through his clothes. "We're halfway through." They both knew the answer wouldn't be satisfactory, but it didn't keep Dream from whining in protest, and George from rolling his eyes at him. The brunet jumped when the younger dropped all sense of decency and nuzzled against him again, shamelessly rubbing his face along the zipper of his jeans. He hissed, slipping a hand between the blonde's cheek and his pants, trying to keep him from moving. "You're going to hurt yourself, idiot. Stop that."

The words were firm, but his voice had a waver, an undertone of hesitation, something that spoke a thousand times louder than anything he could say with proper sentences. It was way more than enough for the american to glance up at his friend through his eyelashes, turning his head a little to place his lips against the hand trying to keep him away from his prize. George stiffened, almost like he was expected to be bitten, but didn't react any more than that. He huffed when nothing came out of the new contact, returning his gaze toward the television. He knew better than to pay the blonde any more attention than absolutely needed, very aware that any bits and crumbs of his focus would only spur him on.

His concentration on the movie was short-lived. The arm that was thrown over his legs shifted, bending at the elbow, hand creeping along the material of the couch until it reached the side of his thigh, fingertips barely applying any pressure against the seam of his jeans. The brunet was tempted to smack the hand away, but he chose to ignore it instead. The lips still carefully placed over the back of his hand twisted slightly, visibly pulling up at the corners, and he rolled his eyes in annoyance. "Don't make me push you on the ground, Dream." The quirk of the mouth fell instantly and the blonde whined quietly, turning his head again to glance at George from the corner of his eyes, trying to gauge how serious the threat could be.

There was pink dusting the Brit's cheeks and along the top of his ears in a way that Dream always found cute. It was a tell tale sign, too, and he always used it to his advantage before, and surely wouldn't stop now. He was breathing just a tad deeper than usual, controlled in an unnatural way. Convinced he was in no danger of being rejected, he turned back toward his hand, mouthing at his knuckles. The fingers under his lips twitched, the brunet's breath catching on a sigh, either of irritation or surprise he couldn't be too sure, but he didn't question it. His hand grabbed at his thigh without the lightness he previously used, trying to pull a reaction out of him. A hand slapped at his fingers but he only dug them harder in, making the older hiss and shift lightly, grabbing onto his wrist to pull him away from his leg. "Dream!"

The blonde whined petulantly in answer, shifting his head to glance at the older again, lips pursed in an unhappy frown. The brunet clicked his tongue in clear annoyance, shifting under him in a

way that dislodged his grip on him. He was about to reposition his hand to grab at him again, but the movement was aborted when a hand slid in his hair and gripped tightly at the messy strands. He went completely still, chest heaving a little in anticipation. He wasn't sure if this was very good news or exceptionally bad ones. In this situation, it could honestly go both ways. He could be scolded and told to go away, which was probably the worst case scenario, or he could be punished, which would end up as being a good thing anyway. He was honestly ready to deal with whatever George could throw at him if it was to get what he wanted, if he was to be honest.

He kept his mouth shut as the smaller man glared at him for a long, way too long minute, visibly trying to think about what to do with him. He was about to shake out of his skin with the way he was forcing himself to keep still, muscles twitching with the usual need to move, to act, to do something. His brain was going miles per hour again, trying to follow the train of thought the older was having without any luck.

The brunet must have seen something in his face, or saw the way his eyes were starting to shift from his restlessness, because something lit up in his gaze, and he smirked, slow and dangerous. "Fine, Dreamie. If you can't be nice and watch a movie with me, I guess I'll have to give you something to do, hm?" The blonde shook a little in place, not completely convinced by the tone of voice. He hummed quietly, still, just to answer somehow. Wasn't much of an agreement, but not much of a refusal either. The hand in his hair pulled a little, and he followed it, arching his neck to lift it from its place on the older's lap. His eyes grew in size and his jaw dropped a little in surprise when he saw George use his free hand to reach for his pants, undoing the button. There was a pause as the Brit seemed to be gauging his reaction, then the zipper was also lowered.

It was a bit of a ridiculous dance after that, the older shimmying a bit in place as he pushed his pants down his hips, Dream snapping out of his daze to help him, pulling at the piece of clothing with the hand that was still laying uselessly on his thigh. The blonde bit at the inside of his cheek when he saw the bulge already straining a bit against the material of his boxer. He wasn't fully hard, but he was clearly interested, no matter what he had tried to make him believe only minutes earlier. He licked his lips, glancing up, then down, then up again, trying to pull something out of the older, instructions or a clear sign that he was good to do whatever he pleased. Not that he expected anything like that, because even with how clearly he was getting into it, George was not the type to allow him something like that so easily. Not when he had a clear no in the get go, and still insisted.

No matter how cleary, the brunet was lying when he told him no.

Just another game to play, just another set of rules he was dared to break and deal with the consequences afterward.

When he grew impatient again, the blonde tried to push himself closer again, but his head was pulled back again, as if George was waiting for him to try anything of the sort. Something dark was

swirling in his eyes, and he made sure he had the blonde's full attention before speaking. "I still want to watch the movie. I had plans to do so, and I won't let you get in the way." There was a silence, where Dream laid, puzzled. He really didn't know where this was going, seeing as he was clearly not about to get sent back to do his own thing, but the words were clearly in opposition to the second option, which was the sex one. He doubted that even with all the will in the world, George wouldn't be able to go through with it and pay complete attention to the movie while, well, anything was going on.

"What am I supposed to do, then?" He muttered weakly, the words feeling like cotton in his mouth. Talking was not his forte when he was in these kinds of moods, words either colliding with each other and making him stutter hard, or hard pressed to leave his throat and making him choke around them. The brunet tutted at him, making a shushing noise, and he closed his mouth, just stuck into this waiting state again. There was another movement and George pushed his boxers down too, freeing his half hard cock. The blonde stared, once again thrown off by that action. "Do you know what cock-warming is, Dreamie?" There was a silence, and something tightened in the younger's stomach. He didn't really remember them talking about it at any point, but like a lot of his generation, he was well aware of that type of thing. He knew what it was, but the implications were a bit vague to him.

"Your face tells me that you know. Or at least heard of it?" A nod. "I'm going to be very clear about it, then. You can put your pretty mouth around my cock. But! Nothing else. No sucking. No licking. No touching with hands. No squirming around and trying to get yourself off."

It was an offer, more than anything. It was a test, kind of. Those were the second sets of rules. The first ones meant to be broken, to be pushed until he reached the limits and was either told off or offered the second game. A new set of rules.

Those were absolutely not meant to be broken.

So it was basically a take it or leave it, because he wouldn't have any other offer for the moment. He could obey them and get what he wanted, even if it was after a while, or he could go back to his room and enjoy his alone time until one of them decided that he had waited long enough. He could also just wait until the movie was done and then get it on with George, for sure. He could even maybe get up, walk to Sapnap and ask him if he wanted to fuck.

But Sapnap was busy. And he didn't want to wait.

It couldn't be that hard, could it? There was basically a third of the movie left, he could totally do it. And even if he wasn't allowed to actually do anything, there was no way George wouldn't do anything, right? He wouldn't be able to handle just being there not moving. Right?

Shamelessly, Dream let his mouth drop open, something challenging in his eyes that only made the older smirk with confidence. This wasn't really unusual between them, this continuous fight of who would overpower who, in any means possible. But the Brit didn't say anything, only guiding the blonde toward his cock and shivering as warm wetness closed up around him.

Immediately, the blonde knew this would be so much harder to handle than he previously thought. There was a brief second of this kind of weird relief, the one he felt when his shoulders were pulled too tight and Sapnap pressed his palms against them. The simple contact was enough to make his muscles lose some of their tenseness. And it felt the same like this, the buzz in his brain and the twitchiness in his muscles washing away with the usual excitement growing in his lower stomach.

It took his body a couple of minutes before it realized nothing was happening. Yes, there was something between his lips. Yes, it was very much associated with a part of his brain that brought on the pleasure and excitement. But nothing else was going on.

Still, his body was reacting in the usual way, and it made it so much harder on him to not move, or try anything.

There was a long moment where Dream was basically fighting himself at every step, forcefully relaxing every muscle, trying his best to not move, to not press himself closer, to not tongue at the cock filling up his mouth. Each time he couldn't control a twitch that made his body jerk in some way, or that his lips tightened by pure reflex, there was a painful pressure applied right beside his jaw that was enough to make him go limp again, head buzzing.

But slowly, very slowly, the fight left his body.

Time fell out of his fingers, dripping like water. It stretched and constricted, leaving him completely unaware of how many minutes had passed, how long it would be before it ended. There was a hand back in his hair, light and affectionate, running through the strands and almost making him sleepy. But he certainly wasn't sleepy. His whole body felt like jelly as his whole brain could only focus on the touches, on the warmth, on the stretch of his lips and the taste on his tongue. Full of sensations but empty of any thoughts.

He could have stayed like that for hours, for an entire day, and maybe he had. Maybe he had been laying there for hours without noticing, and he wouldn't even be mad about it. He wouldn't care, nor mind in any way. He felt floaty, more relaxed than he'd been in weeks, probably months.

It came crashing down abruptly when something -or someone, actually- slid their fingers along the curve of his own cock, making him jump and moan without a second thought. Disorientated, he opened his eyes and was completely taken aback when the hand in his hair tightened, pulling at him and forcing him down the cock still firmly pressed between his lips. His throat tightened, threatening to make him choke, but he instinctually relaxed, allowing his body to take the sudden assault without any bad reactions.

Getting out of his own head proved very difficult when the hand running along his dick pulled away only to push under his shorts, directly bypassing his underwear and circling his erection without any second lost. He had forgotten how excited he had gotten when he had started this, almost surprised that he was still this hard after so much time. Or at least it had felt like so much time, but he really wouldn't know. "...got into it, uh?" He blinked furiously, trying to clear out his head and make sense of what was being said around him, gasping for air when he was finally pulled away from the Brit's dick. "Wh-wha-" He twisted his head to glance back down, shuddering at the dark look Sapnap was sending him, kneeling over his body. He hadn't even felt him get on the couch.

"I said," The youngest started, fingers gliding along his cock almost thoughtlessly, pulling a sigh out of him. "That you really got into it." He made a questioning noise, but was soon muffled again as George pulled him back toward him, guiding his cock back between his lips. He didn't fight it, didn't try to do anything about it either. There was a chuckle, and a finger tapped his cheek. "You're done, Dreamie. You can suck me off now." There was a mean chuckle from Sapnap and a condescending smile from George, but he didn't let himself think about it. His brain just switched gears and he finally let his tongue travel along the hot skin, mouth tightening around his cock, body shivering and slowly repositioning itself to be more comfortable for this. The arm still stuck between the Brit and the couch curled around his waist, his other hand sliding back to grab at his thigh once again, using the hold to push himself just a tad higher so he wouldn't be completely laying on his lap, allowing more movements from him.

Sapnap took the opportunity of him moving around to do the same, forcing a thigh between Dream's ones to spread them, pushing at his own sweats to free his cock, pulling at the blonde's clothes to do the same with him. The position was a tad uncomfortable for the boy laying down, but with the way he was laying, and the fact that this was a couch, he really couldn't complain too much about it if he wanted anything done to him. He knew for a fact that he would be sore the day after, but he didn't care. Couldn't even think about caring. He only cared about the fact that Sapnap was now pressing against him, back curving to allow their dicks to make contact, hips rolling nicely to press against him. His fingers closed loosely around them, just to make sure there was a constant contact, a constant friction, and it was well enough to make his body go haywire.

It was a rush like he never felt before, like being pulled out of sleep during a wet dream only to be fucked right then and there. And well, that had happened before, but usually the lingering trace of sleep kept some things a bit blurry and numb, but this time every sensation was clear and electrifying, like his body had been teased for hours but his brain hadn't kept up with it. He was pulled back from his meltdown by Sapnap's voice, the filthy undertone making him shudder before he even understood what he said.

“Do you even know how long you were there for? No, of course not.” Dream flicked his eyes up to George, who snorted quietly, running a hand through his hair to push them off his face, sweat starting to stick them to his forehead. “Mmh, you wanna know Dreamie? Wanna know how long I kept you on my dick?” The blonde narrowed his eyes at the clear smugness in his voice, a sign that he was about to tell him something he either didn’t want to know, or would be shocked about. “About maybe... 2 hours? Maybe closer to 3 hours?”

Oh.

Well at least he wasn’t wrong when he was floating and thinking that this could have been hours.

He would have fired questions back at him, half outraged and half confused, but they didn’t let him. George grabbed at his hair with both hands and pushed his hips up, sending him reeling from the feeling as his throat worked around the dick pressing in deep. Sapnap ground against him, his smile lecherous as he pressed his thumb against his slit, not even subtle in the way he was trying to get Dream to react to his touch. “Bet you didn’t think it would last this long, uh?” The american brunet teased, his free hand grabbing the blonde’s thigh as a leverage to keep him still while he rutted against him. “Didn’t think so either when he did that to me the first time. I was the one who broke first. But you got into your pretty little head, didn’t you doll face?”

Dream wanted to protest, even if it was absolutely useless. They knew him better than he knew himself, sometimes, catching clues and hints of his reactions around things that he didn’t even notice at the time. Even if he did deny, they wouldn’t believe him. Even more so that he was right, he was so right, and they had the proof that he was since he basically forgot how to exist during those hours, only being there and floating in this cloud of mindlessness. “Bet you did. Bet you got all nice and loose, got that big head of yours empty. Got all brainless because of a dick in your mouth.” He would lie if that didn’t send a weird trill through his spine, but he certainly wouldn’t admit it. He was shameless for a lot of things, but his brain was usually something he was pretty proud of, and being basically told that he lost it all for a cock was a step closer to something dark and burning hot, something that he didn’t want to explore yet.

There was a popping noise, and something cold and slippery dripped over his and Sapnap’s cocks, making the slide way smoother. He bucked without thinking, mindlessly chasing the sensation against his sensitive skin. In answer, the fingers around them tightened, the new hit of pleasure making him groan around the mouthful he had. George sighed deeply, a gratifying sound etched at the end of his breath. His head had rolled back against the couch, hands a bit more relaxed in his hair, hips rolling up lazily. The oldest wasn’t often too vocal about his pleasure, but the two others knew what to look for when they wanted to know if he was enjoying himself. The way his chest was heaving a little, some breath stuttering on their way out, the way he was fighting to keep his eyes open, the way his legs tensed, his feet pushing against the surface they laid upon.

Seeing how the Brit was enjoying himself, he was not expecting for him to suddenly pull him all

the way back, keeping a tight grip over his head with one hand while the other closed around his own cock. He choked on a questioning noise, his hands scrabbling around trying to grab at something, fingers hooking into his shirt, pulling at it desperately. He tried to form any kind of sentence, or at least words, but he was unable to when Sapnap twisted his wrist as he started sliding his hand up and down their dicks, clearly seeking for release more than teasing this time around.

There was something undoubtedly filthy about the way his body jerked in answer to George coming all over his face. That weird shudder of pleasure that ran over his skin as the thick fluid dripped down his face. And there was nothing particularly nice about that, quite the opposite. It felt dirty, sticking to his skin and making him look as fucked up as he felt, with nowhere to hide and the eyes of his friends right on him. He whined quietly as a hand ran from his thigh to his neck, grabbing onto the edge of his jaw to turn his face toward the ceiling. He jumped when he felt something warm and wet run along the skin of his cheek, opening an eye to see Sapnap grinning over him, shameless as he licked another stripe along his face, clearly lapping up the cum George left there.

He almost recoiled at the realization but something burned low in his stomach, something that only made the heat coil tighter. He moaned loudly when the youngest joined their lips, pressing his tongue in and making him get a taste of what he was cleaning off his skin. As strange as it was to think about, that was the spark needed to make it all burn. He jerked up against his friend, both of them groaning as Sapnap tightened his hold in answer. It only took him a couple more twists of hand before Dream was tensing, any noises muffled by the youngest's lips as he came over his lower belly, the mess only growing over his skin when Sapnap also reached his peak barely a minute after, his own moan ending with a breathless laugh.

The blonde frowned at that, nudging the brunet away from his face to look at him, confused by his bouts of laughter. George took upon himself to play with the tallest's hair again, visibly sated. "Something funny, Sap?" The brit questioned for them both, raising an eyebrow toward him. "No, no, it's just... of course Mr. Big brain would get his rocks off by being reduced to a dumb hoe." It took a few seconds for the words to register, before Dream kicked at the boy until he fell off the couch, howling with laughter and begging him to stop as the blonde, red all the way up to his ears, spat curses at him. George rolled his eyes, pressing play to that second movie he had started before Sapnap had come in the living and wanted in on the fun.

He smirked to himself at the thought of the blonde laying on his lap with glazed eyes, so relaxed that one could have thought he was deeply sleeping.

It would be so fun to break him in to the wonderful world of subspace.

3some - hair cut

Chapter Summary

George was in dire need of a hair cut. He knew that. The internet knew that. His roommates knew that. But out of everyone, he was the only one who actually thought it was a good idea.

Chapter Notes

Hi! Still didn't give up, even if I don't have high hopes of finishing before october. Oh well. It's a bit on the smaller side, but I had a sudden burst of inspiration and I didn't want to waste it!

Kinktober, day 25; hair pulling, hair kink (I guess?), blowjob, grinding
Characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

On another note, I'd like to invite you to join a dt/mcyt ao3 discord (if you're interested, or want to talk to me for some reason). I'm in the staff and would absolutely love it if some of you wanted to join! It's not 18+, but please don't tell me you got the link here if you're not 18+, I'd be well embarrassed. So here's the link;
<https://discord.gg/9dQyHnbt> (it's valid for 7 days, if you see this after and still want to join, please tell me and I'll send you a new one!)

Hope you enjoy, and as usual, don't hesitate to leave a comment if you feel like it!

He really hadn't thought of it as a big deal.

But with fingers wrapped tightly in his hair, keeping him firmly in place as a cock slowly pushed and pressed until his throat bulged from its presence, he started to realize that maybe, just maybe, his friends had a stronger opinion about it that he initially thought they would.

After all, it was just about a haircut.

He should have known better than to argue when he saw the sparks of heat in their eyes, barely there flames when he mentioned it on the fly, without any second thoughts. Dream had laughed, but the usually rounded chuckles had a sharp edge to them, a trace of acidity he normally didn't have. And Sapnap had raised an eyebrow, the corner of his lips dipping slightly down in a way that clearly told that he was displeased with the information, no matter how casual it was. He had ignored them, insisting a little. It was hot outside, and the cut was messy, and it was getting in his

eyes, and he had to spend too much time taming the nest he had in the morning. Too focused on his phone, he hadn't realized the way his friends had stopped answering him, exchanging glances while he kept on ranting.

He maybe should have known, but sometimes he forgot how the mind of his friends worked.

And so it shouldn't have been too surprising when, a little later during the day, Dream had leaned in for a casual kiss before going out to do some shopping. The usually sweet act took a turn, though, when fingers slid into his hair, grabbing a bit tighter than he was used to, the hold firm as it guided his head backward, angling him in a way that left him helpless under the blonde's lips. It wasn't painful, barely pulling at the strands, but it was more than enough to light a fire low in his stomach, his hands grabbing a fistfull of the younger's shirt, trying to pull him close. But the hold loosened before letting go, and Dream was gone.

It had been unusual, yes. Not enough to make him wonder. Not enough to make him come back to the conversation they had in the morning, and not enough to make him question the intention under the gesture. As far as he knew, the blonde was just in a mood, trying to work him up for some reason.

Later on, as he was practicing for MCC, Sapnap barged in to watch him play, half laying over the back of his gaming chair, chatting idly while George was half focusing. He got much more distracted when the youngest started playing with his hair, still ranting about some pvp practice he had done with Tommy earlier that week. The little tugs and pulls made him feel a bit disconnected, the fingers running through his locks gentle as they played with the long-ish strands. It was barely an afterthought, this time, when he wondered if Sapnap would still play with his hair like that if they were shorter.

It was still not enough for him to understand what was going on.

It all pretty much came together only a few minutes after Dream came back home, grabbing him from the couch where he was hanging, dragging him on the floor while he took his sitting spot, letting go of his shoulders only to grab at his hair, once again, cooing down at him condescendingly. He was very confused for a moment, staring at the taller one, not too disturbed by the sudden change of pace. It wasn't until a body pressed against him from behind that he reacted, trying to glance back but unable to due to the firm grip in his hair.

It went very fast after that.

Their hands were usually all over him, switching places and going from his thighs to his chest,

caressing along his back and sliding along his arms, but for some reason the dance had a lot less movements this time around. A lot less exchange. After his shirt was off, Dream's hands stayed in his hair, pulling and guiding him firmly without leaving him any chance to move around. Sapnap was the one who worked along his body, pushing at his sweatpants, grabbing at his thighs, pulling his hips back so he could press against him. The blonde basically just took a second to push at his own clothes with one hand while he kept the other one on his head, and soon enough, without a word spoken nor an explanation given, the tallest just pulled him right on his dick.

It was a bit surprising, since usually Dream would be very vocal, expressing his desire clearly, making a joke when the mood was light and murmuring nastily when the mood was darker.

He was about to say something, to pull back and actually ask, but as soon as he felt the resistance the hold in his hair got firmer, and Sapnap's hands went to his wrists, pulling them behind so he couldn't fight it. Of course, the Texan made sure to place his hands in a way that allowed him to tap out if needed be, but he wasn't about to.

He had to admit this, as much as it was confusing, was turning him on to no end.

"See?" Was the first word that reached his ears, making him blink up to the blonde, who was looking down at him with a smile that would make the Cheshire cat proud. He couldn't answer, or ask what he was talking about, could barely think further than how Dream was currently pulling at his hair, raising his hips a little and pressing in deep, deep enough that he could feel him at the back of his throat, making his body shudder harshly as he had to fight his gag reflex. "You like that, right? Like it when I can make you do what I want, just move you as I like and force you down on my cock."

He had to admit to himself that he wasn't wrong, but still didn't see where this was coming from. Was he trying to convince him of that? As if they were not already aware of it? Sapnap chuckled behind him, releasing his arms now that he knew he wouldn't try to fight back, hands going to his hips, using them as a leverage to grind against his ass, making him choke lightly around the mouthful he had. Dream hissed at the sensation, bucking up slightly as he pulled on his hair, sinking in until his throat clenched in protest. The moan that left the blonde was high and a little broken, and it only made his blood boil hotter. "I'm going to fuck your throat now, tap out if it gets too much, kay?"

Of course he didn't wait for an answer, since his mouth was pretty much occupied. He did however whine quietly, his body jerking uncontrollably when he felt him slide his cock as deep as he could without any more warning. His eyes closed as he tried to keep himself as relaxed as possible, but the task was hard when he could feel the way Dream's fingers were tightening and loosening in his hair, every little pull making him shiver, as well as Sapnap's wandering hands finally getting places, one of them curling around his neglected dick while the other wrapped loosely around his neck, making him moan loudly when he realized that the bastard was actually

feeling the way Dream's cock was pushing through the tightness of his throat.

The blonde's thighs were shaking with the pleasure washing over him, and Sapnap was grinding up against him a bit more roughly, the hand around him skillfully bringing him up to their level. "You like it, don't you?" The younger brunet was the one who spoke, this time around, repeating the words with a filth only he could use. "Bet you love it when he pulls you by your hair and makes you take it. Bet you love it when we fuck you like this, with a hand in your hair and a dick in your ass, using you like a good little bitch."

He was maybe starting to see where this was going.

And really, even with how little his brain was working at the moment, he still couldn't bring himself to feel any surprise that this was how they were breaching the subject.

He couldn't really protest or tell them anything, though, and honestly he didn't want to. Not yet. Not when everything felt so good, so right, pleasure sizzling in his vein.

So instead, he just ground down onto the youngest, who groaned in answer, fingers twitching against his throat and speeding around his cock. He brought his hands to Dream's thighs, grabbing and pulling and encouraging him to move faster, to get to it properly, and his demands were met without too much struggle.

The blonde forced his head up and down his dick, not going as deep but still hitting the back of his throat, a bit rougher than he was used to but nothing he couldn't handle.

He barely noticed it when Sapnap stiffened against him, grinding up in a way that made it clear he was at his limits. He did however notice that his hand sped up even more, wrist twisting as his fingers dragged along the underside of his dick in a way that they knew made him lose his mind. His hips jerked forward to press toward the hand, his whole body shuddering with the wave of pleasure. Dream pulled him off his cock almost painfully, leaving him to moan out loud in the open as Sapnap worked him until he was coming, the noise he made roughened by the harsh treatment of his throat. He was glad he kept his eyes closed when he felt something drip onto the bridge of his nose, Dream having visibly finished himself off by hand, thick fluid now dribbling down onto his face.

He pursed his lips as he opened an eye, staring up at his friend. "Did you really cum on my hair, you freak?" The blonde stared at him for a second before bursting out laughing, his wheeze sounding almost painful with how hard he was laughing. Sapnap's body trembled behind him, and he just knew the other was trying to stifle his own laugh. George rolled his eyes and tried to clear

his throat, grimacing slightly at the soreness. “Do you need a cold drink, Georgie? Your throat sounds a little dry.” The youngest snickered, and the elbow he received in the guts was worth the mockery.

Few seconds of clumsy stumbling later, George was up and ready to take a nice, long shower. He gathered his discarded clothes and pointed a finger at the tallest, making eye contact to be sure he was understood. “I get it, okay. But if you fucking cum in my hair again, I will make myself bald. We clear?” Dream choked on an agreement, looking taken off guard, as Sapnap rolled on the floor, barely holding himself together, his shoulders shaking with how hard he was laughing.

At least, this would be a great way to threaten them in the future, he guessed.

3some - creature AU3

Chapter Summary

It's not like Dream would ever allow Sapnap to top him, so what kind of solution could he come up with?

Using his poor, unknowing pet human, of course.

Chapter Notes

The third (I think?) part of this AU, because I'm obsessed with it, and so should everyone (just joking, this can't be everyone's cup of tea... but it's still a lot of people's, apparently)

Kink included; size difference, forced body modification (? technically but not really?), orgasm delay/denial, help I don't know

Characters involved; Dream & Sapnap & Georgenotfound

So I know, I know. It's been months. Where have I been. Coped up in my guilt of not being able to come up with new chapters and feeling bad to post in something named "kinktober2020" when we're in 2021 already, that's where. But I overcame it by changing the title, because I still wanna write, I guess? Well anyway, here's a new one, with hope that I didn't lose any talent. And as always, thank you, and please leave a comment if you feel like it!

He could barely breathe, head swimming and eyelashes wet with unshed tears. He could see the demon grinning down at him, clawed hands digging in the mattress on each side of his head. His eyes caught the almost glowing orange behind the sharp fangs, his brain unused to catch such vivid colors. It had been the first thing he had noticed when Dream smacked him in the face with his mask, after the horrible sensation of his bones popping and his skin rippling. Now there was no trace of the first few minutes of strange discomfort, the soreness of his newly formed muscles and the throbbing running along his nerves.

Now there was just pain and pleasure mixed in a very confusing amount, newly working eyes focusing on the building saliva coating the demon's teeth, the eerie light of flames behind his irises. Sapnap looked especially feral, leathery tail lashing out behind him and horns poking on each side of his head. Sweat had started building up on his skin, adding a shine that moved with each slow roll of his body.

And that circled back to his situation.

“How are you doing down there, *Dream* ?” The slightly breathless voice of Sapnap taunted him, mocking and dripping with lust. He turned his head instead of answering, trying to keep his mouth shut so as to not hear himself. He still couldn’t help the way his body desperately tried to follow the demon’s movements, chasing the pleasure even if he knew, somewhere deep inside his barely functioning brain, that there was no completion to obtain yet. The ring around his dick made sure of that.

The demon made a sound deep in his chest, almost a purr, hips slamming down over his cock and forcing a broken moan out of him. He pulled on his bound hands without much success, trying to cover his mouth, his face, anything. It was so weird to feel so naked when the body he was in wasn’t even his to begin with.

Because this body was one of a boy, who was killed a long time ago.

This body was the one Dream had been using since he decided to not turn him into his next victim.

It had taken him a while to get used to the new body. A few good hours actually. He kept ramming his shoulders into corners and door frames, tripping over carpets, bags, his own feet. Kept bending way too low for no reasons because everything seemed so close to the top of his head. His hands were too big, his frame too large, his muscles a bit too developed. He had barely any control over himself, moving awkwardly and trying to ignore the way Dream kept looking at him with amusement, smirking like the asshole he was, and making sly comment about how it was good that he was small and frail, if that was how he would act with a bigger body.

It was annoying, to say the least.

And he couldn’t even do anything about it! He had tried to take off the mask, tried to get some distance between the two of them, hoping it would cancel whatever magic trick the walker had used on him. But the freckles had stayed on his face, the silky blonde strands were still on his head, and the green *green green so fucking green* eyes were still replacing his own brown ones.

The color thing had been a revelation, too. After the first half hour of freak out, and the following hour of trying to convince Dream of taking the thing off since he apparently couldn’t do that himself, he had taken a long while of just staring at things. His own borrowed face, first of all,

trying to engrave the color difference into his brain before he lost it. The soft nuances of colors, the blending from pale brown to medium blonde, the shifts that he couldn't decipher as easily with his usual eyes.

And then of course it dawned upon him that there was a reason for the blonde to do that to him.

He hadn't told him, of course, diverting the conversation each time George had tried to bring it up. However it didn't take him as long as he thought it would to spit it out. The only problem was how he spat it out.

Because Dream had made quick work of pulling him into the bedroom, eyes full of that darkness that spoke of danger, of hunger and lust in a wild mix that always made him feel a little weak in the knees. It was exceptionally weird when they were face to face, not looking up or down as their height were exactly the same. As everything was exactly the same, actually. It had been weird to see himself get stripped bare, but instead of the milky white, unblemished skin of his usual body, a slightly tanner, delicately freckled one was revealed.

He hadn't protested, even if he did weakly tease him about his ego and his narcissistic nature. The words "Can't be narcissistic if it's not my own body to begin with" should have put a damper on his mood, but he had been broken long ago, and that type of chilling reminder didn't do anything to the excitement building in his guts.

He laughed when George tried to overpower him, fumbling body barely opposing any resistance as he flipped him on the bed, pinning him down with his own weight. The man had flailed a little in shock, expression so clear over his features, red staining his cheeks. He had never seen such an expression on the owner of that face, and he quite liked to see the new variety of emotions that showed through. He glanced down, eyes roaming over the body laid under him, chest rumbling as he pressed a knee between the human's thighs, not moving but making sure the contact was constant. "Did you really think I would let you have the upper hand? Nuh-uh." He ran the tip of his fingers along his jaw, thumbing at the rosy skin, smirking in pure delight. "Even if we have the same body, I don't have the same structure as a human, don't forget that." He chided condescendingly, thumb following the lines of his face before pressing between his lips.

There was something weirdly enticing about the body under him having the same physical appearance as him. He wouldn't say it was about himself, though, contrary to George's belief. He was a lot of things, selfish and careless, stubborn and overconfident, but he wasn't narcissistic. It would make no sense, as he had no real sense of "self", when it came to how he presented himself. But he was pretty sure it was more about the differences, the things he couldn't imitate or reproduce, because the victim he studied didn't have the same kind of personality as George. He had seen so much from that person, but nowhere close to the self-consciousness, the uncertainty that always made the human doubt himself, not the soft edge of something affectionate when he was looking at him, or even at Sappnap. The warmth in his gaze translated differently between the

dark brown and the vivid green.

It was like seeing it all over again for the first time, and it was probably what pushed him to keep on pulling more reactions out of him.

And so he did, hand reaching down to press against his slowly hardening cock, watching as his head pressed into the mattress, admiring the way his neck tensed up, tendons showing through the skin. It made him want to bite down, to tear at the skin like he once did, but the feeling was different. Less murderous, more possessive, in a very dark way. But he wouldn't, he knew he would never. Pain was only to enhance pleasure, when it came to George. Never to actually cause grief and fear.

So instead of biting off chunks of him, he marked him in a less carnal way. Sucked deep reds into his collarbone, pressed dark blues against his hips, pulling him closer, spreading his legs around his waist to make himself a place between his thighs. If he had to admit, he probably would have to say he liked the usual human's body better. The shape of it usually fit so well under him, small under his large palms, easily shadowed by his own borrowed form.

But he also could feel a thrill when observing how the muscles would move under his skin as he tensed, the more athletic body showing reactions in a very different way. Flat stomach tensing over more pronounced abs, biceps bulging as the man under him pulled down, trying to break free from the tight hold he had on his wrists. Thicker thighs squeezing around his waist, lacking the usual softness but nice to grip onto nonetheless. Something about those hazy, trusting green eyes, eyes that didn't have the usual sharpness he could see every time he looked in the mirror.

And if he had any sense of self, maybe it would have bothered him to hear that voice breaking when he was three fingers deep into him, ravaging him with the maddening precision of someone who knew a body by heart. But instead it made something flare in him, something proud and dark, something that would be considered deeply unsettling by humans. It made him smirk, the pit of darkness replacing his eyes trailing over the shaking form under him.

It had been an absolute gratification to see him yield, to see the body that always had screamed pride and stubbornness get pliant with need and desire. The shape it had taken had been strong, but the mind behind those sparkling green eyes was still the same, weak to pleasure and strangely soft for him. The concept of feelings was still a very strange thing to him, but he would never think back with regret about letting the boy get attached to him. After all, he had always been a creature of taking, of stealing. And George, with his generous, giving nature, fulfilled that starvation of possessivity.

He grinned even wider, darkly, dangerously, as the human under him arched to get closer, ignoring all the blaring alarms as he always did, so stupidly trusting in the most beautiful way.

He hadn't fucked him. He had brought him close, so so close, so many times, playing with him like he was an instrument. He vaguely felt at some point the pressure of something being tied around the base of his cock, cutting off any chance of him actually finishing. He hadn't protested too much, of course, because it wasn't like he would be able to do anything about it anyway. If Dream had something in mind, there was little he would be able to do about it. And usually it would lead to good stuff for him too.

Usually.

But there he had been left, hands at some point tied up to the bed, the still unsettling sense of something inherently *wrong* with his body, and his head a total mess as he was pushed and pulled from pleasure for what felt like hours on end. Of course he had whined about it, pleaded, begged, yelled once or twice. But, in the end, Dream had left him on his own.

Not just like that, of course. As non-human as the walker was, he still was well aware of how the body of a person worked. He had given him some water, fed him some snacks, and made sure he was comfortable. George had thought it was to keep him okay for the next round of what he wanted to call torture, but no. He had left the room. Left and didn't come back, and it had been so long.

Probably not, his sense of time was probably as messed up as he was.

But then the door had opened, and Sapnap had been pushed in, looking as surprised as him, before his eyes darkened to the sight. Some words, muffled by the door, were given to the demon who grinned largely, straightening his back as he stepped closer to the bed, licking his teeth with an hungry look.

"Thank you for the meal, *Dream*."

"Plea- PLEASE- Saa-aah-"

His voice broke, unusually deep, rough but lilting on the end into a higher pitch, his back arching as his hips twitched up, chasing after the pleasure that still didn't alleviate, didn't stop. His lips

were sticky, sweet and slick with the spit of the demon. Sapnap, in his half form, was even more insatiable than he was usually, and that was something he never thought could happen.

Fingers trailed almost tenderly over his cheeks, spreading the wetness that was starting to leak from his eyes, tears that he hadn't even noticed. He panted into quiet air, bodies still for a few long seconds as the demon peered at him with something cruel playing being his glowing irises. The hand left his skin before coming back with a hint of force, the slap breaking the short silence that had spread between them. The human hiccuped, eyes wide and watery as claws dragged along the quickly reddening skin of his cheek, grazing the skin along his jaw. Sapnap's fangs glistened under the faint light of the room as his lips stretched into a wider smile, feeling the cock twitch from where it was firmly lodged inside of him. "That face is so cute when it's covered in tears and spit." Green eyes closed abruptly as the hellspawn rolled his hips over him, mainly for his own pleasure more than for the human's one. "That whorish expression of yours could go well with any face, sweetheart."

He could feel the rumble of a moan in his throat, even if he wanted to keep quiet at that. He swore to all gods that he wasn't such a pathetic mess before, so weak to any kind of dirty talk. But the words kept his mind swimming as his body ran after any touch, any pleasure that was given to him. "Sh-ut up.." A quick slap ripped a whine from his throat, the burning of his face only adding to the sensations wrecking him.

It really was an annoyance that Sapnap was so good at this.

But then it was all stolen from him, the pressure, the heat, the *pleasure*. He cried out, biceps building as he pulled harder than ever on his bound hands, feeling the harsh pull of the sore skin of his wrist. He heard the demon coo at him derisively, a pat on his thigh like he was trying to calm down an excited dog. He growled, a sound that was so much more potent with the voice he possessed temporarily, and saw the demon flinch at it, head tilting as if he was offering his neck in submission. He quickly shook himself out of it, however, when he pushed back the instinct to comply to that growl. It had nothing behind it, not the usual wild, predatory savageness that Dream had.

George laughed roughly at the sight, pointedly ignoring the glare that was sent in his direction. "You're his bitch too, aren't you?" He pushed the words through, scratchy voice sending shivers down his own spine. He was no better, really, but right now he was not the one playing the dominant card.

Was he ever?

"So used to him pushing you around that the sound of this voice is enough to trigger you, huh? Wouldn't want to anger the big bad walk-" His mocking tone was cut with a cough as the leathery

tail of the demon circled around his neck, the agile appendage squeezing lightly at his neck to keep him from talking before loosening slightly, the pressure redirected to each side of his throat. "You're one to talk." The human couldn't answer, panting as light headedness took over every thought he had, caused by the hindered blood flow to his head. "Calling me his bitch when you're so easy for him, for me." Hands ran down the muscled torso, travelling on each side until both hands gripped tight at his thighs, spreading them so he could settle between them.

"Making fun of me as if you weren't just always a step away from being tied down here forever, at our mercy, just our little fucktoy for us to enjoy." He sank his claws into his skin, making him jump and arch, thighs tensing and trying to get away from the painful touch. It was proven useless, though, and he whimpered, hating how much his body was actually into it. Sappnap laughed unkindly, ignoring his noises of complaint as he lifted his hips up, unnatural strength making it way too easy for him, as he pulled him even closer, dragging his ass closer to his dick. "I could break you right here right now. Could let go of this stupid humanoid form and rip you in two, bigger body or not. Could split you apart and make you love every second of it. You wouldn't be able to do anything, so weak, so *human*."

The tail around his neck slowly released its hold, slithering around his neck like a snake. He coughed weakly, shaking his head as if to oppose what the demon had just said. "You wouldn't." He forced out, voice cracking like nobody's business. The dark laugh that answered him was enough to quiet down his assumption. The tip of his tail tapped against his lips, once, twice, before forcing its way in, barely leaving him any second to think before sliding along his tongue, the pointy shaped tip quick to tap against the back of his throat, making him gag with the quickness of it.

It didn't move while he went through the spasm and constriction of his throat and chest, wheezing sounds escaping his mouth around the thin appendage. His eyes were wide, staring at the demon as if it would convince him to help in some way or another. But his face was empty of pity, the only thing left was the dark, sick desire that glowed like embers in his eyes. A growl, too loud to be human, rumbled through the hellish creature's chest, as he lifted one of the toned thighs to press his face against it, full of predatory satisfaction, teeth gleaming as they pressed right against his skin, menacingly so. "Everytime you speak you make me want to destroy you even more. You would be so beautiful, full of me, full of my marks, all bloody and ripped apart with pleasure and pain-"

Something must have stopped the demon in his tracks, because he stilled, eyes widening as he stared at his face. George could feel the shift on his face, something that felt so wrong, like his expression was changing without his consent. There was a second before the weird spasm stopped, and Sappnap seemed to snap back into himself, all that darkness gone in a second. The tail retracted slowly so as to not irritate his throat further, making him cough slightly. "Sorry there, angel, I got a bit out of control." He finally stated, planting kisses along his thigh, where his teeth had been about to bite into him without any care only a few seconds earlier. He made a questioning sound, but got nothing in return, as this little episode was quickly forgotten by the other.

It was also quickly forgotten by him when kisses became open mouthed, warm and hot and wet until he had reds and blues all over his skin. His tail ran down his stomach, making it jump under the weird sensation of it, until it could wrap itself around his cock, making him choke on a moan. His hips stuttered up, even though he knew it wouldn't do him any good, with the damned cockring still pressed tight against his skin.

Something warm and slick was pressed against his hole once more that day, and it would be a shame to say he took it without a hitch, but that's still what happened. Maybe it was stupid of him to still be so relaxed about everything that had happened, but as he already mentioned before, he was *broken*. Two fingers in him and a leathery tail around his dick was more than enough to snuff any worry left in him like it was nothing. He groaned quietly, his throat too irritated to allow much noise anymore. "Imma make it up to you, beautiful. Imma make you feel so good, so so good."

He didn't need to hear it. He knew it would happen, they both knew it. After all, the succubus fucked like it was his job, and he definitely was a professional at it. "Still all loose from Dream, huh baby? All pretty and ready for me." After the dark words and barely veiled threat, the sweetness of the praise made his head spin, making him whimper quietly, making the demon laugh softly. The spread of his fingers made the body under him jump, and he nodded to himself, letting his orange tinted saliva drip down his lips to slick up his free hand, using it to coat his own cock. The pheromones mixed in were certainly not enough to influence the human, but the thickness of it made it close to the consistency of lube, and that was all he needed at that moment.

He looked up to the human, who looked half out of his mind. He guessed the day with Dream, mixed in with his own little demon tantrum, had been exhausting for him. He almost felt bad for him, but the smell of need and want was overpowering everything else for him. The poor human deserved a good ending to this whole thing, and the best ending possible would certainly be a good orgasm.

Which was maybe a bit biased on his part, but he couldn't really help himself.

After all, this whole thing was a gift from Dream, and he wouldn't waste any of it.

George's head trashed over the pillow as the demon slowly pushed himself in, the two fingers still hooked into him until he was halfway inside. He took them out only to grab his hip, tilting it without any effort before snapping his hips forward without a warning.

"FUCK!" The word was pushed forcefully out of the body under him, making him smirk, staying still as every muscle of the human tensed and twitched, a faint sob escaping his lips. Tears were threatening to fall down the freckled face again, to his amusement, but he didn't comment on it this time. He cooed down at him, hands petting at his hips, stomach and thighs, tails squeezing lightly around his dick, pulling shudders out of him. He waited until the body under him was relaxed

again, then waited some more.

And then a bit more.

The boy under him glared up through his wet eyelashes, snapping his name at him, as if that would be enough to convince him to move. Arms strained again as he pulled on his wrists, body getting tighter and tighter around him as the needy human started to get more and more riled up. He didn't wait for him to complain again, though, and merely watched for a few more seconds before he rolled his hips, barely back and forth, but with a much desired angle that made him press so good against all the best spots inside him. The body under him fell back onto the mattress, muscles lax as if he drained every strength out of them.

The tip of his tail dug slightly into the human's slit, making him swear breathily, eyes wide but unseeing as he took in the pleasure that was finally given to him. Sapnap didn't stop the slow, deep roll of his hips, merely playing with the man while giving him just enough to keep him on the edge.

When, and only when George started acting up again, needing more, needing less, needing anything while everything was too much, did he stop toying with him. Deft tail hooked right under the cockring, pulling and pushing at it until it was off. It did, however, tighten around the base to mimic the toy in a way that made the human sob, his hope already taken away as soon as he finally got an ounce of it. It was however for the better, as the hellspawn gripped at him firmly to bounce him on his cock like he was a sex doll. For the better, because he probably would have come right away with how forceful the pleasure rushed into his veins, forcing more noises from his beaten up throat, the sounds broken and rough but still way too loud.

He was barely feeling stable enough when the tail loosened around him, but by some miracle he kept himself on the edge, barely on his toes, just trying to get as much as he could from it.

And he was so lost in pleasure, so deep into his need, that he didn't even hear the door opening. Didn't feel the presence of the other in the room until fingers slid across his face, making him open eyes that he didn't realise he had closed. Dark, soul sucking eyes crossed his own, and he blinked up confusedly. The fingers seemed to grip onto his face and cut into his skin, and, for a brief moment, he lurched away from the hand, unable to understand the feeling. There was no sensation to say, but it felt *wrong*.

Pleasure mixed with discomfort as bones cracked painlessly under his skin, joint popping and muscles contracting weirdly. It felt terrible and so, so good at the same time, the way his body pulsed, how his shape seemed to tighten, to shrink back to his usual height and size, the cock in his ass suddenly feeling so much bigger, like it would really split him in two. And Sapnap didn't stop, thrusting hard into him, and it felt like he was forced open once again, like this body didn't get the

same treatment as the one he was borrowing. Smaller hands slipped through their bindings and he grabbed at Dream's arm, trying to get some kind of grip, something to stabilise him through this incredibly weird experience, but the blonde shook him off, kneeling so his face was close to his own.

"Go on, Sapnap. Take your birthday gift. I'll allow it this time."

There was a rumble, something way more animal than human, and George tried to look at the demon, but a hand on his cheek kept him looking at the walker, who smiled at him, too softly to be anything but dangerous. The bed creaked ominously as George's hips were raised higher and higher, something that felt like fur brushing along the back of his thighs. He could feel Sapnap's form change, his thighs spreading even more to allow the bigger body, the warmth of his skin changing for something even hotter, but way less soft, feeling much more similar to the texture of his tail. He whined, eyes widening as the cock inside him grew too, soon reaching a shape and a size that was nothing close to human.

His breath was pushed out of him and he struggled to take another one, ears buzzing with a white noise as his body locked up, shock and pleasure rushing through him so quick he cried out, feeling his cock pulse and jump against his stomach as he came all over himself, not even able to react before darkness took him over and dragged him forcefully down, making him pass out.

Sapnap grumbled lightly as he pulled out of the unconscious body of the human, beady black eyes observing as cum dripped down thickly from the poor boy's abused hole. Dream laughed slightly as he ran his fingers through the messy, sweaty hair on their friend's head, watching as the demon shrunk back to his human form, a pout on his lips. "Oh come on, you came anyway, didn't you?" The hellspawn threw him a weak glare, gathering some clothes to try and get most of their mixed fluid off of their bodies. "I did, I just wished he would have made it through." The walker chuckled, grabbing the wet towels he had brought in, throwing them in the demon's face, grinning. "Maybe I'll allow it again, if you're a good boy."

The younger creature snapped his head toward him, visible hope in his eyes. "I can, I will!" He answered, dragging himself closer to the walker, until he could let himself slip down to sit on his lap, incandescent eyes darkening to an inviting shade.

"I can be a really, really good boy to you, Dreamie."

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